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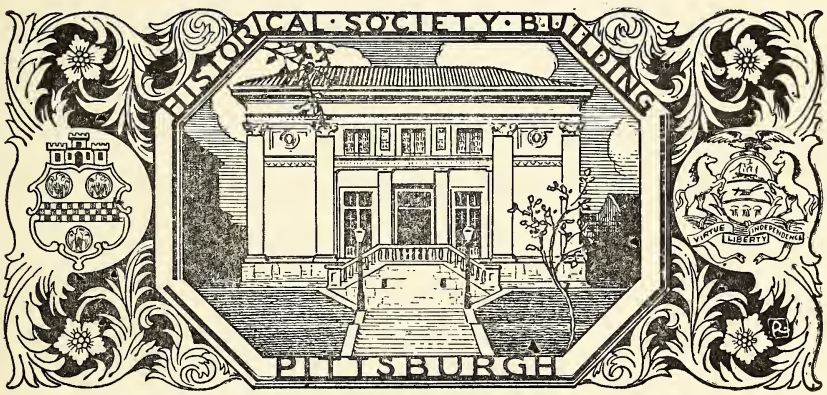


PUBLISHED BY
THE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY OF
WESTERN
PENNSYLVANIA

VOLUME 3 1920

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PUBLISHED BY
THE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY OF
WESTERN
PENNSYLVANIA

GENEALOGY DEPARTMENT

JANUARY, 1920

VOLUME 3 NUMBER 1

Entered as second-class matter October 1, 1918 at the Post Office at Pittsburgh, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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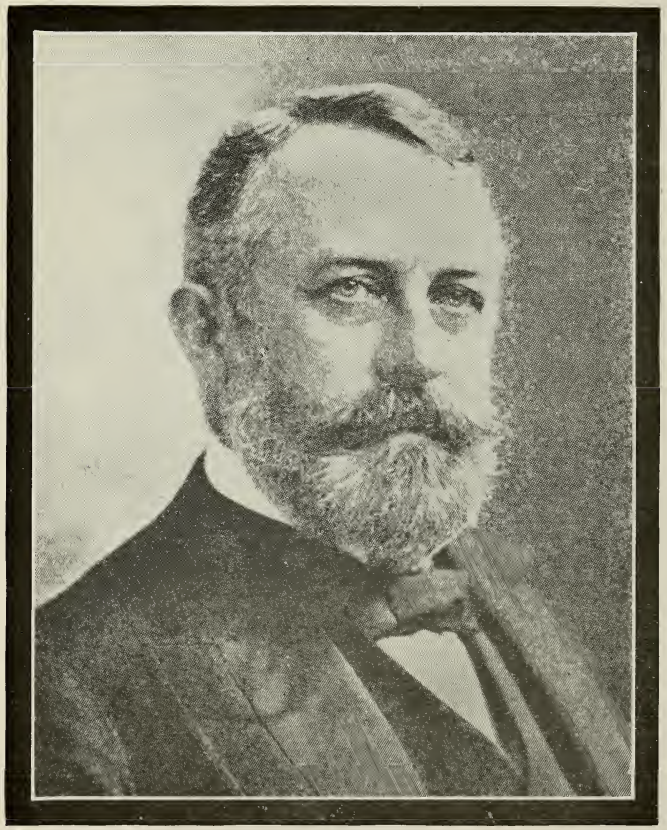

Henry Clay Frick

# WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

Vol. 3, No. 1 JENUARY, 1920. Price 40 cents

## HENRY CLAY FRICK.

A few months ago Pittsburgh mourned the death of its great philanthropist, Andrew Carnegie. Today it is called upon to honor the memory of a man who was at one time associated with Mr. Carnegie, and like his former partner, was a great public benefactor.

Henry Clay Frick was born in Western Pennsylvania, and was of the blood of those Germans who with the English Quakers organized the province, and whose descendants with the descendants of the Quakers controlled the destinies of province and state for a hundred and fifty years or more. He first saw the light on a farm; but neither the farm nor the village where he subsequently lived could long retain him. His ambition was boundless; and after being in a few minor employments he became interested in the manufacture of coke and removed to Pittsburgh. Now his rise was spectacular; he acquired coal lands, built coke ovens and in a few years was at the head of the largest coke manufacturing establishment in the United States. He then joined forces with Andrew Carnegie in the manufacture of steel, and the world knows of the phenominal success of the consolidated organization. That Mr. Frick accumulated an immense fortune was the natural consequence.

THE WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL MAGAZINE is published quarterly by the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania, Bigelow Boulevard and Parkman Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. It is mailed free of charge to all members of the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania. The annual dues in this Society are $3.00 and should be sent to JOHN E. POTTER, TREASURER, FOURTH AVENUE AND GRANT STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA.

But to the world at large he was unknown. He never courted publicity, and it was only when the anarchist Berkman made an attempt on his life that he was momentarily in the public view.

Mr. Frick was refined and cultured, and his diversion was to own paintings by the best masters, and it was when he purchased some rare and valuable picture that his name occasionally appeared in the newspapers. It is since his death that his true greatness has been realized, not only in Pittsburgh but all over the United States. His bequests to charitable institutions were far larger than the sums left to his own family. He acquired wealth only to distribute it again for the benefit of mankind. In his lifetime his charities were numerous and unostentatious and although some of them became known, yet it was through no desire of his. If more rich men did as he has done, there would be less clamor against the accumulation of great wealth. It is said that he was not a member of any church, but he practiced all the precepts that are taught in the churches. He was a member of the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania and the organization desires to place its wreath of laurel on his grave beside those of the others who have appreciated his worth.

# RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY TIMES ON THE OHIO AND PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

BY

THOMAS L. RODGERS *

The following reminiscenses of the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad were written in the year 1896 in compliance with a request made by one of the officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, but were not used at the time. Some sort of a history was designed but the scheme was not carried out so far as the writer knows.

My connection with the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad, which was the original eastern division of the Pittsburgh Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad, extended from 1852 to 1856. In the first part of that period the road was still being built and was opened only as far as Wooster, Ohio. Some time in 1853 the road was extended to Crestline, which was the western terminus. The station was located on the line of the Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati Railroad, and was about four miles above Galion which was the eastern terminus of the railroad running to Indianapolis. I commenced my service in the fall or winter of 1852, with John Fleming, the general ticket agent, as second clerk in his office. Mr. Fleming was at the time about sixty years of age. He had been a business man and accountant, before beginning his connection with the railroad company, and was the author of a system of bookkeeping used in the commercial schools of the day. My duties were to keep an account of the local tickets, which were distributed to the station agents monthly. These tickets were of the cardboard variety, no dates were stamped on them and there was no limit as to the time of using. The coupon tickets of today had not yet made their appearance. At Enon Valley we connected with stage lines to New Castle, Warren and Youngstown, and passengers by those

*An unpublished manuscript written by Thomas L. Rodgers, a former president of the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania.

lines received a card for the stage part of the trip. The chief clerk of the office was John A. Harbach who afterwards removed to Omaha, Nebraska, where he still resides; and he is said to be quite wealthy. Another clerk was employed in the office named N. P. Kerr, of whose subsequent history I am ignorant. Mr. Fleming, or the head clerk, were accustomed to settle with the other railroad companies monthly for the through ticket business, such as that over the Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati Railroad, and the Sandusky, Mansfield and Newark Railroad whose headquarters were in Cleveland. The through ticket business was then quite small. Passengers for Cleveland, Chicago &c changed at Alliance to the Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad, which had been built sometime before, from Wellsville on the Ohio River to Cleveland.

A line of steamers formerly ran from Pittsburgh to Wellsville connecting with the Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad. One of these steamers was named the "Forest City." The general superintendent of the Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad was John Durand. The equipment of this road in engines and cars seemed to be of a much better quality than that of the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad. In those days the locomotive engines were named after prominent stations on the line, such as Alliance, Allegheny, Salem, Wellsville, &c., a much more interesting method than the present system of numbering the engines. When the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad was extended to Crestline in 1853 or 1854, there was quite a celebration there of the event, and many prominent citizens from all along the road attended. After this time passengers for Chicago were ticketed by way of Mansfield and Sandusky to Toledo, and thence to Chicago via the Michigan Southern Railroad.

For Cincinnati and St. Louis passengers were sent by way of Crestline. The trains of the Bellefontaine Railroad ran up on the Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati tracks four miles from Galion to Crestline, and St. Louis passengers were then changed to that line, as were also those for Indianapolis &c. Railroad traveling for long distances, was a formidable undertaking on account of the many changes of cars to be made, the condition of the tracks through imperfect ballasting &c., and the fact that most of the lines had only a single track. The writer remembers that during

the years 1857 and 1858 it took him from thirty six to forty hours to make the journey from St. Louis to Pittsburgh, the same distance being now accomplished in from twenty to twenty four hours. There were no sleeping cars in the early fifties to minister to the comfort of the traveling public. You just had to double up on the seats and make yourself as comfortable as possible, but the nights seemed very long, and the coming daylight was hailed with enthusiasm. The abominable habit at the eating houses, of fifteen or twenty minutes for refreshments was already the rule. You watched the movements of the conductor as he came in and went out of the dining room, and governed your consumption of the viands set before you by his haste or delay. One great menace to safety in traveling was the number of animals straying on the tracks. Frequently the engine would plow its way into a drove of sheep; in that case it was bad for the sheep, but when a horse or cow was struck, it was very frequently bad for the train.

Many terrible accidents occurred, caused mostly by the want of system in operating the roads, due to inexperience. The writer recalls a collision in which a Sunday school train was struck, on the Fourth of July, 1855, near Philadelphia, by which sixty or seventy children were killed. Then a drawbridge was left open at Norwalk, Connecticut, just as a train came along, causing it to plunge down forty feet into the water beneath. Also near Chicago, a Michigan Central train plowed through one of the Michigan Southern at a crossing. At Angora on the Lake Shore road near Dunkirk, a train ran off the track and into an embankment causing a fearful loss of life.

Perhaps something should be said about the general offices of the company which were located in a homely brick structure of eight rooms situated on Federal Street, Allegheny, the eastern terminus of the road. There was no railroad bridge across the Allegheny River until about 1858. The building in which most of the business of the railroad was done, stood just where the present Federal Street station of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railway is situated. The Pennsylvania canal was located near the building, on the south side, and ran into the Allegheny River a short distance westerly. Considerable traffic was still carried on over the canal which was connected with Pittsburgh by an aqueduct at Eleventh Street. The

transportation of freight to the Pennsylvania Railroad was done by drays, vehicles which have long since disappeared from our streets. Passengers destined for the East were taken in omnibuses to Pittsburgh.

The rooms of the old station or "depot" as it was called, were occupied by the general superintendent, the master of transportation, the general ticket agent and the general freight agent, or freight auditor as he was called. The local freight office, baggage department &c., occupied other rooms. Long sheds extending along the tracks were used for freight. The chief engineer and general superintendent of the road was Solomon W. Roberts, a tall and distinguished looking man of about forty five years of age, who had more the appearance of a college professor than of a railroad superintendent.

The assistant superintendent or "master of transportation" was D. U. Courtney, an affable and energetic man who had been the conductor of the first passenger train on the road, while it ran from Allegheny to New Brighton. The auditor of the freight department (equivalent to general freight agent) was J. E. Jacks, who held that position for several years and resigned about 1854.

The late Frank M. Hutchinson was assistant road engineer and had his office in the building, but was mostly absent, attending to his duties out the railroad. The local ticket agent was George Parkin an elderly, stockily built individual who had formerly been publisher of the *Pittsburgh Gazette.* The local freight agent in 1852 when I entered on my duties, was J. A. Biavis. He was succeeded by Charles Rea and he again in 1856 by Samuel F. Barr who afterwards removed to Eastern Pennsylvania and became a member of Congress. The late Wm. P. Shinn was what was called "wood agent." His business was to buy and have stored in proper places, wood for the engines, for it must be borne in mind that wood was the only fuel used on the locomotives. Coal was afterwards introduced, but at the earlier date the trains were light and wood was plentiful and cheap. The long rows of cord wood at all important stations were prominent features in the landscape. Mr. Shinn was a talented young man and afterwards became general freight agent of the Pittsburgh Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad, and for a time was superintendent of the eastern division of the road. This was after the Ohio and

Pennsylvania Railroad had become a part of the through line to Chicago, formed by its consolidation with other companies. He afterwards engaged in the manufacture of steel rails at Braddock, being one of the original owners of the Edgar Thompson Steel works. Mr. Shinn died a few years ago in Pittsburgh. The secretary of the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad Company up to the year 1856 was James Robinson (son of the president), his office being on Third Avenue near Market Street, across the river in Pittsburgh. The treasurer was General William Larimer, a banker on Fourth Avenue, and a man of great prominence in the business affairs of this vicinity. About 1854 he failed in business, and his failure entailed a large loss on the railroad company as well as on the multitude of depositors in his banking house.

Since that time the railroad company has required its treasurers to confine themselves exclusively to that service and has forbidden them to engage in other lines of business.

The directors up to the year 1856, as far as I can recollect, were Hugh S. Fleming, Frederick Lorenz and General William Robinson, Jr., of Pittsburgh, John Larwick of Wooster, C. T. Russell of Massillion, and Zadok Street of Salem. General Robinson was the president, and was a well preserved old gentleman of about seventy five years of age. He was somewhat irascible, but a man of strict integrity and of great influence in the community. The failure of General Larimer, the treasurer, caused a revolution in the directorate, and the following persons were elected directors about 1856, viz: George W. Cass president, George Darsie, James Marshall and James McAuley of Pittsburgh, C. T. Sherman of Mansfield, and C. T. Russell of Massillion. There may have been others but I cannot recall their names just now.

Mr. Darsie acted as treasurer for a time and the late T. D. Messler of New York was appointed general secretary and auditor. Mr. Roberts, the superintendent having resigned was succeeded by J. H. Moon of Chicago, an experienced railroad man. Of the history of the railroad after 1856 I know very little, as I left the service of the company in the fall of that year, but believe the company had its share of the troubles of 1857 and 1858. The writer remembers inquiring about the price of the stock of the Ohio and Pennsylvania railroad company in the year 1857 and found

that it was without any value, being informed that it was not worth a dollar a share.

During the period from 1853 to 1856, the railroad business being in the experimental stage, many mistakes were made and much energy misdirected, but the early workers in the development of the railroad enterprises deserve a meed of praise from their successors.

As I review this paper again (1903) the old directors and officials have, I think, all passed away; only a few of the old employees still linger on the "shores of time." Of these I might mention Charles Jenkins, the veteran baggage agent at the Union Station, John Kilroy, general passenger agent at that place, and Andrew Morrow, a conductor. Of the others there have lately died J. P. Farley, J. A. Biavis, Samuel McCleary (formerly conductor of the New Brighton accommodation), Abner C. Ela, formerly of the mail train running to Crestline, and Richard Wiggins, formerly conductor of the express to the same place. "Peace to their ashes".

In conclusion the writer would say that though these reminiscences may not be of value in a historic sense, yet it has been a pleasure to recall the men and affairs of the "vanished years".

# A COUNTRY BOY BEGINS LIFE IN PITTSBURGH

BY

HENDERSON GEORGE

Henderson George was born on a farm in Liberty Township, Mercer County, Pennsylvania, on June 16, 1838, residing on the farm until nineteen years of age when he left for Pittsburgh to make his way in the world. It is this journey and his early experiences in Pittsburgh that he describes in this article. Some years after the close of the Civil War, in which he participated, he removed to Indianapolis, where he became a merchant and where with his family he still resides.

## BREAKING HOME TIES.

After my experience in the chair shop at Mercer and return home, work was taken up on the farm as usual which was continued until the next year. I had a dislike for farming and could not think of making it my life vocation. I loved the country and country life, but somehow there was the feeling that I was not adapted physically to the rugged work required on the farm.

During the year I made up my mind to go to Pittsburgh and make an effort to secure a place as salesman in some line of business. This was quite an adventure for one who had never been away from home. In arriving at this conclusion I was probably influenced to some extent by the Morrison boys, for we had frequently discussed among ourselves our future plans and projects.

It was at this time, (September 1857) that John W. Morrison, who was about sixteen years of age, received by mail an offer from his brother-in-law, Mr. John Haworth of Pittsburgh, of a position in his store. Mr. Haworth was a photographer and in connection with this business he was also a manufacturer and dealer in photographic supplies. Young Morrison accepted the position and agreed to leave home for the city in a short time.

The news of this offer to John, brought me to a final conclusion to go to the city with him, although I had nothing in prospect, and did not know whether employment of any kind could be found. The fact, however, that John had

been raised in a city (Philadelphia) gave assurance which was felt would be of great advantage in my first experience as a stranger in a strange city.

## DEPARTURE.

Accordingly we laid our plans and set Thursday September 9, 1857, as the day of our departure for the city. The day previous arrangements were made and our stage fare of two dollars and a quarter each was paid, and all preparations undertaken for the journey of about fifty five miles. My few belongings were packed in a carpet bag, and that evening I bade the home folks goodby, and with carpet bag in hand went to the village home of the Morrisons to await the arrival of the four-in-hand stage coach.

The arrival of the coach was not expected before two o'clock the next morning and it might be an hour later. This uncertainty made it necessary for us to sit up in order to be ready when it came. The long waiting period of six or eight hours was put in socially, part of the time singing. I remember some of the songs we sang that night were "Oh! Willie We Have Missed You;" "Lillie Dale;" "Annie Laurie;" Love's Old Sweet Song;" Robin Adair;" "Home, Sweet Home;" "Long, Long Ago." Our choir consisted of seven voices; the Morrison boys, Hugh, John W. and William J., and the writer; the young ladies were Bessie and Katherine Morrison, and Mary Jane Taylor. We all were in a sentimental mood at the thought of parting, and it may be that some of the songs were sung through diffused tears.

## SOUND OF THE BUGLE.

With us as far as Pittsburgh, on their way to Philadelphia, were Katherine Morrison, and Mary Jane Taylor. At two-thirty o'clock the sound of the bugle was heard as the coach approached from the north. We were immediately in action "Breaking Home Ties," bidding goodby with tears on the part of our lady companions, and solemn thoughts on the part of John and the writer. We entered the coach, the driver cracked his whip and the four-in-hand was off.

We passed such familiar places as McKnights Mill, the village of Centerville, (now called Slippery Rock), and at sun-rise arrived at the Stone House, seven miles on our

journey. The Stone House, to us, was a place of considerable interest; in earlier times, it had gained the reputation of being the rendezvous of thieves, robbers, counterfeiters, and murderers. It was on the border of a wild and broken country, and many wierd tales went forth from its stone portals. At this point our horses are exchanged for fresh ones; ascending just beyond the Stone House, there is a long rough rocky hill the bane of teamsters and stage drivers. Up this hill John and the writer concluded to walk, partly to relieve the horses of our avoirdupois, and to see the surroundings and benefit our robust health by the exercise.

## BUTLER.

**Butchers Run Valley. Allegheny. Pittsburgh.**

Our next stop was at the town of Butler. We arrived at about nine in the morning, twenty miles on our journey. After a brief stop and the exchange of horses we proceed on our way through the Butler Glades and arrive at Bakerstown near the northern edge of Allegheny County. This is our last exchange post; we are within sixteen miles of our destination. At five in the evening we are at the head of Butchers Run Valley down which we descend into the city of Allegheny. Butchers Run Valley is a sort of butchers paradise; the slopes of the long descending gully are lined with a cheap class of houses and were mostly inhabited by butchers who did their own butchering for the Pittsburgh and Allegheny markets. Butchers Run Valley was most unsanitary; offensive odors filled the air; sanitary laws were not thought of at that day.

At the outlet of Butchers Run Valley our coach turned westward along North Avenue to Federal Street, thence southward along Federal Street to the St. Clair Street bridge, (the old original covered bridge) over the Allegheny River, crossing which we are now in the city of Pittsburgh. Continuing through the city our coach finally landed us at the St. Charles Hotel situated at the southeast corner of Wood Street and Third Street (Now Third Avenue). This is our destination; here at six-thirty in the evening our party took supper.

The train that was to carry our lady friends to Phila-

delphia, left the Grant and Liberty Street Station at seven-thirty. Soon after leaving the dining room the railroad "bus" was announced and the ladies took passage to the railroad station. To see them off, John and I concluded to walk in order to save the quarter that it would have cost each of us to ride. The station was about ten squares from the hotel; and in order to keep in sight of the "bus" as it rumbled over the cobble stone streets, we were obliged to follow in "dog trot style", and when we arrived at the station we were pretty well outwinded. We saw the girls safely on board the train and as it pulled out, (this was the first time I had ever seen a locomotive or a train of cars) we waved a final farewell. The locomotive was a small affair compared with the great "mogols" of to-day, but was resplendant in its dress of burnished brass, and as it moved out of the station "chugging" with flying sparks from wood fuel, and the street lights glinting upon it, it was to me an interesting sight.

Our mission to the railroad station being accomplished we walked leisurely down Liberty Street discussing the question of where we should stay for the night. Our "pockets were light" and we concluded that it would be too expensive to go back to the St. Charles Hotel; but being strangers in the city we did not know where else to go. John suggested that we call on Mr. Haworth, his brother-in-law, at his boarding house on Smithfield Street. We chanced to meet Mr. Haworth on the street and I was introduced to him. After some casual conversation my friend inquired where we could find a cheaper hotel than the St. Charles; Mr. Haworth suggested the Red Lion, situated on St. Clair (now Federal) Street near the entrance to the St. Clair Street bridge, and directed us how to find it. We found the hotel without difficulty and registered for the night. The hotel was a popular stopping place for farmers and country people, and in this respect was quite congenial to the writer —a green country lad.

As a friendly act John proposed to stay with me for the night.

---

### BUYING A SUIT OF CLOTHES.

The next morning we left the hotel at seven o'clock. The sun shone through the smoky atmosphere, the streets

were thronged with people; trucks, drays, and vehicles of all descriptions were rumbling over the streets. As I looked upon the scene of my first experience in the city I was deeply impressed; it seemed as if a new world had opened before me—I was captivated.

As we walked up St. Clair Street I mentioned to John that I would like to go to a clothing store to purchase a suit of clothes to replace the country garb I had on. Walking along slowly John volunteered a word of advice, telling me that the clothing business was mostly in the hands of Jews, and that they would probably ask double the price they would finally accept.

We came to a clothing store at the intersection of Market and Liberty streets. It was the custom of the ready-made clothing dealers to keep a man on the outside pacing back and forth in front of the store, who acted as a sort of monitor to invite people, as they passed, into the store. He could always distinguish the men from the country, in fact they were his special mark; and he never failed to offer a warm greeting and a familiar pat on the back as the ruralite passed by. This is just what happened to me as we came in front of the store. I was not, however, so unsophisticated as to fail to understand the motive.

He very politely invited us into the store; we went in; a suit was selected and I inquired the price. He said he would sell me the suit at the low price of twenty-one dollars. I replied that the suit was all right and I would take it at six dollars. At this he threw up his hands gesticulating and saying, that such an offer was nothing short of robbery &c. "Very, well," said I, "You do not have to accept it, I will look farther," and turned to leave. He called me back and with a confiding air said, "If you want that suit you can take it for ten dollars." "No," said I, "My offer is six dollars, if you cannot sell it at that price I will look farther." "I cannot sell it for such a price" he replied in a rather indignant tone. "Well" said I, "You don't have to," and started to leave. He again called me back, and in a whisper, said, "You may have the suit for nine dollars." I thought for a moment and then said, "I will split the difference and make my offer seven-fifty," and again started toward the door. He called me back a third time and said, "All right you can take the suit."

Of course the suit was cheap in price; it was also cheap in material and make up. The clothiers had a sliding scale of prices, and in the clothing business there was wide latitude.

Donning the new suit which was far from a good fit, (there is an old ambrotype among my relics made the day after the suit was bought) I was ready to go with John to the store of his brother-in-law Mr. John Haworth at number 64 Fourth Street (now Fourth Avenue). We walked down Market Street which was thronged with people and vehicles, and through the crowded market to Fourth Street and east along Fourth Street to the store which was in a building next door to the Bank of Pittsburgh. Mr. Haworth's place of business was on the third floor of this building, over the Commercial Library. Here we again met Mr. Haworth and the subject of my obtaining a situation was at once talked over. Mr. Haworth kindly gave me a note of introduction to his brother-in law, Alexander Bates, who was the owner of a retail dry goods store at the northwest corner of Market Street and the Diamond. With this note in my hand and directions as to the location of the store the place was easily found.

## THE BATES STORE.

It was now eight o'clock in the morning. Entering the store I found it full of customers; approaching one of the salesmen I inquired if he was Mr. Bates. "No," he replied, "Do you wish to speak to Mr. Bates in person?" I said "Yes". He then pointed him out to me.

Mr. Bates at this moment was busy serving a customer. In the meantime I was looking around. What impressed me most was the throng of customers and the lively business that was going on. The store was not large, probably about twenty feet by eighty, and was connected by a stairway with the floors above, up and down which people were walking; passenger elevators were not brought into use until many years later.

The bald headed person pointed out to me as Mr. Bates having finished with his customer, it was now my opportunity to speak to him. With some trepidation I stepped up and inquired if he was Mr. Bates, to which he responded in the affirmative, when I handed him my letter of introduc-

tion. After reading it and looking me over he inquired if my parents lived in the city. I replied, that they did not. Mr. Bates then said he could make use of a good stout young man to open and close the store, sweep out &c., but added "As your parents do not live in the city we could not pay you wages sufficient to justify you in paying board; we pay one dollar and fifty cents to a boy starting in with us—but come back on Monday morning and we will let you know what we can do." This was on Friday morning, the day after our arrival from the quiet scenes of home. I felt encouraged with the interview, and confident that something would come of it.

## SEEING THE TOWN.

Friday and Saturday were taken up in walking about the city, taking in scenes that were new and interesting to a country lad. I was specially attracted by the animated traffic going on along the Monongahela River front. At this period steam boating was in the high tide of its glory; the iron road had not yet begun to affect it.

The Monongahela River front was more than a mile in length, the wharf was paved with cobble stones from the curb of Water Street down to the edge of the water. The sloping wharf was probably two hundred feet in width. Along the length of the wharf, scores of one horse drays, a peculiar two wheeled type of vehicle, were delivering merchandise for shipment or carting away stuff that had arrived. Boats departing were laden with a great variety of merchandise, including glass, cotton cloth, farming implements, iron, bacon, drugs, flour, leather, liquors &c., for ports down the river as far as New Orleans. Most of the boats also carried passengers; on the trip gambling was the pastime; the river was infested by a class of men known as blacklegs (gamblers); robbery and murder were not uncommon. Boats racing with one another was not unusual, and they were recklessly fired to the danger point.

Boats arriving brought in sugar, molasses, bailed cotton, &c. I was curious enough to count the number of steam boats moored along the wharf and found the number to be one hundred and twenty four. Boats ready to depart were blowing their steam whistles as a signal, while boats arriving were also screaming a signal of approach. The loading and unloading of the boats was done by gangs of

negro roustabouts or stevedores. As each gang labored under the eye of an overseer they droned a monotonous song under a song leader, that was quaint and wierd.

The next day was Sunday. While I was strolling about, the church bells began to ring; it was half past nine; I concluded to go to the nearest church which happened to be Presbyterian. Entering I found myself in the midst of an animated gathering of children and young people assembled for Sunday school. It was soon noticed that I was a stranger, and a gentleman came and spoke to me and inquired my name, and invited me to his class to which I assented. Later I learned that the church was the Third Presbyterian; it stood at the southeast corner of Fourth and Ferry streets. Incidentally I was told that the church building covered the spot where the great fire of April 10, 1845 started. The conflagration swept eastward and destroyed many squares of buildings in the principal business district of the city, and was a notable event in the history of Pittsburgh.

## GETTING TO WORK.

On Monday morning September 13th, filled with anxiety and suspense, I entered Alexander Bates' dry goods store and reported to the proprietor. He spoke to me kindly and said, "We have considered your application, (I learned afterwards that he had inquired of Mr. Haworth as to my standing and character) and can make use of a strong, willing, active young man who is not afraid to work, and can make himself useful. The special work which we will require of you will be to open and close the store, sweep and dust, deliver packages &c. We require the store to be opened at five o'clock on market mornings, that is on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and on other mornings at six o'clock. We close the store each evening except Saturday, that being market day, when we do not close until about ten or eleven at night. You will be permitted to wait on customers when not engaged in your particular work. Now if you wish to take hold of the work as outlined, and think you can render efficient service, we will start you on trial at a weekly wage of three dollars." I told him I was very glad and willing to accept the offer and do the best I could.

Mr. Bates then introduced me to two or three of his leading salesmen and told me I could go to work at once.

### HARD WORK—LONG HOURS.

I was highly pleased at my success in so soon obtaining a position. The work, however, I found to be strenuous. Getting up at five in the morning and putting in the long day of about sixteeen hours was a tiresome task; neither was the labor light. Opening and closing the store required taking down and putting up about twenty five heavily paneled nine foot shutters, and piling them at the side of the building, about fifty feet distant. Then the delivery of packages throughout the city was no small job. This work was done on foot; delivery wagons were not in use by any of the stores, and there were no street cars. It was my duty to carry the only store key except the one carried by Mr. Bates. The responsibility placed upon me, coming all at once, was felt in a flattering sense, and I was proud of it.

### HARE'S HOTEL.

Having secured a position, my next move was to find, if possible, a place where my weekly salary of three dollars would pay for room and board. At the Red Lion Hotel, where I first stopped and was still staying, the cost was quite beyond this limit. Samuel Hare, who during the year 1846 came out from Pittsburgh with his family of three boys and two girls, and kept the "Tavern" in North Liberty, had moved back to Pittsburgh in 1850 or 1851, and I had heard was in the hotel business.

The thought came to me to look up the hotel and make a friendly call, and incidentally inquire for rates. I knew Mr. Hare by sight, but was too young to have had any personal acquaintance with him while he lived in the village, but knew his three sons, John, James and Robert, who were near my own age.

Calling at the hotel to "see the boys," I met John the eldest who was acting as clerk. Although a period of more than six years had elapsed he remembered me with a very friendly greeting. After some casual conversation about old times, I told him I had come to the city and had a position in a store, and was looking for a place to room and board, and asked what it would cost me per week at the hotel. After a little thought he replied, "We will make you a rate of three dollars."

This price was much less than I expected, and was

below the regular rates. His offer was accepted, and my carpet bag was moved from the Red Lion to Hare's Hotel.

This hotel like the Red Lion was a popular stopping place for country people.

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### HOW THE HOTEL WAS RUN.

The location of the hotel was on Liberty Street directly opposite the mouth of Fifth Street, (now Fifth Avenue) in the heart of the business district. The Liberty Street front was about fifty feet, the building having a depth of probably two hundred, and was four stories high. On entering from Liberty Street one came first to the office, lobby, and bar-room. Back of this was the dining room which had a depth of more than one hundred feet, and was furnished with three long dining tables. The lobby was separated from the dining room by folding doors which were closed except at meal time.

Near the hour for meals, the patrons, transient and regular, of which there were always a large number, assembled in the lobby waiting for the dining room doors to open, like a crowd before the door of a theater. As soon as the doors were thrown open the patrons rushed in pell-mell and occupied seats at the dining tables; at the same time a large Chinese gong was pealing forth a nerve distracting noise. At six o'clock in the morning a man was sent along the various corridors and hallways beating the gong to awaken the sleeping guests.

At night when a patron wished to retire he called at the office and was given a small lamp filled with "burning fluid," (coal oil had not yet been discovered) and a man was sent along to show the guest to his room. It was quite an effort to climb the long stairways. The lamp carried by the guest gave out a sickly blue light, barely sufficient to see the time on the face of a watch dial.

Only the lobbies, dining room and parlors were lighted with gas. The price of gas to consumers was three dollars and a quarter per thousand feet. The guest rooms even of the first class hotels were not piped for gas. The bar of Hare's Hotel dispensed only whiskey, brandy, gin, and wines; it was considered beneath the dignity of an American barkeeper to sell beer; beer saloons, and beer gardens were

kept mostly by Germans, in German localities, and were held in rather low repute.

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### FURTHER EXPERIENCES.

Becoming somewhat inured to the work required at the store, it was felt that the responsibility placed upon me was at least being fairly well met. Mr. Bates found that this country lad could be relied upon to accomplish any ordinary task required.

I was always prompt in opening the store at the early hour of five o'clock, and putting the store in order for business.

Two or three of the salesmen were expected to be on hand when the store was opened, in order to wait on early customers. If they failed to appear on time, which was sometimes the case, it was necessary for me to drop my own work and wait on the customers. I remember one morning of selling a silk dress before any of the salesmen arrived, the bill amounting to thirty-two dollars. A custom that was prevalent in nearly all the stores, was for each salesman to make out his own sales ticket, going to the till and making his own change.

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### ADVANCEMENT.

After two months service in the store my weekly pay was increased to four dollars, and at the same time John W. Morrison and the writer arranged to keep bachelors hall in a vacant part of the building occupied by Mr. John Haworth, rent free. This arrangement served to keep our living expenses down to less than one dollar each per week; this was continued throughout the winter of 1857-1858.

When spring came our bachelors' hall was given up; in fact we were tired of it, and glad to make a change.

My salary was raised to five dollars per week, and room and board were secured at the house numbered 202 Smithfield Street, we each paying two dollars and fifty cents a week.

Having now been with the Bates store for nine months my pay was increased to six dollars, and at the same time

I was promoted to the full rank of salesman. I, however, still had the responsibility of carrying the key, and of opening and closing the store, but was relieved of the work connected with cleaning and keeping the store in order, except to see that my successor did the work satisfactorily.

After a year and a half from the time of taking employment my weekly pay was raised to seven dollars, and at the same time I was placed in charge of the shawl room. That was the day of shawls for both men and women. On the part of men I suppose it was a fad. Men almost universally, young and old took to wearing shawls in place of overcoats, and the women instead of cloaks or wraps. Wearing shawls among the men continued for several years and gradually disappeared. But for many years, shawls continued to be worn by male students in colleges and seminaries, because of their convenience in going to and from class rooms.

# EXCERPTS FROM THE SCRAP BOOK OF THE LATE MRS. STEPHEN C. McCANDLESS.

## THE HOME OF MRS. THOMAS COLLINS, THE GRANDMOTHER OF STEPHEN C. McCANDLESS.

Eighty or ninety years ago the most popular drive with the young society folks of Pittsburgh was through the fields and farms that have long ago given place to Penn Avenue and Butler Street, with all the smoky factories and hosts of soot-blackened toilers who spend their lives among them. A shady river road, marked by the most beautiful scenery, led to Negley's Run. It takes a vivid imagination to picture the beautiful dells and dales when the street cars whirl one along past shrieking locomotives, fiery furnaces, rows of tenement houses and stifling alleys. The odors of some of the byways are not at all like the scent of new-mown hay or the blossoms the bees love.

The most beautiful place in all these parts then was the fine estate of the Widow Collins, who was famed for her beauty, intellect and high social rank. There were twenty acres in the estate, which is in what was for many years the Eighteenth ward, and is now part of the Tenth. There was a beautiful home graced by all the refinements and luxuries of that day. The graceful widow played hostess not only to the wealth, wit and fashion of the city and state, but also to some of the people of highest rank in the country. Still spoken of when the descendants of the oldest inhabitants of the city get together is the entertainment given at the Collins mansion for Daniel Webster and his daughter. The diary of Colonel Milnor Roberts contains this mention of the event:

"August 18, 1833.

One day my friend McClure (the late judge) invited me to join a party to meet Mr. Webster and his daughter at the residence of Mrs. Collins.

"At dinner at the Exchange, where Mr. Webster stopped, the table was unusually crowded with young Whigs, Mr. W.'s political friends, and the wine passed pretty freely.

Mr. Webster appeared well pleased with the kind wishes expressed. The dinner ended with a few short speeches, Mr. Webster replying to a sentiment in a very happy vein.

"Those who were invited to Mrs. Collins' proceeded to carriages in waiting, and it so happened that Mr. Webster, Judge McClure, Mr. Alexander Foster and myself were in the same carriage. Mr. Foster did most of the talking, as Mr. McClure and myself, who were comparitively youngsters, did not interfere, and the orator fell asleep and seemed to enjoy the nap.

"Mrs. Collins soon made the party feel at home, and Mr. Foster, as soon as he reached the porch, asked leave to resume his smoking, which had been suspended during the drive. Although temperance societies had made some progress, champagne passed quite freely, along with other good things provided and handsomely set out on a table on the veranda, or porch. It was a charming party, nothing wanting, and Mr. Webster made himself very agreeable with young and old, as was his wont. It was quite dark before the party broke up, all highly gratified with the distinguished guests, the excellent hostess and the admirable accessories, and last, but not least, with the lovely place itself overlooking the beautiful river."

Mrs. Collins always took an enthusiastic interest in politics. She was ardent as a Federalist, and afterwards became a pure and patriotic Whig. Over her home every Fourth of July the American flag proudly tossed its colors to the breeze and always a part of the celebration of that day was the gathering together of all the people on her estate and of all the neighbors far and near to drink a glass of wine to Freedom and the Union.

The Collins home was a center for all the legal lights. Sarah Lowry was the maiden name of its mistress, and at the time she married Thomas Collins he was one of the four lawyers in Pittsburgh. Judge McClure and Judge McCandless married her two daughters. The latter built beautiful Allequippa, near the old home of his bride. For years it was used only as a summer residence, the winter home being a stately place on Penn Avenue, below Fourth Street. But by and by the attractions of Allequippa so endeared it to the owners that they spent all the year there. That splendid home was demolished in 1885, and furnaces and steel plants now cover the spot where once the beauti-

ful house held sway over grounds covered with fine old trees. The Judge McCandless library in that home was one of the rarest and costliest in the state, and the house was filled with priceless heirlooms. Among them was the huge solid silver bowl that probably once did duty as a punch bowl. It is the baptismal bowl that has descended to Sarahs in the family for verging on two hundred and fifty years. It came across the ocean, and was a wedding gift to Joseph and Sarah Wardel when they were married in 1650 at Monmouth, New Jersey. On the bowl are panels with spaces for inscriptions, and the names and dates of baptism of a good many Sarahs have been registered there.

The fine old paintings that adorned the walls of Allequippa are most of them now to be seen in the present home of Mrs. McCandless and her daughter, on Hay Street. They are the work of celebrated artists, and in their massive, dingy frames are attractions that never fail to catch the eye. Prominent among them are the portraits of Mrs. Sarah Collins and Mrs. McCandless, that were painted by Sully. The beautiful face of Mrs. Collins, with its soul-lit eyes and remarkable sweetness and intelligence, is framed in by a close, quaint bonnet. Youth and the great beauty for which she was famous are marks of the portrait of Mrs. McCandless. The dress is an opera costume. Then there is a portrait of Napoleon that was painted by the famous artist David. It shows Napoleon in his youth before his ambition for power had hardened his face, and there is a good deal of pleasure to be found in looking at the painting, for it gives one a better opinion of the man to see that some traces of the light of human kindness once marked his features.

The picture belonged to Miss Preble, the niece of Commodore Preble. She was a personal friend of the conquering Corsican. In after years she became reduced in circumstances, and it will be remembered by many that she taught a private school here. This was probably the reason that the picture was sold to Mr. Anderson, who gave it to Judge McCandless.

A fine copy of Stuart's Washington is another of the pictures. There is also a valuable canvass of the infant St. John. It was brought from Rome by a naval officer, and Mr. McCandless bought it from him. Everything

about Allequippa had a history, even to its name, which was bestowed upon it because it was there that Washington crossed the river on a raft to see the Indian queen Allequippa.

But perhaps the treasure in Mrs. McCandless' present home that is most appreciated by the young folks who love to gather there, is a big harp, upon which its owner still plays the beloved melodies of the days of her youth. That harp was in her mother's home, when she was a girl and then in her own. It has often responded to the touch of her fingers when the feet of beaux and belles of more than three-quarters of a century ago kept time to its music. Social life was centered at the Arsenal for a long time when the city was young, and the harp was quite a feature of the merry gatherings there.

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EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH MADE BY COLONEL (AFTERWARDS JUDGE) WILSON McCANDLESS, ON THE OCCASION OF THE VISIT OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS TO PITTSBURGH IN 1843.

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"Here, standing on the portals of the Mississippi valley, his (Washington's) prophetic eye reaching far into futurity, he saw the materials for that great empire, with its teeming millions, that now reveres and venerates his name. Once on the Venango path, when the rifle of the warrior flashed in the pan. Again when his frail raft gave way, and he was precipitated amid ice and snow, and the raging elements, into the rapid waters of the Allegheny. And again on the shores of the Monongahela, when Braddock, and Halket, and Peyrouny fell, by the deadly arms of the French and Indians. Two horses shot under him, his clothes perforated with bullets, himself a bright and shining mark, yet the leaden messengers were turned aside by an invisible hand, and he was saved to lead the armies of his country to victory, and to lay deep that precious cornerstone of civil polity that has no parallel in the history of the world. Here it was that in the wigwams and partaking of the hospitality of King Shingiss, and Queen Allequippa, that his heart imbibed that warm and active benevolence in favor of the sons of the forest, that was so conspicuous in his subsequent administration of the gov-

ernment. Here it was that the influence of his great name suppressed an insurrection that threatened to sap the foundation of our beautiful political edifice. And here, sir, he has a monument in the affections of his countrymen more durable than brass or marble, and which will remain steadfast as long as the rippling of the Ohio flows on to the bosom of the father of waters.

"In 1798, the first armed vessel that ever floated on the western waters was constructed here under the directions of a revolutionary officer. She was a row-galley, mounting a solitary gun, and was intended to protect our infant trade with that splendid domain, which was afterward acquired to the Union by the wisdom and foresight of your illustrious friend and contemporary, Mr. Jefferson.

"The name of that vessel was the John Adams. And, if tradition is to be credited, after performing her duty here, she hoisted sails, entered the peaceful pursuits of commerce, crossed the Atlantic, passed the straits of Gibraltar, wended her way up the Mediterranean, threaded the Archipelago, and penetrated to the Dardanelles, on the borders of Asia Minor. Thus carrying upon her prow, into the very bosom of a despotic country, the name of one of the honored actors in the great struggle for Republican liberty.

"Look at the contrast now! Instead of the barge and the row-galley, our skillful mechanics, in 1843, completed on the very bastions of old Fort Duquesne an iron ship of war that is to carry on the Northern lakes the stars and stripes of our beloved country—and a frigate is now in the progress of construction which, with her 'iron sides,' is destined to defend the honor of the American name 'in every sea under the whole heavens.'"

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## REMARKS OF STEPHEN C. McCANDLESS ON FEBRUARY 11, 1897, WHILE PRESENTING TO THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, A CHANDELIER.

"My mother, Mrs. Sarah N. M'Candless, in presenting this chandelier to you, desires me to give some account of it and to inform you why she considers it of sufficient importance to be placed among the interesting relics which you have collected and intend to collect and preserve, in

connection with that last remnant of Fort Pitt, which, with commendable patriotism, you have rescued from the ravages of time, the Redoubt built by Col. Bouquet in 1764.

"This is one of two cut glass chandeliers imported from Europe by Messrs Bakewell and Page, then engaged in the manufacture of glass at the foot of Ross Street on the bank of the Monongahela River, the other being that large chandelier which used to hang from the centre of the ceiling of the First Presbyterian Church on Wood Street (I refer to the building which preceded the present edifice, and which had been donated to that church by General James O'Hara on the twenty-fifth of August, 1818, the knowledge of which date enables my mother to fix the time when this was purchased by her mother for the parlor of her residence and, as she thinks, was the only chandelier in any private house in Pittsburgh at that time and for some years afterwards.

"The historical association connected with it is—that on the occasion of the visit of General Lafayette to this city, on the 30th of May 1825, it was borrowed by the committee and hung in the room occupied by him in the National Hotel. The National Hotel stood on the present site of the First National Bank Building, at the corner of Wood and Fifth streets.

"During the year passed by Lafayette in the United States as the Nation's guest, the veneration for him was exhibited in every city, town and hamlet that he entered, by some public demonstrations in his honor. A late biographer referring to this feature of his tour, says, the festivities and celebrations of that year had no precedent in the annals of the country. This resulted in the coining of a new word and for many years afterwards whenever extraordinary honors were paid to any individual, he was always said to have been 'Lafayetted.'

"He was accompanied by his son George and his secretary whose book entitled, 'Lafayette in America in 1824 and 1825' is a very interesting narrative.

"After a brief sojourn in the Eastern cities, he made a tour by the way of the Atlantic and Gulf states to New Orleans, and having returned by river as far as Wheeling, he crossed the Pan Handle and journeyed through Washington and Brownsville (receiving a succession of ovations) to Uniontown where his old friend Albert Gallatin ad-

dressed him in behalf of the assembled people and afterwards, took him to his residence, 'Friendship Hill,' overlooking the Monongahela River at New Geneva. He remained there twenty-four hours, was then escorted back to Uniontown and thence to Elizabeth where the party arrived about noon on the 29th and, a boat being in waiting, they were rowed to Braddock's Field which was reached about sunset and where a numerous deputation from Pittsburgh had arrived to welcome them. They remained there over night as the guest of Mr. George Wallace, and, at daylight the next morning, detachments of volunteer cavalry arrived as an escort, and the cavalcade proceeded towards Pittsburgh.

"A salute of twenty-four guns was fired in honor of the distinguished visitor as he entered the Arsenal, where he and his party took breakfast with Major Churchill, the commandant, and soon after, entered the city where he was received by the magistrates, militia and people. All this is told with great particularity by M. Levasseur, the secretary, who also says that Mr. Shaler addressed the General in the name of the citizens and Mr. Gazzam in the presentation of the children of the public schools.

"He, of course, means the Hon. Charles Shaler, and, presumably, the Hon. Edward Gazzam. He compliments these gentlemen on their addresses and refers pathetically to the meeting between Lafayette and the assembled group of Revolutionary soldiers who had fought with him at the battle of Brandywine.

"My mother was a child of twelve years, but the patriotic enthusiasm and excitement so impressed her youthful mind that the parade on that occasion is as distinctly remembered by her as if it had occurred quite recently instead of seventy-two years ago. Her mother's house had been built and formerly occupied by General Presley Neville, then dead, who had served as an aid to Lafayette in the Revolution. This house was situated on Water Street between Ferry Street and Redoubt Alley and she with others were gathered about the entrance in eager expectation, when Col. Johnston, a Revolutionary soldier, came riding in advance of the procession and called to the children to gather flowers to strew (which was then the custom in compliment of a hero), for that General would stop there to see the house where General Neville had lived. She re-

members General Lafayette leaning out of the carriage, that he shook hands with them as they gathered about him, and that, on the house being pointed out to him, he seemed much affected as he said, in good English but with a decided French accent, 'and this is the house in which my poor Neville lived.'

"More might be related of the attentions shown that distinguished man, such as the ball given at Ramsey's Hotel and other entertainments in his honor, all of which, however, has been told in a very interesting article by a gentlemen present, published a few years ago in the *Pittsburgh Bulletin* and I will not repeat it; besides I do not wish to get too far away from the subject of the chandelier, the brilliancy of which the General must have had very little opportunity to admire, for, from all accounts, he was not allowed to enjoy the quiet of his apartment to any great extent; but it hung there just the same, and if that circumstance entitles it to a place among the mementoes of the past, may it be a reminder of the services of General Lafayette, of the nation towards him, and of the hospitality of the people of our native city."

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## HENRY CLAY

### INCIDENTS OF HIS VISIT TO PITTSBURGH IN 1848.

EDITOR *GLOBE*:

Some unknown friend has sent me a copy of your paper of February 17th, in which I find a very interesting sketch of my friend and law perceptor, Hon. Andrew W. Loomis and particularly of the part he took in the reception of the Hon. Henry Clay when passing through Pittsburgh to his home in Kentucky, after retiring from public life, in 1848. No such reception was ever before or since extended to a public man in America. Mr. Clay was exceedingly popular in Pittsburgh, not only with his own party (the Whig) but also among the Democrats, on account of his advocacy of a tariff for the protection of American industries.

When it became known that Mr. Clay, or "Harry of the West" as he was usually called, would come by way of

the National Road, a meeting was held at the Monongahela House, when an immense delegation was appointed to meet him at Brownsville, and steamers were chartered to carry the party up and down the Monongahela River. It certainly was a brilliant and happy crowd, and music, speeches, songs, stories, jokes and general mirth, were gushing and boundless, both on the outgoing and incoming trip, and the three boats being lashed together the space between them was bridged with boards so as to avoid accident, and bring the entire party in friendly proximity.

On the return trip an incident occurred that will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it, and although I reported it in the *Post* the next morning, it will bear a republication after an interval of thirty years. Among the distinguished Pittsburghers, or more properly speaking, Alleghenians who joined in thus honoring "Gallant Henry Clay," was Col. Wm. Robinson, Jr., then president of the Ohio and Pennsylvania, now Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad. Like many others in the party, he indulged pretty freely in "Old Monongahela" and became greatly afflicted with the *cacoethes loquendi.* He monopolized almost the entire time of Mr. Clay, and related over and over again the history of his life, not forgetting to tell that he "was the first white child born west of the Allegheny River." This became somewhat monotonous to Mr. Clay, especially as he noticed that other admiring friends were anxious to show him attention. Straightening himself up and looking Col. Robinson in the face, he said: "Now, my good friend, as you have done nearly all the talking, allow me, by way of change to tell a little story. When I first went to Congress from Kentucky, then a young man, a number of us messed together, not only to save expenses, but to have social enjoyment. As story telling was a good deal indulged in we adopted a rule that when any one of the mess commenced telling a long yarn that was not interesting to the balance it was the privilege of any member to say 'Buffalo,' and that ended the yarn. Now, my old friend, I say to you 'Buffalo.'"

The shouts of laughter that came spontaneous and uncontrollable from the five hundred delighted men who witnessed this scene can better be imagined than described.

The ovation to Mr. Clay upon his arrival at the Monon-

gahela House was grand and imposing. It is estimated that at least thirty thousand persons were present, filling the space in front on Water and Smithfield streets. The reception speech of Mr. Loomis, on that occasion was, as you well remark, "one of the finest oratorical efforts of his life."

In the evening of that day a brilliant party made by Mr. Loomis for Mr. Clay at his residence on Cliff Street, to which nearly all the prominent men in Pittsburgh were invited, embracing judges, lawyers, doctors, clergymen, professors, bankers, editors, &c. Col. Robinson, of course, was included in the party. After Mr. Clay, Colonel (afterwards Judge) McCandless, seemed to be the lion of the evening. He felt particularly happy and took special delight in telling the "Buffalo" story to ladies and gentlemen in all parts of the assembly, especially if Col. Robinson was near by. This became exceedingly annoying to Mr. Robinson, and in order to turn the laugh on Col. McCandless he went up to Mr. Clay, where he was surrounded by a large company of admirers, whom he was amusing with his "little stories," and said:

"Mr. Clay, did you ever read the Clarion Letter, written by my friend, Col. McCandless?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Clay, "that is a very familiar document to me. I quoted it in one of my speeches in the Senate."

Failing to get up a laugh at the first effort, Col. Robinson undertook to convince Mr. Clay that he might be mistaken and endeavored to explain the contents of the Clarion letter, which argued that Polk was a better tariff man than Clay. But this only made matters worse and Mr. McCandless readily taking advantage of the situation, called out "Buffalo." Col. Robinson still persisted in his efforts to tell all about the Clarion letter, to the great annoyance of Mr. Clay and the friends who were around him, making a slight pause between each word, so as to give greater emphasis to his utterance, said: "Now, my old friend, I again say to you 'Buffalo.'"

The shouts of laughter and the clapping of hands that followed him in which the ladies participated, surpassed anything I have ever witnessed in any place of amusement.

LECKEY HARPER.

Mt. Vernon, Ohio, Feb. 28, 1878.

## COLONEL JOHN GIBSON.

Colonel John Gibson who is buried in Allegheny Cemetery, is best known as a soldier in General Forbes' campaign against the French at Fort Duquesne, as an Indian trader at Fort Pitt, as the commander of the place in the Revolution and as the secretary of the territory of Indiana, and at one time its acting governor. Although a native of Pennsylvania, Colonel Gibson was an adherent of Virginia in the claims set up by it to the territory now included in Western Pennsylvania, and was colonel of a Virginia regiment in the Revolution. But it is not related by any of his biographers, that he was in Virginia in 1781 helping General von Steuben collect and organize troops for General Greene's army. The following roll of officers which so far as the editor knows, has never before been published, shows that at this time he was at Chesterfield, in Virginia, engaged in that service.

**A List of the Officers that have attended at Chesterfield agreeable to the Honble. Major Genl. Steuben's Proclamation.**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **Colonels** | John Gibson | |
| | George Mathews | Not Exchanged |
| | William Davies | |
| **Lieut. Cols.** | William Darks | Assigned to Winchester for Recruits |
| | Oliver Toles | Assigned to Fredericksburg for Recruits |
| | Thomas Gaskins | |
| **Majors** | Thomas Posey | Assigned to Staunton for Recruits |
| | John Willis | |
| | Smith Snead | |
| **Captains** | Samuel Finley | |
| | Nathan Ried | Assigned to New London |
| | John Marks | |
| | Thomas Edmunds | 1st detachment |
| | John Marshall | |
| | Nathl. Pendleton | Volunteer Aid to Genl. Green |
| | Willm. George | |
| | Thomas Theweat | |
| | Joseph Scott, Sr. | Prisoner |
| | Wm. Kirkpatrick | |
| | John Overton | |
| | Robert Gamble | |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| | Thomas Parker | |
| | Nathan Lambe | 1st Detachment |
| | Robert Woodson | Not Exchanged |
| | James Bulbertson | 1st detachment |
| | Chs. Snead | Not certain of being exchanged |
| | Levin Teach | do do |
| | Archd. Denholm | 1st detachment |
| | Joseph Scott, Jun'r | Adjt. Chesterfield |
| | Tarpley White | Assigned |
| | Wm. L. Lovely | |
| | Samuel Jones | Asigned |
| | James Crane | 1st Detachment |
| | John Clark | Not certain of being Exchanged |
| **Captains Lieut.** | | |
| | Philip Sansom | |
| | Reuben Fields | Not certain of being Exchanged and Asigned to Fredericksburg |
| | Thomas Warman | |
| | John Crittendar | Retired on half pay |
| | Thomas Pains | |
| | Arthur Lind | do do |
| | William Epps. | do do |
| **Lieutenants** | | |
| | Abraham Maurey | Resigned |
| | Thomas Burfoot | A. D. Q. M. G. at Chesterfield |
| | John Crawford | |
| | Henry Bedinger | Asigned to Winchester for Recruits |
| | Robert Foster | Assigned to New London for Recruits |
| | Charles Erskin | Comr. Military stores Chestf'd. |
| | Thomas Martin | Assigned to Staunton do |
| | Charles Stockley | |
| | Natha. Darbey | |
| | Mathew Clay | |
| | Thomas Coverley | |
| | John Robins | Sick at Richmond |
| | William Robertson | Assigned to Staunton for Recruits |
| | John Scarborough | |
| | Robert White | Gone Home |
| | Robert Touitt | do do to get ready to March with 1st Division |
| **Ensigns** | | |
| | John Carr | Gone home |
| | John Scott | Assigned to New London for Recruits |
| | John Justice | 1st detachment |
| | Richd. Archer | Gone home to prepare for marching 1st Division |
| | —— Spitzfadden | Sick present |
| | John Leigh | Resigned |
| | William Ball | 1st detachment |
| | Daniel Ball | 1st detachment |
| | Daniel Green | 1st do |
| | John Foster | 1st |

By order of the Board
Jno. Gibson Col. presd.

# REMARKABLE CAREER OF REV. RICHARD LEA, S. T. D.*

When the Presbyterian Ministerial Associations of Western Pennsylvania, and Pittsburgh in particular, meet, there is one grand patriarch to whom they listen with great deference. He is not only a noted theologian, but he has spent over sixty-one years in the ministry. To have preached the gospel for over three-score years covers a field of labor performed by less than five per centum of the ministry, and yet, stranger still, this preacher has remained the pastor of one congregation and one church which he organized and preached in regularly for over half a century. Pittsburgh, so far as is known, is the only city in the world which has such a record and the venerable Rev. Richard Lea, S. T. D., now pastor emeritus of the Forty-third Street Presbyterian church, is the honored minister who has made such a record.

No man of his years has watched the religious as well as the educational and industrial growth of the great metropolis of the upper Ohio, be he clergy or layman, with keener interest than Rev. Dr. Lea. Born in Old Coventry, England, on April 23, 1810, at the age of ten he emigrated to Pittsburgh with his parents in 1821. His father was a noted ship carpenter, and helped to build the fleet which withstood several of Napoleon's fierce battles on the Mediterranean. He died while Richard was yet a boy, as did his two brothers and sister. His mother, Dr. Lea says, was a very pious woman, and desired to see her son enter the ministry. She died within a year after coming to Pittsburgh and left her son a poor, sickly boy. Forming the acquaintance of Rev. Doctors Herron and Patterson, he attended the First Presbyterian church of which he soon became an active member. Never absent from prayer meeting or Sunday school, he was elected assistant superintendent of the Pipetown Sabbath school. Rev. Joseph Stockton taught a high school in "Alleghenytown." Young Lea accepted an offer to join the Latin

*From the *Pittsburgh Leader* of July 18, 1897.

class. Failing health necessitated a temporary abandonment of his scholastic work. A few years later Samuel Campbell, a merchant, offered to educate the boy and leave it to his own option what creed he should accept and preach. The generous offer was declined, but the thought awakened within young Lea anew his ministerial ambition. "I felt that someone had faith in me; somebody was interested in my welfare" he said. Dr. Agnew, a noted physician, was consulted by the young man. After a thorough examination of Lea had been made the Doctor strongly advised against such a course, saying with strong emphasis, "You must not attempt to study; if you do it will kill you in a few years." After a deep silence young Lea replied: "I would as soon die as be anything else than a preacher, and if God has anything for me to do in the pulpit He will keep me alive." "Ah," Dr. Agnew replied, "that's your Calvinism, and that creed will help you, if nothing else will."

Young Lea's health was restored. He took a classical course at the Western University and entered the Allegheny Theological seminary graduating early in April, 1836. Thirty-six young ministers graduated in the same class, all of whom have since ended their ministerial labors. Dr. Lea is the oldest living graduate, and the only member of his class living, from both the university and seminary.

On April 15, 1836, immediately following his graduation, the young minister organized the Lawrenceville, now the Forty-third Street Presbyterian church. He was installed as its pastor on June 15th by the Presbytery of Ohio. Rev. Dr. Herron presided, Prof. Halsey, of the seminary, preached the sermon and the Rev. Dr. Swift delivered the charge. Such names as Malcolm Leech, the merchant; General Whitley, Mrs. Ewalt, daughter of John Harris, the founder of Harrisburg; Mrs. Thompson, Dr. Agnew and about thirty other families whose names are known to all old Pittsburgh residents composed the membership of the new church.

For many years Dr. Lea was the sole pastor. His salary at the beginning of his pastorate was four hundred dollars per annum. Gradually as the congregation grew larger the salary increased. Four additional Presbyterian churches have been organized and erected under Dr. Lea's pastoral supervision, though the founder retained his connection with the old congregation. One by one the old mem-

bers who entered his church in his early ministry have answered the final roll call until he alone is left to tell the story.

Dr. Lea preached the funeral sermon of all his original members. He has buried over twelve hundred persons who united with the church during his sixty-one years of ministerial work.

Dr. Lea served several years as agent for the seminary. This, he says, was an invaluable aid to him. It compelled him to travel over the country and he formed an acquaintance with the leading ministers of the western part of the state and eastern Ohio. He used frequently to visit his friend Dr. McFerran of Congruity, and he often exchanged pulpits with Dr. Leroy Seanor, for many years pastor of the New Alexandria Presbyterian church. This brought him to staid old Alexandria, the typical home of Puritanism, in Western Pennsylvania, and it resulted in his selecting it for his home in old age.

A week after organizing his church Dr. Lea and Miss Mary Cameron, a lineal descendant of the great exponent of the Covenantor church, were married. She has been his constant companion these sixty-one years. "She is the best woman in America," Dr. Lea said yesterday as he chatted with a *Leader* man. One son was born of the union. He resides with his parents and teaches music in the neighborhood.

Born in April, graduated from college and seminary in April, married in April, in fact, every extraordinary event in Dr. Lea's life happened in April. Dr. Lea has often said he feels a premonition that when death comes to him it will be during the month of April.

Eight years ago, weighted down by the labors of fifty-three years' active ministerial work, Dr. Lea asked his congregation to accept his resignation. They could not think of such a step, and he was made pastor emeritus. He preaches the communion sermons once every three months. Besides he frequently preaches at New Alexandria and occasionally in some of the churches near his home. The congregation makes him donations on every birthday anniversary, on Christmas and July Fourth. The presents are shipped by express to Crabtree station and are accompanied by resolutions handsomely embossed, showing the esteem in which the flock hold their beloved pastor.

It is not to be wondered that Dr. Lea's services have been so much appreciated when it is known that he never conducted a church session or was compelled to try a single member during his long pastorate. His motto has always been: "Keep out of other people's business, keep out of debt and keep out of law and you'll never have much trouble." He who lives up to that proposition, Dr. Lea says, will never get into serious trouble.

When he first came to Pittsburgh, in 1821, the town had less than ten thousand inhabitants. There were several churches in old Pittsburgh, a Presbyterian, Episcopal and Methodist being among the most prominent. Old Squire Darrah was mayor of the city. The town did not extend beyond where the Pittsburgh court house now stands.

When the writer called at Dr. Lea's residence at New Alexandria he found the aged pastor in a cheerful mood. In speaking of his residence and labors in Pittsburgh, Dr. Lea told several amusing anecdotes of early Pittsburgh life, one of which will be given.

Old "Father" Taylor, the first rector of Trinity Episcopal church, published almanacs. Dr. Lea said of him: "He usually allowed himself three or four days grace in his prophecies concerning changes in the weather, and in that way frequently hit it. In his latter days he dictated his work to his daughter. She or the printer made a glaring mistake, scheduling a snowstorm for the month of June. Of course his prophecy was seriously doubted. On the date, however, a cold, drizzling rain fell, followed by frost. Next day when the stage coach rolled into town the roof was covered with snow and sleet and the passengers were chilled to the marrow. Dr. Taylor was twitted by Pittsburghers about his prognostication and the snowstorm in the mountains. He replied that he did not expect a snowstorm in Pittsburgh, and that inasmuch as his almanac covered the entire country the snow in the mountains was exactly what he had anticipated. Taylor's fame spread through that little error. Extra editions were run off, and the people for years accepted his weather prophecies as sure to come true."

By living a simple, democratic life Dr. Lea and his wife have preserved the vigor and health of earlier days. The doctor's voice is clear, his eyesight fairly good, but his hearing is becoming slightly impaired.

## List of Articles Presented to the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania

**93—Photographic Copy of Letter**
written by General Forbes to Governor Denny of Pennsylvania, announcing the capture of Fort Duquesne from the French, dated "Fort Duquesne, now Pittsburgh, 26th November 1758." The original of this letter belongs to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia. It was resurrected by Robert Bruce, of the National Highways Association, while searching for information regarding the Old Forbes Road. (This is the first photographic copy).
Presented by Mr. Sumner Boyer Ely.

**94—Photograph**
Six-Horse Team and Conestoga Wagon.
The principal transportation factor on the National Road and and the Philadelphia-Pittsburgh Pike before the opening of the railways across the Alleghany Mountains.
Presented by Mr. Robert Bruce, Clinton, New York.

**95—Three Minute Books**
and Constitution of the "Neptune Fire Engine and Hose Company of the City of Pittsburgh."
Book One—Adopted January 1st, 1833-1836.
Book Two—Adopted January 1st, 1845-1854.
Book Three—Adopted November 4th, 1854-1869.
Presented by Mr. Charles A. Clinch.

**96—Photograph**
Old St. Paul's Cathedral
Fifth Avenue and Grant Street, taken in 1860.
Presented by Miss Sarah E. Miles.

**97—Cane**
made from a piece of the Cedar of Lebanon.
Presented by Miss Sarah E. Miles.

**98—Civil-War Envelopes**
one set of Seventy-five.
Presented by Mr. Albert M. Long.

**99—Photographs**
Civil-War Officers, one set of Ninety-three.
Presented by Mr. Albert M. Long.

**100—Letter**
written by Mids. Edward Franklin Howell, of the U. S. Frigate United States, to his uncle, General Franklin Davenport, Woodbery, West, New Jersey. Dated Boston Harbor, September 1st, 1812.
Presented by Mrs. R. A. McKee.

**101—Prayer Book**
and Book of Psalms, printed by Susanna Collins for the Company of Stationers, London, England. 1724.
Presented by Mrs. R. A. McKee.

**102—Ambrotype**
of General Joseph B. Kiddoo, Professor in the Wilkinsburg Academy, Lawyer in Pittsburgh, wounded in the Civil War. General Kiddoo was the first officer to command colored troops when it was sure and certain death if he was captured.
Presented by Miss Martha Graham.

**103—Picture**
photographed on leather of Professor F. W. Hastings, of the Wilkinsburg Academy, 1857-1859 (taken in 1854).
Presented by Miss Martha Graham.

**104—Spike**
from Old Jefferson College, Cannonsburg, Penn'a.
Presented by Mr. A. J. Kelly, Jr.

**105—List of Names**
of voters who voted at an Election held on the 2nd Tuesday of October A. D. 1836 at the Court-House West Ward.
Presented by Mr. Thomas J. Hawkins.

**106—Piece of wood**
taken from Old Lafayette Hall.
Presented by Mr. Ernest Frey.

**107—Cigar**
taken from the cars of Pennsylvania Railroad Company, during the riot July 22nd 1877.
Presented by Mr. Omar S. Decker.

**108—Gold Watch**
A relic of the fire of 1845, owned by Mr. John Thaw.
Presented by his grand-son, Mr. Benjamin Thaw.

**109—Book**
giving a full account of "The Great Fire" at Pittsburgh on the Tenth day of April, 1845 with the individual losses, and contributions for relief.
Presented by Mr. Benjamin Thaw.

**110—Gettysburg 25x39**
"Repulse of Longstreet's Assault" Painted by James Walker, engraved by H. B. Hall, Jr. Historically arranged by John B. Batchelder.
Presented by Mrs. Francis J. Torrance.

**111—Pittsburgh and Allegheny 28x48**
From Coal Hill, 1849. Painted by B. F. Smith, Jr., engraved by G. Warren Smith.
Presented by Mrs. Francis J. Torrance

**112—Picture 17x21**
Pioneer Fast Line, by Rail Cars and Canal Packets, From Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, through in 3½ days; And by Steam Boats carrying the United States Mail. From Pittsburgh to Louisville: Printed by Young, Black Horse Alley, Philadelphia, 1837.
Presented by Mrs. Francis J. Torrance.

**113—Lithograph 13x16**

The Great Conflagration at Pittsburgh, Pa. April 10th 1845. Nearly 1200 houses destroyed, estimated loss of property $9.000.000 (by Turner and Fisher, Phila. Pa. 1845).

Presented by Mr. William P. Wilkins, Danvers, Mass.

**114—German Helmet**

Presented by the Woman's Central Committee to Mrs. William H. Stevenson, Chairman of the Woman's Victory Loan Committee of the Fourth Ward Pittsburgh, in recognition of the ward buying double its quota of VICTORY BONDS.

Presented by Mrs. William H. Stevenson.

**115—Picture**

John 4th Earl of Dunmore, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, from the original picture in possession of the Earl of Dunmore.

Presented by Miss Marie Truby.

**116—Picture**

General Arthur St. Clair, (engraved by C. B. Hall, New York.)

Presented by Miss Marie Truby.

**117—Lithograph 20x25**

View of the City of Pittsburgh in 1817. Taken from a sketch drawn by Mrs. E. C. Gibson, wife of James Gibson, Esq., of the Philadelphia Bar, while on her wedding tour in 1817.

Loaned by The Misses McMillen.

**118—Volume**

The *Pittsburgh Catholic*, Saturday, February 23, 1867-Saturday, February 15th 1868.

Presented by Mr. William A. Golden.

## List of Newspapers Presented by the Misses Isabelle and Anna Browne.

*THE PITTSBURGH EVENING CHRONICLE*

Saturday, April 12, 1862.
Saturday, July 5, 1862.
Monday, July 7, 1862.
Saturday, Sept. 26, 1863.
Tuesday, May 10, 1864.
Wednesday, May 11, 1864.
Thursday, May 12, 1864.
Friday, May 13, 1864.
Monday, May 16, 1864.
Thursday, May 19, 1864.
Wednesday, Sept. 14, 1864.
Friday, Sept. 29, 1864.
Friday, April 7, 1865.
Monday, April 10, 1865.
Saturday, April 15, 1865.

*PITTSBURGH WEEKLY GAZETTE*

Wednesday, Dec. 16, 1863.
Thursday, May 5, 1864.

*THE PITTSBURGH COMMERCIAL*

Monday, April 3, 1865.
Monday, April 10, 1865.
Monday, April 17, 1865.

*THE PRESBYTERIAN BANNER, PITTSBURGH*

Saturday, July 19, 1862.

*THE NEW CASTLE COURANT*

Friday, June 30, 1865.

*THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN, PITTSBURGH, PA.*

Sept. 14th, 1864—May 17th, 1865.

*THE NEW YORK WEEKLY TIMES*

September 20, 1862.
May 11, 1864—December 31, 1864.
May 27, 1865—December 30, 1865.
January 6, 1866.

*THE NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE*

January 4, 1862—December 27, 1862.
January 3, 1863—December 26, 1863.
January 2, 1864—December 31, 1864.
January 7, 1865—June 17, 1865.

*THE NEW YORK DAILY TRIBUNE*

January 1, 1861.
January 19, 1861.

*FORNEY'S WAR PRESS, PHILA., PA.*

August 30, 1862.
Sept. 6, 1862.
Sept. 13, 1862.
Sept. 20, 1862.

*NEW YORK WEEKLY HERALD*

July 4, 1863.
Dec. 12, 1863 (Triple-sheet).
July 1, 1865.

*BROWNLOW'S KNOXVILLE WHIG, TENNESSEE*

January 9, 1864.

*WASHINGTON DAILY MORNING CHRONICLE*

April 20, 1865.

## Members of the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania who died in 1919.

Mrs. Edith Darlington Ammon (Life Member)

Mr. Daniel Ashworth.

Mrs. Frank S. Bissell

Mr. Stephen Collins

Mr. Andrew Carnegie (Life Member)

Mr. Edward T. Dravo

Mr. Robert S. Davis

Mr. Henry Clay Frick (Life Member)

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Mr. John E. Kane

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Andrew Arnold Lambing, LL.D. (Life Member)

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Dr. A. M. Reid

Mr. Enoch Rauh

Mr. Charles O. Smith

Mr. James G. Sample

Mr. Francis J. Torrance

Mr. John W. Thomas

Mr. Robert W. Wilson

Dr. James H. Wright

Rev. J. S. Wrightnour

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

### MINUTE ON THE DEATH OF HENRY CLAY FRICK

The following minute was adopted at the January, 1920, meeting of the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania:

The Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania hereby records its sincere regret because of the death of Henry Clay Frick, who for many years was a life member of the Society.

Mr. Frick has rendered great service in building up vast industries in Western Pennsylvania and in promoting the prosperity of this section; he had shown a keen interest in the progress of Pittsburgh and the improvement of its transportation facilities, his benefactions for educational, philanthropic and public purposes were great and generous and entitle his memory to be cherished by our people and the record of his good works to be preserved in the annals of our history.

Resolved, That copy of these resolutions be sent to his family and entered upon the minutes of the Society.

## INVITATION TO AN OLD TIME PICNIC

GRAND SELECT PIC-NIC

A GRAND SELECT PICNIC WILL TAKE PLACE

AT SWISSVALE,

ON THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1853,

AT WHICH YOUR COMPANY IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED

Trains of cars will start from the station of the Penn'a Rail Road, on Liberty street, at 3 o'clock A. M. and 2 o'clock P. M. Returning will leave Swissvale at 7 o'clock P. M. Excursion tickets, 15 cents.

MANAGERS

| | | |
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| J. W. Cree, | James P. Barr, Esq., | J. D. Glass, |

Refreshments will be provided by M. F. Kunz

Music by Byerly's full Brass and String Band.

---

## NOTICE OF A THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE GIVEN IN PITTSBURGH IN 1827

T H E A T R E

THE THESPIAN SOCIETY HAVE THE HONOR OF INFORMING THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF PITTSBURGH, THAT MRS. TATNALL, FROM THE PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK THEATRES, HAS ARRIVED IN THIS CITY, ON HER WAY TO NEW ORLEANS, AND THAT THEY HAVE ENGAGED HER, WITH MISS CARPENTER, FOR A FEW NIGHTS.

MRS. TATNALL'S FIRST NIGHT

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE SUDDEN AND EXTREME INDISPOSITION OF MRS. TATNALL ON WEDNESDAY LAST, THE PERFORMANCE WILL TAKE PLACE THIS EVENING, (FRIDAY).

ON FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 12, 1827,

WILL BE PRESENTED, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THIS CITY, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. HARTWIG, BALL'S CELEBRATED MELO DRAMA OF THE

F L O A T I N G  B E A C O N;

OR, THE

NORWEGIAN WRECKER.

MARIETTE, (woman of the Beacon,) ----------MRS. TATNALL.
Angerstoff, (Captain of the Beacon,) -----L. Peters. An Amateur.
Maurice } his companions ----------
Ormoloff }
Weignstadt, (an old Fisherman)----------
Frederick, (a supposed orphan)----------Dr. Jams. R. McClintock
Jack Junk, (a Sailor,) Wilkins Peters----------
Sailors, Marines, &c.----------
Christine, (Weignstadt's daughter), ----------Miss Carpenter

AFTER THE DRAMA

A Fancy Dance, by ----------Miss Carpenter
A Pas Seul, by----------Mrs. Tatnall
The evening's entertainment to conclude with the laughable Farce

of the

SPOILED CHILD

Little Pickle (with all the original Songs and Sailor's Hornpipe), ----------Mrs. Tatnall
Old Pickle, (with a Hornpipe,) W. Peters ----------AN AMATEUR
Tag, (an Author)----------Wm. Mountain----------
John, ----------
Servants, ----------
Miss Pickle, John C. Mowry ----------
Maria, ---------- Miss Carpenter.

TWO ADDITIONAL STOVES HAVE BEEN PLACED IN THE LOBBY

Doors open at 6, and the curtain to rise at 7

BOX AND PIT, 75 CENTS—GALLERY, 50 CENTS

Tickets to be had at Messrs. Denniston's, Ramsey's and Stewart's Hotels, and at the Box Office of the Theatre.
on the evening of performance.

N. B.—NO SMOKING ALLOWED IN THE THEATRE. NO MONEY TAKEN AT THE DOOR

PROPER OFFICERS ARE EMPLOYED TO KEEP THE PEACE.

# GIFTS AND LOANS

**The Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania in its building at Bigelow Boulevard and Parkman Avenue, Pittsburgh, maintains a Museum for the preservation of relics, pictures and documents associated with the history of Western Pennsylvania and adjoining territory. Hundreds of articles, many of which constitute a priceless talisman in the annals of the country about the Forks of the Ohio, have been donated to the Society and are treasured in the Museum for the education of posterity.**

**Constant additions are being made to these gifts and the Society especially desires that all persons interested in preserving relics and documents relating to the history of Western Pennsylvania take advantage of the opportunity for safeguarding them in the custodianship of this organization. Books and documents by Pennsylvania authors, and pictures, documents and articles that have belonged to eminent Pennsylvanians of the western counties of the State are solicited. Acknowledgment of donations and loans will be made in succeeding issues of the Historical Magazine.**

**Historical Hall is open for visitors each week day from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M., and on Sundays from 2 P. M. to 4 P. M. when access is had to the library and Museum.**

**Emma D. Poole, Librarian**

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**Send remittances for subscriptions to John E. Potter, Treasurer, Potter Title & Trust Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.**

# WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY
THE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY OF
WESTERN
PENNSYLVANIA

APRIL, 1920

VOLUME 3 NUMBER 2

Entered as second-class matter October 1, 1918 at the Post Office at Pittsburgh, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879

# Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania


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# WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

Vol. 3, No. 2 APRIL, 1920 Price 75 Cents

## THE MORAVIANS AND THEIR MISSIONS AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE OHIO VALLEY.

BY

CHARLES W. DAHLINGER*

—o—

One of the corner stones of the Christian religion is Christ's injunction: "Go yet into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." And from Rome Christianity was carried over Europe and into Asia and Africa, and when America was discovered it was brought across the Atlantic Ocean to this continent. Among the Protestant North American pioneers of English extraction, struggling in the wilderness for their very existence, the teaching of the Gospel to those who were unfamiliar with its consolation was of far less moment than the stern battle in which they were engaged. Prior to the French and Indian War there was only a thin line of settlements along the Atlantic coast, and few attempts were made to proselyte among the aborigines. In New England in early colonial days John Elliot made his noble, but almost valueless effort to convert the Indians to Christianity. In New Jersey David Brainerd made a gallant attempt in this direction from 1743 to 1747, but dying in the latter year at the early age of thirty, the work bore no substantial fruit. Other attempts ended still more completely in failure.

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*Read before the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania on June 30, 1914.

*THE WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL MAGAZINE* is published quarterly, in January, April, July and October, by the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania, Bigelow Boulevard and Parkman Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. It is mailed free to all members of the Society. Members may obtain additional copies at 50 cents each; to others the charge is 75 cents. To public libraries, universities, colleges, historical and other similar societies the annual subscription rate is $2.00. The annual dues of the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania are $3.00, and should be sent to John E. Potter, Treasurer, Fourth Avenue and Grant Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

In contradistinction to the English colonies, farther north in Canada, where Roman Catholic France was dominant, a different atmosphere prevailed. When the French came to Canada they carried the sword of conquest in one hand and the cross of salvation in the other. Connected with every expedition that landed on the Canadian shores were priests who had ever before their eyes the glory of God and the extension of French dominion. The majority of the priests were members of the Society of Jesus, an organization founded by a former soldier, on military lines with a general at its head and composed of the most able, zealous, cultured and affable priests in the world. In addition to the vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience, they had promised to go as missionaries to any part of the world to which the Pope might send them. Dressed in the ordinary garb of the people with whom they mingled, they went forth in winter snows and summer heats, through forests and plains, over lakes and rivers, carrying the cross of the Saviour to the benighted heathen. They endured hardships, and met torture and death with the enthusiasm of martyrs. As the French extended their territory, their priests went with them bringing the solace of the Christian religion not only to the French soldiers and settlers, but to the Indians as well.

The French discovered the Ohio River and by virtue of this discovery claimed all the contiguous territory. Robert Chevalier de la Salle was the discoverer and was the first white man to descend the Allegheny and Ohio Rivers which occurred either in 1669 or 1670, the exact year not being known. He had once been a Jesuit. For the next eighty years the French priests were the only men of God to bear the altar and the cross to the wondering savages of the Ohio Valley; and ever and anon there appeared in the wilderness baptized Indians, distinguished by their beads and crucifixes who babbled of Christianity to their heathen brethern. In 1749 Captain Louis Bienville deCeleron took possession of the Ohio Valley in the name of the French King, by erecting wooden crosses and burying leaden plates along the Ohio river. The *Te Deum* was chanted, the hills and valleys rang with the cries of *Vive le Roi,* and the country became French territory. Father Piérre Joseph deBonnecamp, a Jesuit priest, was the chaplain of the expedition. Five years later Captain Pièrre Claude deContrecoeur erected Fort

Duquesne. The coarse brown habit, the cowl and the girdle from which a cross depended, of the Recollet friars, were as familiar in the French Canadian forts as were the uniforms of the soldiers. Fort Duquesne was no exception, and when Contrecoeur descended the Allegheny he brought with him as chaplain, Friar Denys Baron who remained until December, 1756. Other priests also wandered into Fort Duquesne during its existence of four years. The year after Friar Denys Baron left the Ohio country, a French Jesuit priest, Father Claude P. Virot, planted his mission cross at the mouth of the Big Beaver River, and was joined the same year by another Jesuit priest, Father Piérre Joseph Antonie Rouboud. The mission remained during the continuance of the French occupation of Fort Duquesne; after its abandonment Packanke, the head chief of the Monseys, one of the three principal tribes of the Delaware nation, which was also known as the Wolf tribe, and had the wolf as its totem, drove the priests away.

The Protestant missionaries came into the Ohio Valley at a much later date. During the fifty years that succeeded the taking of Fort Duquesne by General John Forbes, many English missionaries, representing most of the Protestant divisions of the Christian church, arrived in the valley. Some of them came for the purpose of evangelizing the Indians, but the majority were intent only on bringing Christianity back home to the settlers whose religion had begun to sit lightly on their shoulders. The attempts to Christianize the savages failed utterly, the Indians refusing even to give the missionaries permission to remain in their country. Generally the missionaries were unfamiliar with Indian life and customs, and not speaking the Indian tongue, addressed the Indians through interpreters; also they had little sympathy with Indian aspirations and weaknesses. Besides the English-speaking settlers had a supreme contempt for the Indians which no doubt created at least an unconscious prejudice in the minds of the missionaries. Speaking of the failure of the English attempts to Christianize the Indians and comparing them with the efforts of the French, Parkman wrote: "English civilization scorned and neglected him; French civilization embraced and cherished him."

The Protestant missionaries who braved the fatigues and dangers of the Indian country were the Rev. Charles Beatty,

who has been on the Ohio River before, having been chaplain in the army of General Forbes, and the Rev. George Duffield, both Presbyterians, who were sent out in 1766, by the Synod of New York and Philadelphia. In 1772 and again in 1773 the Rev. David Jones, a Baptist clergyman from New Jersey, went among the Ohio Indians. In 1772 a New England Congregational clergyman, Rev. David McClure, was sent out by the Board of Correspondence of the Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge. Finally the Moravians appeared, whose communion had been Protestant since the days of John Huss, and who believed themselves to be called upon to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the heathen nations in all the world. They accomplished that in which all the others failed.

They were a sect of Germans descended from German immigrants who had settled in Moravia, a crown land of Austria. They were known as the *Unitas Fratrum*, or the Unity of the Brethren, but were commonly called Moravians after the country where they originated. They were the revival of the ancient sect, originating in Bohemia, which had survived the martyrdom of John Huss. To avoid persecution they had fled from Moravia into Saxony in 1722, where they were established by Count Nickolaus Ludwig vonZinzendorf and Pottendorf on his estate. Count Zinzendorf was a pious young Lutheran who subsequently joined the Moravian church and became one of its bishops, and was its patron and guide. On his estate was founded the town of Herrnhut which became the center of Moravian activity.

Small in numbers and poor, but full of zeal, the Moravians set about evangelizing the world, receiving financial assistance from Count Zinzendorf and from Protestant sympathizers in England. In 1732 they sent missionaries to the negroes of the Island of St. Thomas in the West Indias, and in the following year to the natives of Greenland. In 1735 their missionaries were in Georgia. In the same ship that carried to Georgia the second contingent of Moravians, was John Wesley, the founder of the Methodist Church, who went as a missionary to the Indians, and his brother, Charles Wesley, who was on his way to assume the duties of secretary to Governor James Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia. John Wesley was deeply impressed with the meekness, humility and courage of the Moravians. He acquired

a high opinion of the Moravian religion, and on his return to London he sought the companionship of the leaders of that church, a number of whom were in the city. Here he met Peter Böhler, a young Moravian, who later became a bishop in the Moravian Church. He was a man of culture, educated at the Universities of Jena and Leipsic, and had just come from Germany and been ordained by Count Zinzendorf as a missionary to the Indians of Georgia and the negroes of South Carolina. The zealous Moravian, convinced Wesley that he "lacked that faith whereby alone we are saved;" and the result of this conviction, historians agree, was the true source of English and American Methodism.

A higher power than the General Board at Herrnhut, decreed that the northern colonies presented a more important field for missionary labors than Georgia. In 1740 Christian Henry Rauch began his labors among the Indians of New York. The next year Bethlehem in Pennsylvania, situated about sixty miles north of Philadelphia, was founded and soon became the headquarters of the Moravian Church in America. Almost insurmountable difficulties beset the Moravians. In Georgia the settlers became involved in trouble with the Spaniards settled in Florida, which was expected to terminate in war, and they demanded that the Moravians join the forces that were being levied to invade Florida. This the Moravians stoutly refused to do, as it was contrary to their principles to bear arms, and Parliament had relieved them of that duty on payment of additional rates. The Georgians became so enraged that it was deemed advisable for the Moravians to leave Georgia, and accordingly in 1738, most of them abandoned their plantations and came north to Pennsylvania where the Quakers, who were most influential in governmental affairs, were in sympathy with the religious beliefs of the Moravians. The next year when England declared war against Spain, the remainder of the Moravians also left for Pennsylvania, arriving there in April, 1740, and the mission in Georgia was abandoned.

The backwoodsmen of New York and Pennsylvania early exhibited hostility toward the Moravians. Their intercourse with the Indians was far from friendly; they were occupying lands which had been taken from the Indians in a questionable manner, and they were casting covetous eyes on the remaining lands of the Indians. The Moravians were

teaching the Indians religion and sobriety, and the arts of civilization as well, which the settlers feared would make it more difficult to deal with them. In New York this sentiment caused a law to be enacted prohibiting the Moravians from instructing the Indians; and they were expelled from the colony, on the senseless pretext of being in league with the French, whose traders were already encroaching on territory which until then had been held sacred to the English traders. The Moravians had not only to combat the hatred of the settlers toward the Indians, but the envy of the other German Protestants as well, and the ill will of the English-speaking dissenters, who were jealous of the prestige which the Moravians had gained through the law which Parliament enacted in 1749, acknowledging them as "An ancient Protestant Episcopal Church," while they were despised non-conformists.

Nevertheless the work of the Moravians prospered; their converts grew in numbers; additional missionaries were sent into the field, who traversed the country to the north and west of Bethlehem, carrying the propaganda of Christ to the Indians. Some of the more venturesome even penetrated close to the debatable land tributary to the Ohio River, which was claimed by both the French and the English. The song which their ancient Bohemian Brethern sang when fleeing from the persecution which all but exterminated them, was as applicable to the missionaries as to the older followers of John Huss.

"The rugged rocks, the dreary wilderness,
Mountains and woods, are our appointed place.
Midst storms and waves, on heathen shores unknown,
We have our temple, and serve God alone."

In Pennsylvania the Delaware nation was the largest and most influential of the divisions of the aboriginal race, and the work of the Moravians was to a great extent among them. A number of Indian missions were established from the time of the settlement of Bethlehem to within a few years prior to the Revolutionary War. Also itinerent missionaries were holding services at many distant points. Owing to the turbulent condition of the country it was necessary to frequently change the location of the missions, and to establish new missions. There was a temporary mission at Bethlehem which was called Friedenshütten or Tents of Peace. Another Christian Indian hamlet was situated beyond

the Blue Mountains on the north bank of Mahoning Creek near its junction with the Lehigh River on the site of the village of Lehighton in Carbon County. It was called Gnadenhütten or Tents of Grace. This village was later removed to the eastern bank of the Lehigh River where the town of Weissport is now situated. A third mission was at Shamokin on the Susquehanna River near the location of the town of Sunbury in Northumberland County. Shamokin was the principle Indian town in Pennsylvania, where the King of the Delawares had his seat, and where resided the representative of the Six Nations of which the Delawares were dependants. Another Christian Indian town was later established about two miles from Bethlehem in Hanover Township, Lehigh County, which was called Nain, after the village in Galilee, near the gate of which Jesus performed the miracle of raising the widow's son from the dead. A less important mission was Wechquetauk, situated on the north side of the Blue Mountains between Wechquetuk Creek and Heads Creek in Polk Township, Monroe County.

Pontiac's Conspiracy caused much distress in Pennsylvania, and the settlers in retaliation intended to attack the Christian Indian towns. In anticipation of trouble the Indians were taken to Philadelphia, and later were sent to New York, but were obliged by the authorities of that Province to return to Philadelphia, where they were imprisoned in the barracks. Here a new danger threatened, and a movement was inaugurated for their extermination. It has been called the Paxton Rebellion, because a majority of the men engaged in it belonged to Paxton Township in Lancaster County. Gordon, in his *History of Pennsylvania,* commenting on the partisans of the Paxtons, said they were found principally among the Presbyterians, "to whom according to the belief of their opponents, the use of the sword in civil and religious warfare was not objectionable; and who believed it wiser to exterminate them to convert the heathen." The Paxtons had just murdered twenty defenceless Indians and their appetite for blood being whetted they were now marching to Philadelphia intent on killing the Moravian Indians. Not until Germantown was reached did they pause in their march. On every hand they saw ominous signs of the resistence that would be made to their farther progress by the Quakers and Germans of Philadel-

phia, and a small force of soldiers; and their project was abandoned and they returned to their homes. In 1765 the Indians returned to Nain and were then taken to Machiwihlusing on the Susquehanna River at the mouth of Wyalusing Creek in Bradford county. Machiwihlusing was an Indian village which had been formerly occupied by Monseys.

As early as the French and Indian War, which involved all the North American colonies, the value of the services of the Moravians had been appreciated in Pennsylvania. When the expedition, under General Forbes was about to be sent against the French, the Moravians were called upon for assistance. Forbes realized the advantage of detaching from the French interest the Indians on the Ohio River, or at least keeping them neutral, and made his wishes known to the colonial authorities. The work required a man of discretion and courage, well known and popular with the Indians. No one could be found until the Quakers, who always desirous of maintaining peace, suggested the Moravian missionary, Christian Frederick Post. Post accepted the appointment and went forth to almost certain death, accompanied by only two Indians who served as guides, and penetrated the hostile country to the very gates of Fort Duquesne. Across the river from the fort, under the eyes of French officers he held a conference with the Indians. So convincing were his arguments that the object of the journey was attained. The Delawares proclaimed that they were for peace, the Mingoes agreed with them; the Shawanese promised to send the peace belts to all the Indians and in twelve days to meet again. The apostle of peace had won a great victory; not an Indian whom he reached, raised an arm against the English.

On his return home Post was accompanied by one of the Delaware chiefs, Pisquetumen, who was delegated by his tribe to attend the conference to be held at Easton between the Indians, and the governors of Pennsylvania and New Jersey and George Croghan, the Deputy Indian Commissioner.. The conference ended successfully, the result being a declaration of peace between the Indians and the whites; and Post was directed to return to the West and report the successful outcome of the gathering and bear a message of peace from the eastern to the western Indians.

The knowledge that he gained of the Indians on the two

journeys determined Post to undertake their Christianization. Accordingly in 1761 before formal peace had been declared between England and France by the treaty of Paris which was signed in 1763, whereby all of Canada was ceded to England, he made a journey westward, traveling about a hundred miles beyond Pittsburgh to the Indians living on the Tuscarawas River in what is now the state of Ohio. On the bank of this stream near the present town of Bolivar, across the river from an Indian village he built a log house. Returning to Bethlehem for assistance, the society gave him as helper John Heckewelder, then nineteen years old, who, after a life spent in the mission field, was to publish his *Narrative,* and other writings in which are preserved much that is of interest in regard to the Indians and the Moravian missions. Together the two missionaries went back the next year to the Indian country. Hardly had Post marked off the land where he intended to raise his provisions, when trouble arose. The Indians seemed to be imbued with French sympathies, and demanded that the land intended for cultivation should not be larger in area than that occupied by the French priests at Detroit for their gardens. Post was compelled to do as directed. Having been requested by Governor Hamilton of Pennsylvania to come to Lancaster, where a treaty was to be made with the Indians, and to bring with him as many of the western Delawares as possible, Post left for the East accompanied by a number of Delaware chiefs. Heckewelder remained in charge and scarcely six weeks elapsed before it became evident that the Indians were contemplating a war against the English. The situation of Heckewelder became so precarious that he also returned home; and the war of Pontiac's Conspiracy opened in the spring of the following year.

At the conclusion of Pontiac's War the missionary labors of the Moravians, which had been greatly disorganized by both this and the French and Indian War, were resumed with redoubled vigor. The tide of civilization was forcing the Indians farther westward, and many Indians from eastern Pennsylvania had gone to the Ohio Valley since the Moravian missions were first established. Also the reports that Post brought from the Ohio country indicated that in this region lay a rich field for their endeavors, and they decided to extend their labors across the Allegany Moun-

tains. David Zeisberger was the instrument to whom was entrusted the task of carrying the cross of the Reformation to the savages on the Ohio River. He was born in Moravia in 1721, and five years later his parents fled with him to Saxony, where they left him, and with other Moravians proceeded to Georgia. Attracting the attention of Count Zinzendorf, he was taken by him to Holland. But he was not happy and having heard that Governor Oglethorpe of Georgia was in London, he determined to run away to England with the intention of asking the assistance of that redoubtable colonizer in procuring passage to Georgia. Securing an interview with Governor Oglethorpe he had no difficulty in obtaining the desired help, and rejoining his parents. In 1740, with the remnant of the Moravians, settled in Georgia, he arrived in Pennsylvania.

While in the South Zeisberger sat at the feet of Peter Böhler, who had come to America in 1738, and continued the education that was begun in Europe, developing both in culture and in religion under the instructions of this learned and devout clergyman. In Bethlehem the Moravians had established a class for the instruction of persons intending to enter the Indian mission fields under the direction of Bishop Spangenberg, who had been a professor at the University of Halle. Zeisberger now joined this class. His teacher in the Indian languages was John Christopher Prylaeus who had become an adept in those tongues. In 1745 Zeisberger began his career as a missionary and accompanied Christian Frederick Post to the Mohawk Valley in New York. Here they were both thrown into prison and finally expelled by the authorities as French spies.

His enforced leisure during the unsettled state of the country, afforded Zeisberger the opportunity to write an Iroquois grammar, and complete the Iroquois-German Dictionary which he had begun in 1748, and on which he had been laboring for a number of years. Part of the task was performed at Onondago, the capital of the Iroquois Confederacy, where he was assisted by one of the sachems. So highly was he regarded by this tribe that he was adopted into it in the family of the Turtle, the most noble family of the whole Iroquois League, and received the name of Ganousseracheri, or On The Pumpkin. Zeisberger was occupied mostly in Pennsylvania, where in 1749 he was

ordained to the ministry by Bishop John vonWatteville, the son-in-law of Count Zinzendorf, and the same year was sent to Shamokin; but he also made journeys to New England, and North Carolina.

In 1767 he projected the establishment of a mission in the Ohio Country. He was in the prime of life, forty-six years of age and unmarried. He had been too busily engaged in an occupation which hardly permitted the companionship of a wife. Accompanied only by two Christian Indians he set out on foot from Friedenshütten on the Susquehanna River, with one pack-horse, on what he termed an exploratory tour. His destination was an Indian village called Goschgschünk, situated on the left bank of the Allegheny River near the mouth of Tionesta Creek in Venango County, built two years before by Monseys—one of the three principal tribes of the Delaware nation—who had come from Machiwihilusing; and Ziesberger relates of them: "Intelligence has reached us although in a very unreliable form of their desire to hear the Gospel."

It was a painful journey of seventeen days. The only human beings they encountered were Indians; the only human habitations they saw were Indian villages. Part of the way lay over miry ground; the underwood was dense, a swamp that crossed the path was dark and treacherous, a great spruce forest through which they traveled was well nigh impenetrable. The Indians looked with suspicion on the travelers. "I am Ganousseracheri!" proclaimed Zeisberger at one of the Seneca villages and the demeanor of the Indians changed. The Indian chief grasped the missionary's hand and said he had heard of him, and called him brother. At another Seneca village he met two Onondagos with whom he was acquainted, and his reception was equally cordial.

At Goschgschünk Zeisberger was to preach in the Council House. It became known that he was the great teacher who had preached at the village where the Indians hailed from, and as several of them had witnessed the religious services of the Moravians, they arranged the Council House to look as much like the interior of a church as possible. Around the indispensible fire which burned in the center of the structure, the Indians were seated, the men on one side, the women on the other. In strange contrast with the inhabitants of the woods, in their blankets of red, and black,

with their beads and their painted faces, was Zeisberger. He was dressed in the simple garb of his sect, wearing a close-fitting unlapelled black coat, knee-buckled small clothes, and broad round-toed shoes; his low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat was laid aside. He was small of stature but full of fire. The house rang with his words. He had studied Indian oratory and employed it on this occasion. He was dignified, calm, simple, forcible; he was bold and frank, and spoke in a loud voice. He gesticulated often, his address abounded in metaphor. He was clearly making an impression. But the Indians also had had their preacher among them, a man named Wangomen. This man announced that he also would preach, and when he spoke he opposed the establishment of the mission. He was soon silenced by the little missionary, and stated that he too was willing for the mission to be established.

Zeisberger returned home, and the next spring came back accompanied by another missionary named Gottlieb Senseman and by three families of Christian Indians who were to form the nucleus of a church on the Allegheny River. Soon a house was built, and the mission began. The Monseys were divided, one faction being in favor of the missionaries, the other opposed to them, and two plots against their lives were discovered and frustrated. The troubles increased, the converts became discouraged and the mission was in 1769 removed to Lawunakhannek on the eastern bank of the Allegheny River, three miles above Goschgschünk.

Famine breaking out Zeisberger and Senseman went to Pittsburgh for supplies. Here Zeisberger found an opportunity of doing the inhabitants of Pittsburgh and its vicinity a valuable service, as well as protecting the Indians against an unwarranted attack from Pittsburgh. The place was in uproar. Bands of roving Senecas on their way south had stolen horses, shot cattle, and murdered settlers. The farms about the village were deserted, as the people were fearful of another Indian uprising. Being fresh from his labors among the Indians, Zeisberger knew their sentiments better than the governor and the officers at Pittsburgh, and calmed their fears. Instead of levying war on the Indians, delegates were sent to those Indians with whom the whites were friendly, complaining of the conduct of the Senecas and

asking their assistance in bringing the Senecas to justice, which assistance was promptly given.

The heathen Indians at Goschgschünk still caused trouble at the mission, and it was determined to accept the invitation received from Packanke to settle on his lands on the Big Beaver River. The removal was effected in April, 1770, the Christian Indians leaving the mission in fifteen canoes. The party attracted much attention at Pittsburgh. While this village bore the name of Fort Duquesne, French priests had been as active in the cause of their religion, as the French soldiers in repelling the English, and had made numerous converts. Now for the first time there appeared a company of Protestant converts, and the traders and the garrison thronged the camp which Zeisberger had set up outside of the fort, around which the village clustered.

The exact location of the town that Zeisberger built in Packanke's country is uncertain, but it must have been in Lawrence County, between the Shenango River and Slippery Rock Creek. It was given the name of Friedenstadt, or City of Peace, in contra-distinction to the turbulent places which had just been abandoned. In July, 1770, Friedenstadt was removed across the Beaver River to a point a short distance above its mouth, near the present town of Moravia. The next year John Heckewelder came to Friedenstadt and became an assistant to Zeisberger. While at this place Zeisberger was adopted by the Monseys into their tribe which made his position among the Indians stronger than ever.

Two years later the Moravian missions on the Susquehanna River were also removed to the Ohio River country. The settlements were fast reaching out to the Indian lands, Indians and settlers were both becoming restive, and it was believed that the locality was no longer safe for the missions. Also the Grand Council of the Delawares at Gekelemukpechünk, the capital of the Delaware nation, which was situated about eighty-five miles west of Pittsburgh in the Tuscarawas Valley a short distance east of Newcomers Town in Oxford Township, Tuscarawas county, had invited the Moravians to settle on their lands. On their migration from eastern Pennsylvania about 1742, the Delawares had been granted territory by the Wyandots which comprised nearly one-half of the present state of Ohio. A portion of this domain was now set apart for the Christian Indians. They be-

longed to the Delaware nation the same as the Delawares on the Tuscarawas River, and Zeisberger himself stood high in the favor of the heathen Indians, who deemed it desirable that he and his Christian Indians should dwell among them. They were promised the same rights and privileges as the owners of the soil. Their removal to the Tuscarawas Valley was decided upon, and to the number of two hundred and four, the Christian Indians were settled on the lands of their cousins. On a wooded plain beside a large spring about two miles southeast of New Philadelphia in Goshen Township, Tuscarawas County, a village was built which was named Schönbrunn, or Beautiful Spring, and was laid out in the form of a cross. Later a second settlement was made called Gnadenhütten, or Cabins of Grace, after the mission of the same name in Pennsylvania which had been destroyed in 1756 by Indians allied with the French. It was situated in the southeastern extremity of the present town of Gnadenhütten in Clay Township, Tuscarawas County. The scope of Zeisberger's plans was comprehensive. He was a statesman as well as a missionary. He had visions of a Christian-Indian state which he intended to create in the midst of the aboriginal domain. He would gather together the tribes of the South and those of the Northwest and the League of Iroquois, and have them living in a state of civilization, and their government was to be powerful enough to compel recognition by the whites.

All was not tranquil at Friedenstadt. Intoxicated Indians from the neighboring Indian village frequently overran Friedenstadt, and Zeisberger concluded that this mission also must be removed to the Tuscarawas Valley. Accordingly in 1773 the sanctuary was laid low in order that it might not be desecrated by the heathen; and the converts were removed, some to Gnadenhütten and the others to Schönbrunn. The Muskingum River is formed by the junction of the Tuscarawas River with the Walhonding River where the city of Coshocton now stands. To this point the Delaware capital had just been removed. Two and a half miles below this spot on the left bank of the Muskingum River, a third mission was established in 1776, which was called Lichtenau, or Pasture of Light.

The missions caused widespread interest among the Indians, Christian and heathen alike. It was the policy of the

missionaries to encourage the sports of the Indians. They often accompanied them on their hunting excursions; they paddled in their canoes and went fishing with them; at the same time they encouraged them to adopt the usuages of civilization. At every mission there were substantial log houses built by the Indians with the assistance of the missionaries. Each town had its chapel; plantations were laid out, fences built, a spirit of thrift was inculcated in the minds of the converts, and they acquired horses, cattle, hogs and poultry and took pride in their prosperity. The missionaries were adepts in the language of the Indians, and conducted schools where the Indians were taught the rudiments of reading and writing. From the missionaries the Indians learned to farm, to do carpenter work, and such blacksmithing as their simple needs required.

Drunkeness was the curse of the Indians. The missionaries not only preached against the evils of intemperance, but they forbade the introduction of liquor into the missions. The religion of the Moravians was better adapted to the Indian mind than a religion that was most austere. The Moravian Church had a liturgy, composed like that of the Protestant Episcopal Church, of sentences from the Bible, of psalms, and hymns, and prayers. Portions of the liturgy the missionaries were at great pains to translate into the Indian tongue, and were at still greater pains to teach them to the Indians. The Indians were always anxious to take part in the services. They made the responses with vigor, and sang with fervor. The Church holidays appealed to them; they loved the granduer of the Christmas and Easter services, as well as the feasting afterward. The missionaries being of German nationality, music with them was a passion almost equal to their love of religion. When connected with their religion, their love for it became doubly strong; and their very souls went into their work when they taught the Indians to sing psalms and hymns. Zeisberger made a translation into Delaware of the Easter Morning Litany and taught it to the Indians. The first time that he stood in the church in the early morning, preliminary to proceeding to the burial ground where the Litany was to be said, and chanted the Easter greeting of the primitive Christians, "The Lord is risen!" and the congregation answered with a burst of song, "The Lord is risen indeed!" he was looked

upon as being but little lower than the Saviour whom they were worshipping. Also the missionaries understood and respected Indian customs. Wampum was used diligently. No visit was made to any tribe unless the missionary carried his string or belt of white wampum, white being the color of peace. The wampum was presented as a confirmation of that which had been spoken. As a further indication of their respect for this Indian practice, the missionaries designed for the Christian Indians belts of wampum, half a fathom long, without devices, except a band through the middle and a white cross at one end.

During the Revolutionary War the Moravian missions reached their zenith, and had their fall. In the early years of the war, the British made desperate efforts to enlist the Indians in the war against the Americans. William Pitt, the first Earl of Chatham, after whom Pittsburgh was named, was the most influential of the English politicians who spoke against the employment of Indians. His speech on the subject vibrates with feeling. The address was once on the lips of every school boy, but since oratory is less cultivated than of old, the ringing words are not as familiar as formerly. "Who is the man," the fiery speaker asked—"that has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and the scalping knife of the savage? To call into civilized alliance, the wild and unhuman savage of the woods; to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights; and to wage the horrors of this barbarous war against our brethern?" The ministry was deaf to his extreaties, and the consequent outrages committed by the savages, have been the occasion during more than a hundred years succeeding the war, for the feeling of resentment entertained by the Americans toward the English.

Pittsburgh was the western outpost of American influence, as Detroit was of the English, and it was from these points that the American or English sentiments irradicated among the Western Indians. The collapse of the original project of aligning the Delawares on the English side was mainly the result of the treaty made in October, 1775, in Pittsburgh, at which the Moravian Indians participated together with the other Delawares. The neutrality of the Delawares being secured, all the Indian tribes who acknowledged the Delawares as grandfathers also remained neutral.

War broke out on the Western border in the spring of 1777. At Detroit Henry Hamilton was the English governor and he was constantly urging the Indians to declare war against the Americans. At his instigation a hatchet wrapped in a belt of red and white beads, the invitation to go to war, was sent from Detroit and accepted by the Shawanese, Wyandots and Mingoes. It was declined by the Delawares. But the action tended to demoralize the Indians. A spirit of discord appeared even among the Christian Indians. The Monsey Indians living on the Walhonding River secretly incited their tribesmen among the converts at Schönbrunn, to rise against the Delaware Council, and against the mission. The plot succeeded and most of the Monseys at the mission renounced Christianity and defied the authority of the missionaries. Zeisberger determined to remove the mission to Lichtenau. A last service was held in the chapel, which, like the chapel at Friedenstadt, was razed to the ground, and with those Indians who still remained faithful, the missionaries went to Lichtenau; and Schönbrunn was deserted.

The entire western border of New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia was now ravaged with fire and tomahawk. The Indian war came ever nearer the missions. While maintaining their friendly relations with the authorities at Pittsburgh, the missionaries themselves became nervous, and all left the missions for eastern Pennsylvania except Zeisberger, and an Englishman named Edwards who had joined the Moravians the previous autumn. War party succeeded war party. Now it was the haughty Half King of the Wyandots with two hundred warriors from Upper Sandusky; then an army of Mingoes, Ottawas, Chippewas, Shawanese, Wampanoags, Pottawattommies, and French Canadians. Through the efforts of Zeisberger the missions remained unmolested, and when the appostate Monseys returned, and with painted faces and nodding plumes filled the chapel at Lichtenau, and confessed their sins and asked to be taken back, his heart was again filled with joy. But owing to the continued disturbances all the converts including those from Schönbrunn were concentrated at Lichtenau.

In March, 1778, Alexander McKee, Matthew Elliott and Simen Girty fled from Pittsburgh and went over to the English. In their endeavor to win the Delawares to the English

cause, they spread false reports among the Indians concerning the Americans. They said the American armies had been totally defeated in the Atlantic states; and that their forces were then on the march westward where they intended to wage an indiscriminate warfare against the Indians. The Indians became wild with excitement and fear; the capital of the Delawares rang with the war song; rifles were cleaned, tomahawks sharpened; the warriors painted their faces and selected their plumes. They proposed to defend their homes, and called upon their countrymen to take up the hatchet, but agreed to postpone the declaration of war for ten days in order to ascertain the truth or falsity of the report of the three renegades. Heckewelder and Schebosh, another of the missionaries, were sent to Pittsburgh to learn the facts. On their return they rode three days and two nights stopping barely long enough on the way to eat, and to refresh their horses, and only reached Gnadenhütten an hour before midnight of the ninth day. Although scarcely able longer to sit on his horse, Heckewelder rode on to the Delaware capital and arrived there at ten o'clock the next morning. From his horse he addressed the Indians and told them that they had been deceived, that instead of the Americans having been defeated, they had won a great victory and had forced General Burgoyne and his entire army to surrender; and that the Americans were friends and not enemies of the Delawares. A quick change in the sentiments of the Delawares took place, and war was averted. In September a second treaty was concluded at Pittsburgh with the Delawares in which they entered into a perpetual alliance with the Americans. But all the good results obtained were rendered nugatory when the American Commissioners secretly gave the Indians the war-belt, encouraging them to levy war on the English and their Indian allies, a proceeding that was a repudiation of the entire former policy of the new republic, and which finally was a dominating factor in the secession of the Delawares from the American interests.

At Lichtenau the missionaries and their converts remained for a year, and in 1779 it was deemed advisable to again divide the Christian Indians into three colonies. Edwards with a part of the converts reoccupied Gnadenhütten, Zeisberger with another division proceeded to Schönbrunn.

Here amid the ruins of the town, they remained encamped for a few months, when they built a new town on the western bank of the Tuscarawas River, nearly opposite the old mission, which was called New Schönbrunn. The rest of the Indians remained at Lichtenau. The hostile conduct of the Wyandots and Mingoes, and the open declaration in 1780 of the larger part of the Delawares in favor of the English crown, rendered it necessary to leave Lichtenau and remove the mission farther up the valley a few miles from Gnadenhütten; and the new town was given the name of Salem, signifying Habitation of Peace. It was another mode of giving utterance to the ever present desire for peace, which had already found expression in the names of Friedenshütten and Friedenstadt. Salem was situated in Salem Township, Tuscarawas County, one and a half miles southwest of Port Washington.

In the spring of 1781 Zeisberger visited Bethlehem. He was now sixty years of age and had spent thirty years among the Indians. His whole being had been engrossed in his work, and he had never thought seriously of marriage. His friends reminded him of the advisability of getting married, recalling to him the dreariness of the single state in old age. He allowed himself to be pursuaded and went in search of a wife. He found the lady at Litiz. His biographer fails to relate that there was any romance in the courtship, but it was successful, and Zeisberger was married and on his return West took his wife with him. At Pittsburgh an escort of twenty Indians awaited him, and under their protection he proceeded to New Schönbrunn. During his absence Lichtenau had been destroyed by Colonel Brodhead, who commanded an expedition sent out from Pittsburgh against the capital of the Delawares for the purpose of punishing them for their breach of faith in going over to the English. The capital of the Delawares was captured and a number of the Indians killed and taken prisoner, including the capture of five Christian Indians, who, however, were released.

Now the sun of the missions began to sink, and in the following year it was to set on a scene of desolation. The smiling missions were again to become a wilderness; and the wolves were to howl among the deserted fields and ruined cabins, as they had howled before the missions were

established. The Moravian Church had maintained a neutral attitude in the Revolutionary War. Its members were non-combatants from principle and fought on neither the English nor American side. They never took the test oath prescribed by the American Congress, as they were opposed to all forms of swearing. Their sympathies were, however, always with their American neighbors; they desired the success of the American arms, and maintained friendly relations with the leading Americans engaged on the patriot side. Their town of Bethlehem was more than once filled with American wounded, who were cared for by the Moravians. After the defeat of the Americans on Long Island in 1776, the Continental authorities showed their faith in the Moravians by taking eight hundred of their wounded to Bethlehem, and the graves of one hundred and ten American soldiers who died of their wounds and were buried in the town, still testify to the confidence reposed by the Americans in the Moravians. The next year, after the battle of Brandywine, seven hundred wounded Americans were crowded into the Ladies Seminary at Bethlehem. LaFayette, who was wounded in the battle, was also taken to Bethlehem, remaining for about two months and being nursed back to health by the Moravians. Here Pulaski visited Lafayette, and the gallant Pole so endeared himself to the Moravians, that when he organized a corps of cavalry for service on the American side, the patriotic young unmarried women of Bethlehem prepared a crimson banner, worked with their own hands, and made a gift of it to him. The sentiment expressed by Longfellow in his hymn, commemorative of the presentation of this banner is indicative of the faith of the American public in the loyalty of the Moravians during the Revolutionary War:

"Take thy banner! and beneath
The battle-cloud's encircling wreath,
Guard it till our homes are free!
Guard it! God will prosper thee!"

In the Ohio Valley the missionaries frequently persuaded war parties stopping in their towns while on their way to attack the American settlers to forego their purpose. On a number of occasions they notified the commander at Pittsburgh of the movement of war parties. This angered the British, and they held the missionaries to be abettors of the

American cause, and determined to stop their activities. The three deserters from Pittsburgh, McKee, Elliott and Girty, had been persistent plotters against the missionaries, and in 1781 their opportunity arrived. On the afternoon of August 10th, the first party of Indians who had been deputed to act for the English, rode into Salem. Matthew Elliott, holding the commission of an English captain, was in command. With him was Alexander McCormick, a trader who had formerly befriended the missions, serving as ensign and bearing an English flag. With the exception of five other white men, the force consisted of Indians. The Half King of the Wyandots was there with his men, also Wyandots from Lower Sandusky, Wyandots from Detroit, Mingoes, Shawanese, Monseys and other Delawares. The secret instructions that they carried were either to convey the Christian Indians together with their teachers, as prisoners to Detroit, or to put them to death and bring back their scalps.

But the Indians had received too many kindnesses at the missions, and listened attentively to the pleas of the missionaries for a reconsideration of their designs; the missionaries asked for time to harvest their crops. The Indians wavered for days, then quarrelled with Elliott and even fired on the English flag, but were finally forced by Elliott to agree to do his bidding. The invading force was constantly augmented by new arrivals drawn thither by the expectation of spoils until it numbered more than three hundred warriors. For a full month they tarried, holding the missionaries and their converts prisoners, in the meantime plundering the houses, and robbing the missionaries of their possessions. On September 11th the prisoners to the number of almost four hundred, were started on the march to the Sandusky River. Everything was left behind, crops, stores, cattle, hogs, household effects. In the heart of a wilderness they were deserted by their captors. Near this spot a village of small log houses was built in which to pass the winter. The village stood on the North bank of the Sandusky River, a mile above its junction with Broken Sword Creek. In the middle of October the missionaries were ordered to Detroit. Here they were tried for being American spies but were acquitted and given permission to return to the Sandusky River.

Provisions had been scare from the beginning and were becoming scarcer. At the time when the missionaries set out for Detroit, a party of the converts had returned to the Tuscarawas Valley to gather corn. They were made prisoners by Pennsylvania militia under command of Colonel David Williamson, a settler in Buffalo Township, Washington County, who, ignorant of the removal of the converts by the English, had come to the Valley to take them to Pittsburgh. General William Irvine, the commander at Pittsburgh who had succeeded Colonel Brodhead, set the converts free and they returned to the Sandusky River. By February of the next year, the distress on the Sandusky River became so acute that about one hundred and fifty converts were sent to the Tuscarawas Valley to gather more corn.

Now came the most appalling tragedy of all the frontier warfare in American history. An intense hatred prevailed along the American border against the Indians and by common consent they were outlawed. The Revolutionary War increased the outrages committed by the Indians. There was scarcely a pioneer family which had not lost some member by maurauding bands of Indians, scarcely a family that had not lost cattle and horses. In the spring, a band of Indians attacked the farm of Robert Wallace, situated one mile west of the village of Florence in Washington County, and murdered his wife and five children, impaling one of the children face downward. The whole border flamed with indignation and horror. The opinion gained ground that the Christian Indians had either themselves been engaged in the terrible deed, or that the miscreants who had committed it had wintered in one of the mission towns. Militia to the number of from ninety to one hundred were hastily called out by Colonel James Marshall, the county lieutenant of Washington County, and again under command of Colonel Williamson, they repaired to the mission towns. The converts, all unsuspicious of impending danger, had reoccupied their former homes. They were warned of the danger by the maurauding Indians who had murdered Wallace's family, as they passed through the missions. The converts intended to leave again on the seventh of March. On the sixth, while busily at work in the fields, Williamson's party arrived at Gnadenhütten and although they had al-

ready killed and scalped one of the converts, greeted the others in the friendliest terms. Through guile of the most shameless character, they procured the surrender by the Indians of their arms; they induced those Indians who were at Salem to cross the Tuscarawas River and come to Gnadenhütten. The next day the eyes of the Indians were opened and they realized that they were facing death. They were charged with being responsible for the butchery at Wallace's farm. Their denials availed not. Their captors condemned them to death by the tomahawk. There was to be a repetition but on a larger scale, of the bloody work done by the Paxton Boys in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

Poets and romancers have idealized the heroic behavior of the nobility of France, when imprisoned and awaiting death in the name of liberty, fraternity, and equality, during the Great Revolution. The prisoners are said to have played games, to have sung and danced and to have gone to their death with jests on their lips. The civilization of the Indians may have been only a very thin veneer, but death seemed to have for them no more terror than for the French nobles. Their religion had taught them resignation and the hope of a joyous life hereafter, and the scarcely subdued savagery of their nature rendered them incapable of fear. To the murderers who were impatient to begin their work, they replied calmly, "We are ready now," and they prayed together, and the strong comforted and consoled the weak, and their voices rose in exultant psalms and hymns and they waited calmly for the moment when the butchers would strike; and when the tomahawks found their victims, ninety-six defenceless human beings, men, women and children, twelve of whom were babes, went to their death; and as if to outdo the savages themselves, the Christian frontiersmen tore off ninety-six reeking human scalps. A funeral pyre was made of the mangled corpses, by setting fire to the two houses in which the butchery had been committed. Then the murderers spent the night in drunken revelry by the light of the burning buildings, and the next day proceeded back to the settlements, carrying their bloody booty with them in triumph. General Irvine called the deed "the only black spot in the whole of the Revolution, and brought on by a set of the basest scoundrels that could disgrace a country."

(*For bibliography see page* 96)

## THE FUNERAL OF DR. ANDREW JACKSON, THE FAMOUS OLD NEGRO SERVANT OF THE DUQUESNE GREYS, VETERAN OF THE MEXICAN AND CIVIL WARS AND HERO OF INNUMERABLE PUBLIC PARADES, ON FEBRUARY 17, 1879.*

It is seldom that any event throngs our streets as did the funeral of Dr. Andrew Jackson yesterday. Except the ovation to Boyton a week ago, nothing else has for many a day attracted the people in the same degree. The respect entertained for the poor old servant by many citizens, and the curiosity inspiring a very much larger number, is indicated by the fact that persons of not an exaggerative turn of mind regarded 30,000 as a moderate estimate of the number of persons who visited the Duquesne Grey's Armory in Old City Hall on Market Street from Saturday afternoon until the funeral yesterday, during which time the body lay there in state.

The pomp with which the disposition of the dead body of the faithful servant and patriot was conducted, was in marked contrast with the forgetfulness and neglect that were his fortune in his later living days. Not often will this public witness the removal of a body from the almshouse to be placed in the most magnificent of burial caskets, bedecked with the choicest gems of the flora, guarded by the flower of our youth in the unsullied uniform of the Pennsylvania National Guard, the highly spectacular funeral procession parading the principal streets through dense crowds of the curious, and the burden being at last deposited in the most sacred plot of our most fashionable cemetery.

As we have said, the body lay in state all afternoon Saturday and yesterday morning. The remains were enclosed in a rosewood casket of the richest description, with chaste and beautiful silver mountings, the handles being unusually massive and the inscribed plates of neat design. There were two of the latter—one bearing the inscription, "Dr. Andrew Jackson. Died February 13, 1879, aged 79 years;" the other,

*A contemporary account published the day after the funeral.

"General Andrew Jackson. Rest in Peace." Festoons of black cloth along the sides of the hall, a draped chandelier and other evidences of mourning were there. There were flags in various parts of the room while stacked arms at proper distances from the bier described the limits upon which the crowd might press and the points between which the sentries paced. The arrangements were perfect, and creditable both to the Greys, and to the undertaker, Mr. James L. Williams.

The coffin in which the General lay, attired in a full suit of regimentals, and natural in death, was opened sufficiently to permit inspection of the cold features within. Upon the lid was the General's hat and sword and many beautiful boquets and other floral gifts. These were indeed rare and numerous. One elegant design was a floral pillow from the veteran corps. Each company gave a special floral gift—from A, a harp; from B, the company letter, and from E and H similar decorations; from C, a pedestal surmounted by a white dove with the letter C in its mounth; from D an anchor.

Of course the services yesterday afternoon could not be witnessed by all the crowd that assembled. The 18th Regiment, the Veteran Corps Duquesne Greys, many invited friends, and numerous colored people were among the throng present at City Hall. At half past one o'clock the band played a dirge. Then Rev. Mr. Thomas, of the Wylie Avenue Church, read a passage of Scripture, after which Rev. Smith, of the Arthur Street Church, prayed. The choir of the Wylie Avenue Church sang a hymn, and Mr. Thomas made a lengthy address, reviewing the history of the old doctor up until his death. The doxology was then sung and the benediction pronounced.

The funeral procession moved shortly after three. The pall-bearers were Gen. Sweitzer, Col. Robinson, Maj. Kreps, and Gen. Pearson. The members of the Veteran Corps, numbering 150, marched at the head of the procession—following the band—then the regiment and the hearse and carriages. The route was over Market street, Fifth avenue, Grant street, Liberty, Eleventh, Penn and Butler to the Cemetery, where the remains were deposited.

## OLD TOLL GATES ABOUT PITTSBURGH

Of all the picturesque, characteristic features of life in Pittsburgh in the days of long ago none solicit more interest than the old tollroads, with their quaint little houses, where round-bellied magnates advanced with imperious mien and gesture and demanded of the passing traveler coin of the realm for the privilege of passing over the road.

These tollroads are now a thing of the past. Seventy years ago railroads had not been built into Pittsburgh and all travel was either by stage or water, the stages running out of the city in every direction, using the old turnpikes or the plank roads. Thus such highways assumed an importance that they do not now possess, for the life of trade and commerce depended, in many instances, on their being kept up efficiently. Today the public roads are more or less a secondary means of communication except in back country districts, where the "iron horse" or trolley has not made an appearance.

### Recall Romantic Days.

At the mere mention of the tollroads and turnpikes one can conjure up vivid panoramas of kaleidoscopic life and color, of stages rumbling over the corduroy, the mighty driver, perched high on his seat, cracking his long whip, with his assistant beside him, blowing like mad on a horn; of the passengers, holding on to their seats, the fair creatures inside trembling with terror as the big coach swerves around narrow curves or dashes downhill, while small boys throw up their hats and cheer, and chickens and ducks fly panic-stricken from off the road. Then the vision of the hospitable old inn, with its hanging sign, flashes across the mental mirror. Mine Host, rubicund, jolly and sleek-headed, issues from the door of his hostelry, the light of large candles illuminating the doorway and throwing a golden sheen on the snow; the stage pulls up with a stentorian "Whoa!" from the driver; the door is pushed open and out steps a young gallant. Then a well-gloved hand is put forward from within, the young man assists the fair creature to alight, and after them come an elderly, matronly woman and a bluff old man in a great ulster. All four repair to the living room of the inn, where a big, blazing fire illuminates the whole, and soon all are seated around the cheerful hearth, while Mine Host

attends to their wants and passes the usual pleasantries about the weather.

Perhaps the most famous tollroad in the county was the Perrysville road on the Northside, laid out by Colonel James Gibson, son of Thomas Gibson, who lived on the same highway. The traveler on this road had always wondered why it had so many curves, and why, instead of making a short cut by going over a hill, it wound in interminable fashion through ravines and lowlands.

**Marshall and the Corporation.**

There was a reason for this peculiar construction—and a good one, at that, in the eyes of the stockholders of the old plank road. At first these gentlemen wished the latter as short as possible, but when Gibson explained that the tolls could be levied in proportion to the distance, they told him to go ahead and string it out as long as he could.

Colonel Gibson was a friend of Thomas M. Marshall, "Glorious Old Tom," as he was popularly called, who cleared more men of murder, or saved them from the gallows, than any other lawyer in the history of Pittsburgh. A good story is told anent the Perrysville road and "Old Tom," and how the latter got the best of the corporation. The time was 1868, when Marshall purchased a place out the road and made his home there. The road was in a wretched condition, planks being two and three feet apart, and the interstices paved with mud two or three feet deep, generally three feet. It made the lawyer's blood boil to see the condition in which the road was kept, and how his buggy bumped up and down and his favorite horse had to do a hop, skip and jump to avoid breaking his legs. So he determined to teach the road owners a lesson.

One fine wintry day, when there was a tremendous thaw, Mr. Marshall came along in his buggy, his horse making tremendous efforts to pull himself and the wheels out of the sea of mud and at the same time prevent breaking his bones on upturned planks. Just as the horse and driver were about to pass through the gate the latter was slammed with a bang. Then a man came out and asked for toll.

"What!" said Mr. Marshall, assuming an air of great astonishment. "You want toll? For what?" and despite his air of indignation his eyes twinkled, for none enjoyed a situation like this more than Mr. Marshall.

**Advice in Lieu of Toll.**

"For driving on the road, of course," said the toll-keeper, getting angry; "you have been passing here long enough without paying toll, so shell out."

"Look here," replied the lawyer in that determined manner that carried so much force in the court room, "I will come along here tomorrow with my horse and if you shut this gate I will chop it down with an ax. I will now go to town and buy that ax."

Sure enough, the next day Mr. Marshall and his horse appeared and again the gate was slammed in his face. Then he pulled off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and, grasping an ax from his buggy, quickly proceeded to demolish the toll gate, while the keeper stood agape with amazement as the chips flew. "I need a little exercise anyway," remarked the attorney. With a last herculean blow the gate tottered and fell and Mr. Marshall in his buggy passed through.

The road company now deemed it high time to bring the fearless barrister to time, so they sent him bills for two years' toll. Mr. Marshall always bowed profoundly when these little bits of paper were presented, but it was noticed that he never sent a check. Finally the directors presented an ultimatum informing him that he must either pay or they would enter suit at once.

"You may enter suit any time you see fit," said the lawyer; "then I will go into court and have your charter revoked for not complying with its provisions." This threw the road owners into great perturbation for they knew they had not been living up to their charter. So they "took water." The upshot of it all was that they compromised with "Old Tom" by cancelling the bill for two years' toll in lieu of his giving them legal advice now and then.

**Positions of the Toll Gates.**

The first toll gate was at the head of Federal Street, there was another half a mile east at Charles Street, a third was just beyond Jake Born's tavern at East Street. At West View was the famous Keating tavern, where Joe Keating held forth years ago and where sleighing parties from the city stopped for chicken and waffle dinners. The ride by moonlight out this road was one of the finest in the state, the scenery abounding in the beautiful and inspiring.

Colonel Gibson laid out the old Butler plank road, leading into Etna borough, where there was a picturesque toll

gate and house. Besides these two roads Gibson also laid out the Allegheny and Franklin road, which was the predecessor of the Perrysville plank. In 1849 the Allegheny and Butler plank road was built. The following year the Pittsburgh and Braddock's Field plank road was started, and about the same time the Temperanceville and Noblesville and the Allegheny and Manchester plank roads were constructed. Then came the East Liberty and Penn township, the Lawrenceville and Sharpsville and others. During the "fifties" the building of plank roads reached its highest development, but the movement was arrested by the advent of the railroad.

**County's Last Toll Road.**

When the river road through Esplen to McKees Rocks was declared free the last toll pike in this county west of the Monongahela and south of the Ohio was made open to traffic without toll. A half century ago practically all the pikes and public roads were of the toll variety. Forty years ago the old pike running from the Southside to Washington, Pennsylvania, was of this kind, as was the Brighton road through Allegheny, where there was a picturesque toll house at the upper end of Uniondale Cemetery, and another a short distance beyond Benton Avenue. This formerly had an arched way.

Fifth avenue beyond the Courthouse was formerly a toll road, called the Farmers' and Mechanics' turnpike, the toll house being removed successively from Stevenson Street and other streets to Soho, where it was abolished. Another toll road ran out Center Avenue, and on the Second Avenue road at Brady Street there was a toll gate. The present Penn Avenue, at one time the Greensburg turnpike, was a toll highway, a gate standing at Thirty-third Street. One of the best known toll roads was the Brownsville pike, now South Eighteenth Street, Southside.

In 1833 a turnpike convention was held in this city to consider the question of securing a uniform rate of tolls. Six years later a second convention was held, at which delegates from nearly all the western counties of the state were present. The object was to petition Congress on the advisability of building a national road from Pittsburgh to Erie via Meadville, and to connect with the Cumberland road. The road was to unite the United States arsenals of Pittsburgh and Meadville.

## HOW CASPAR REEL, REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER, PUSHED HIS WAY ACROSS THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS.

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By ISABEL NAYSMITH NEWMYER*

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How many people passing through West View know that within the sight of the car track stands the old Reel homestead, built in 1792 by Caspar Reel, a young soldier of the Revolution.

It is to be regretted that the old log house has passed into the hands of strangers, also that it has been covered with weather boards, thereby losing its identity and much of its charm. The shrubbery, vines and trees have all been removed, but the old house stands after the lapse of a hundred and eighteen years as firmly as when Caspar Reel, in the flush of early manhood, built it with his own hands. Here he lived and reared his family; and here, after a long and well spent life, beneath the old roof tree, he passed to his reward.

In the Government grant the place was called Reel Hall, and to this day the name remains, though now associated with another house built on the same farm about seventy years ago by Casper Reel, a son of the pioneer, which is replete with treasured belongings of the original Reel Hall.

### Original Home in Lancaster.

We do not know when the Reels came to Pennsylvania, but we find them a thrifty and well-known people, with well stocked farms in and about Lancaster, at the beginning of the Revolution. Caspar Reel, then a mere boy, enlisted with his father, both being among the first to respond to the call of our beloved country, theirs by adoption then, but later by right of service rendered. And today at Reel Hall you can see the watch carried by Caspar Reel through the conflict and looking none the worse for wear, even after the lapse of all these years.

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*The *Pittsburgh Dispatch*, April 24, 1910.

The war having passed and peace once more having settled over the land, he, like many other young men, was filled with a desire for conquest. His father was glad to resume the peaceful life of the farm, but Caspar, the son, filled with ambition by the wonderful stories of the wealth abounding in the valleys of the Allegheny, Ohio and Beaver rivers, resolved to seek his fortune in the far west, so called at that time.

Accordingly we find in the year 1787 the little borough on the Conestogo much wrought up over the news that Caspar Reel was about to cross the Allegany's in search of fortune.

Like Nimrod of old he was a mighty hunter, and the village was proud of her son, never doubting that he would uphold her honor wherever he might go.

In the midst of the gay round of pleasure, tendered him before his departure, there was one gentle heart that was breaking at thought of losing her stalwart lover—beautiful Elizabeth Wise, to whom he had declared his love.

> "I could live in the woods with thee in sight,
> Where never should human foot intrude,
> Or with thee find light in the darkest night,
> And a social crowd in solitude."

In vain he assured her that soon he would return a rich man to claim his bride and carry her back to the home he would build with his own strong hands. Her cheeks paled at the thought of the dangers in store for him—for who had not heard the awful stories of torture and death at the hands of the terrible red men in the forests surrounding Fort Pitt. But at last came the day of departure, and standing in the doorway of the home he loved, he parted from his mother with tear-dimmed eyes, her blessing ringing in his ears and the high resolve in his heart never to depart from the straight paths in which her sweet teaching had taught him to walk.

Last night in her rose garden he had said goodby to Elizabeth; what was said is not for us to know; 'twas for her ears alone. It was their last goodby, for he would not see her in the crowd that gathered at the entrance of the lane to escort him from the town.

**Departure for the Wilderness.**

Very handsome he looked as he mounted his horse and rode away with gun over his shoulder and ax strapped across his back.

Laughing and shouting the party galloped along the road past the home of Elizabeth, and there, amid the roses, she waved him a last adieu and gave him a picture to treasure in his wanderings. On they rode, following the windings of the placid river, till they came to the National Pike, where, with ringing cheers and many wishes for good luck on his journey, the party turned back, all save his father, who wished to have his son for a little while to himself. They rode slowly now, his father admonishing him to live peaceably with all men, and deal kindly with the Indians, so as not to incur their enmity. At last came the parting, and the following words of his father he never forgot: "My son, remember always that you came of a family with never a blemish on the name, and I want you to so order your life that when you pass it on to your sons it shall be as clean and honorable as it came to you." With a brief hand clasp and a fervent "God bless and keep you my son," they parted, the father's horse turning homeward, the son's going deeper into the forest.

Caspar had not gone far when he overtook a party going in the same direction, for which he was truly thankful, as his sad thoughts were poor companions. Never had home seemed so dear to him, but the spirit of adventure was strong within him and he had no thought of turning back. At last, after an uneventful journey, we find him catching his first glimpse of the fort at the Point with something of the joy Columbus experienced when he first sighted the land he was seeking. Looking over the forests and rivers, his heart thrilled at the thought of what it might hold for him. He found a place to stay, and after a refreshing meal walked down to the Allegheny River—its rippling waters arousing many tender memories of that other river, so far across the mountains, and the sweet maid who lived within the sound of its laughing waters.

He spent several days in looking around the village and its outskirts, and learned that many people were settling in different sections near the fort. Picketing his horse and gathering some wood, he soon had a roaring fire, and shortly

a savory dish of squirrel, the woods abounding in all sorts of game.

As he sat smoking contentedly after the first meal ever cooked by a white man in this place, with his faithful dog lying at his feet, he felt that here was what he wanted—beside this spring he would build his home, and here in this vast grove he and Elizabeth would set up a family altar that future generations should be proud of!

At last night drew her mantel over the hills and rolling himself in his blanket he lay down to "pleasant dreams," lulled by the songs of the night birds, and the medley of other sweet sounds, always heard in the forest.

He was astir early in the morning, and when the sun rose majestically over the tree tops, flooding the earth with warmth and beauty, he felt that he was very close to his Creator, and that these green spreading branches formed indeed a tabernacle.

As one in a dream he prepared his breakfast, picturing Elizabeth and himself in the little home which had already begun to assume proportions in his active brain.

Breakfast over he returned to the village, passing several friendly Indians on the way. Arriving there he spent the remainder of the day writing letters home, to be sent by the stage early in the morning, a postal service having been recently established. He then purchased a *Gazette*, and, perusing its pages, he learned much regarding affairs in this section.

Later on he filed his claim, took out the necessary papers, and after paying for his land with the gold he had carefully concealed in a belt worn under his hunting shirt he found himself the proud possessor of a grant for a thousand acres of land on the north side of the Allegheny River in what was then known as Perrysville, some of which remains in the family to this day. Impatient to commence work he hired a stout woodchopper, purchased supplies and once more wended his way to his land.

### Indians Attack Him.

He learned much about the Indians from his companion, who feared an attack when the red men should discover he was settling on what they felt was their land. Nothing daunted him, however; sunrise found the two men busy and

night at last fell upon them with a goodly pile of logs ready for the cabin.

The work went forward merrily, as it always will where love and youth go hand in hand, and soon there was a small cabin in the clearing. It was a rude affair, but substantial, made to withstand the attacks of the savages should the need of defense arise. The young woodchopper returned to Pittsburgh after the cabin was finished, leaving Caspar once more alone. He worked industriously, burning out the stumps and clearing and laying out the grounds. Then he planted with great care rows of apple, pear, peach, plum, cherry and quince seeds his mother had placed in his saddlebags, also some hollyhock, sunflower and other seeds given him by Elizabeth, so that when she came there would be something to remind her of home.

These things accomplished, he devoted his time to hunting and many pelts hung in the rafters of the lonely cabin. Returning one evening from a day's hunting he discovered tracks of Indians, and fearing an attack he brought his horse into the cabin and while returning from the spring he narrowly escaped an arrow which flew past him and lodged in the cabin door. Darting into the house he barred the heavy door, not a moment too soon, for peering through the port holes he saw a sight to make the stoutest heart quail.

The clearing was full of red skins, evidently on the war path. Resolved to sell his life dearly, he loaded his gun and firing through the port hole had the satisfaction of seeing his shot take effect on one of the young braves, who was carried into the grove. Then the warfare was resumed. Caspar reloaded again and again, but despair was beginning to enter his heart for his ammunition was running low. Suddenly he heard a commotion west of the cabin. The Indians immediately turned their attention in that direction, and soon our pioneer learned that his life had been saved by the timely arrival of a squad of soldiers who were returning from a scouting expedition through the country in search of that notorious renegade Simon Girty—outlaw and hater of his own race. They camped that night at Reel Cabin, and in the morning Caspar returned with them to Pittsburgh, deciding, as the Indians gave evidence of antagonism, to abandon his land for a while, and devote his time to hunting and trapping.

He now looked about for a companion and soon found an old trapper who was glad to go out with him. Together they procured a boat and other supplies and floated down the Ohio to the mouth of the Beaver River. Here they stayed till their boat was heavily loaded with skins, and then, highly elated over the success of the trip, they started up the river. While rowing past the place now known as Avalon they were hailed by Indians on shore, who asked for food. Knowing the treacherous nature of the red men they paid no attention to their calls, but continued to ply their oars vigorously. Suddenly they heard a ringing English voice give the command, Fire! Ducking their heads the bullets flew harmlessly over them, hissing as they struck the water. Looking back the old scout recognized Simon Girty standing on shore, but discovered that the Indians had no boats at that point and they were therefore safe. They kept a watchful eye for Indians all the way up the river, and only felt safe when they pulled their boat ashore at the Point.

### His Return Home.

They at once disposed of their boat, traps, etc., and divided their spoils. Caspar made some further arrangements regarding his property, secured a strong pack horse to carry the pelts and early the following morning started for Lancaster and Elizabeth. He reached home without adventure, and never was a traveller given a warmer welcome. He soon converted the furs into money and found that he had made far more than he had ever expected. He had also surprised his sweetheart at her wheel. They again walked by the river as of yore.

When they came back the date for the wedding was set, and preparations went forward for that happy event, which took place one beautiful autumn day in the quaint old village church.

After much festivity at the Wise mansion the young couple left for a wedding trip to Philadelphia and New York. Returning, they lived for three years at the Reel homestead, waiting for the Indians to quiet down at Pittsburgh. Then, as reports came that hostilities had ceased in that section, they decided, in 1792, to take possession of their little home

in Perrysville. So gathering all their belongings together, they packed them in a heavy wagon—precious bits of china and rare old pewter, the fine old four-poster and dresser, the carved parlor table and chairs, the spinning wheel and reel—for Elizabeth spun all her linen—all these things were securely packed for the long journey. Last of all, tucked in Elizabeth's saddlebags were two brass candle sticks and some roots of her loved roses and peonies, to be planted in the home in the wilderness.

So they rode across the mountains together, each with a child in their arms—for two little ones had come to brighten their home—and after many weary days of travel they arrived in Pittsburgh, where the mother and little ones stayed while Caspar proceeded to make ready for the reception of his little flock. What a sight met his gaze—the tiny seeds he had planted were now finely growing young trees, waiting to be set out, and hollyhocks, sunflowers and morning glories ran riot.

It did not take him long to get the cabin ready, when he returned to Pittsburgh and brought the little family home. Elizabeth was charmed with the place; with loving care they selected the spot whereon Reel Hall—the name chosen for their home—should stand.

**Old Reel Homestead.**

Men were hired at once, and soon the forest rang with the sound of ax and hammer, Caspar himself working and directing with untiring zeal. At last the house was finished and the family installed; then a huge barn was built, cattle purchased and the Reel homestead was a dream realized.

Very soon another little one came to swell their number, Caspar Reel, the first white child born on the Northside. Time rolled on and other children came. The older ones were now large enough to assist on the farm, and soon the Reel place was known as one of the finest in this section. Then came the War of 1812. The two oldest sons marched away to answer the call of their country. One returned when the war was over, but the other marched on to that land from which no traveler ever returns.

Time sped on and Caspar Reel, pioneer, soldier of the Revolution and soldier of fortune, felt the hand of time pressing heavily upon him, "Till, like a clock worn out with beat-

ing time, the weary wheels of life stood still," and he passed to his reward. To his son Caspar came the old home place, and he, following in his father's footsteps, also went a-wooing, his love being Elizabeth Nesmith Miller, a descendant of one of the first families of Maine. When he had won her he built for her reception the fine old mansion among the apple trees. Hither he brought her, and here, within a stone's throw of the parent home, where lived his mother, surrounded by all that life held dear to her, were again enacted the same scenes as in the old house. Little ones came and the house rang with the prattle of their childish voices. They grew to manhood and womanhood, and the fame of the hospitality of Reel Hall was known far and wide, and many of the older generation of Pittsburghers recall with pleasure delightful days spent at Reel Hall.

## A FEW SELECTIONS OF WAR POETRY.

—o—

The late war, as has been the case with most modern wars, was responsible for producing a large amount of poetry. Some of it was good, much of it was passable, and more was indifferent in quality. It is too early to publish a complete collection of the best poetry, but until that time arrives, it may not be amiss to reprint a few of the selections that appeared in the newspapers and magazines, and which possess more than a passing popularity or are of historic value. Among the poems printed below is also a translation of Lissauer's "A Chant of Hate Against England."

### A CHANT OF HATE AGAINST ENGLAND.
By ERNST LISSAUER.

—o—

French and Russian, they matter not,
A blow for a blow and a shot for a shot;
We love them not, we hate them not,
We hold the Weichsel and Vosges-gate,
We have but one and only hate,
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone.

He is known to you all, he is known to you all,
He crouches behind the dark-gray flood,

Full of envy, of rage, of craft, of gall,
Cut off by waves that are thicker than blood.
Come, let us stand at the Judgment place,
An oath to swear, face to face,
An oath of bronze no wind can shake,
An oath for our sons and their sons to take.

Come, hear the word, repeat the word,
Throughout the Fatherland make it heard.
We will never forego our hate,
We have all but a single hate,
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone—
ENGLAND!

In the captain's mess, in the banquet-hall,
Sat feasting the officers, one and all,
Like a saber blow, like the swing of a sail,
One seized his glass held high to hail;
Sharp-snapped like the stroke of a rudder's play,
Spoke three words only: "To the Day!"

Whose glass this fate?
They had all but a single hate.
Who was thus known?
They had one foe and one alone—
ENGLAND!

Take you the folk of the earth in pay,
With bars of gold your ramparts lay,
Bedeck the ocean with bow on bow,
Ye reckon well, but not well enough now.
French and Russian, they matter not,
A blow for a blow, a shot for a shot,
We fight the battle with bronze and steel,
And the time that is coming Peace will seal.
*You* will we hate with a lasting hate,
We will never forego our hate,
Hate by water and hate by land,
Hate of the head and hate of the hand,
Hate of the hammer and hate of the crown,
Hate of seventy millions, choking down.
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone—
ENGLAND!

## THE DAY

By HENRY CHAPPELL

——o——

You boasted the Day, and you toasted the Day,
And now the Day has come;
Blasphemer, braggart, and coward all,
Little you reck of the numbing ball,
The blasting shell, or the "White arm's" fall,
As they speed poor humans home.

You spied for the Day, you lied for the Day,
And woke the Day's red spleen;
Monster, who asked God's aid divine,
Then strewed His seas with the ghastly mine—
Not all the waters of all the Rhine
Can wash thy foul hands clean.

You dreamed for the Day, you schemed for the Day,
Watch how the Day will go;
Slayer of age and youth and prime
(Defenseless slain for never a crime),
Thou art steeped in blood as a hog in slime—
False friend and cowardly foe.

You have sown for the Day, you have grown for the Day,
Yours is the Harvest red;
Can you hear the groans and the awful cries?
Can you see the heap of the slain that lies,
And sightless turned to the flame-split skies
The glassy eyes of the dead?

You have longed for the Day, you have wronged for the Day
That lit the awful flame.
'Tis nothing to you that hill and plain
Yield sheaves of dead men amid the grain;
That widows mourn for their loved ones slain,
And mothers curse thy name!

But after the Day there's a price to pay
For the sleepers under the sod;
And He you have mocked for many a day—
Listen, and hear what He has to say:

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay"
What can you say to God?

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## I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH.

By ALAN SEEGER.

——o——

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God know'st were better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear * * *
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

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## HE KEPT HIS RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH.

By GRACE D. VANAMEE.

——o——

He kept his rendezvous with Death
At fateful Belloy-en-Santerre,
Though Spring had passed all unaware
And Summer scents were in the air
He kept his rendezvous with Death,
He whose young life had been a prayer.

We strain our eyes the way he went,
Our soldier-singer, Heaven-sent,
    We strain our eyes and catch our breath
But he has slipped from out of sight;
    He kept his rendezvous with Death
And then emerged into the light
    Of that fair day that yet may be
    For those who conquer as did he.

God knows 'twas hard for him to go
    From all he loved—to make that choice,
And leave for them such bitter woe!
    But his high courage was his breath
And with his greatest work undone
    He kept his rendezvous with Death.
    Brave Hero-Poet, we rejoice
That Life and Art to you were one,
    That you to your own songs were true;
    You did not fail that rendezvous!

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## IN FLANDERS FIELD

By COLONEL JOHN McCRAE.

—o—

In Flanders fields the poppies grow,
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; while in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
    Unheard amid the guns.
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunsets glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
    In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe.
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch. Be yours to bear it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies blow
    In Flanders fields.

## AT REST

By ROBERT BELL.

——o——

Now sleeps within that hallowed soil,
Amid those crosses, row on row.
The author of those pregnant lines,
"In Flanders Fields the poppies blow."
Those bravely singing larks still fly,
Those cannon flash and roar below,
Those poppies, nodding, vigil keep,
Resplendent in their crimson glow.
Ah! blessed rest, now sweet, now deep,
The pledge received—true faith to keep.

No boastful words, no idle jest,
When spake that giant of the west:
"Fear not that ye have died for naught,
The torch ye threw to us is caught
Ten million hands will hold it high,
And Freedom's light shall never die."
Such sweet assurance—might revealed,
And all eyes closed in Flanders Field.

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## THE DEAD FOREST.

(*Foret de la Montaigue.*)

By WILLIAM L. GRUNDISH.

——o——

Death lingers in this haunted wood—
The stark trees, bowed
And torn beneath a blood-red moon
And wisps of cloud,
Each broken trunk a crucifix
To mark a dismal shroud.

To every blackened crucifix
A soul is bound,—
Or is it the ghostly mist
Above the ground,
That twists and swirls in specter forms
About each sodden mound?

Is this the moan of tortured souls,—
This wailing dirge?
Or is it but the distant keen
Of winds that surge
Through endless, formless worlds beyond
The dim horizon's verge?

All day the yellow sun was blurred
With battle smoke,
And green leaves fell, confetti-like,
Where shrapnel broke
With sudden cracks among the boughs
Of walnut, beech or oak.

All day resounded through the wood
The whine of shell,
Like straws before that grim barrage
Tree monarchs fell,
While drifting waves of poison gas
Drenched every grassy dell.

Wan figures huddled close beneath
That iron rain,
Doomed men in that Gethsemane
Of awful pain,
Some meeting death with fearful heart,
Some with a fine disdain.

Brave men went out with smiling lips
And knightly song,
And some repeated childish prayers
Forgotten long,—
Where now, beneath a blood-red moon
Grim crucifixes throng.

The broken trees like crosses throng
The misty height,
A sudden wailing pulses through
The somber night—
The distant keen of mighty winds
Beyond the verge of sight

## THREE HILLS.

By EVERARD OWEN.

—o—

There is a hill in England,
Green fields and a school I know,
Where the balls fly fast in summer,
And the whispering elm-trees grow,
A little hill, a dear hill,
And the playing fields below.

There is a hill in Flanders,
Heaped with a thousand slain,
Where the shells fly night and noontide
And the ghosts that died in vain,—
A little hill, a hard hill
To the souls that died in pain.

There is a hill in Jewry,
Three crosses pierce the sky,
On the midmost He is dying
To save all those who die—
A little hill, a kind hill
To souls in jeopardy.

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## THE SPIRES OF OXFORD.

By WINIFRED M. LETTS.

—o—

I saw the spires of Oxford
As I was passing by,
The gray spires of Oxford
Against the pearl-gray sky.
My heart was with the Oxford men
Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,
The golden years and gay,
The hoary Colleges look down
On careless boys at play.
But when the bugles sounded war
They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,
The cricket-field, the quad.
The shaven lawns of Oxford,
To seek a bloody sod—
They gave their merry youth away
For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
Than even Oxford town.

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## TO GERMANY.

By CAPTAIN CHARLES HAMILTON SORLEY.

—o—

You are blind like us. Your hurt no man designed,
And no man claimed the conquest of your land,
But, gropers both through fields of thought confined,
We stumble and we do not understand.
You only saw your future bigly planned,
And we, the tapering paths of our own mind,
And in each other's dearest ways we stand,
And hiss and hate. And the blind fight the blind.

When it is peace, then may we view again
With new-won eyes each other's truer form,
And wonder. Grown more loving-kind and warm,
We'll grasp firm hands and laugh at the old pain,
When it is peace. But, until peace, the storm,
The darkness, and the thunder and the rain.

## NOTES AND QUERIES

### HE HAD HIS WAY.

In 1798 the first United States troops that came down the Mississippi were quartered at Fort Adams. General Wilkinson, Colonel Hamtramck, Major Butler, Captain Green and other officers were merry over their punch one night, and the general, by some accident, got his queue burned off. Angry at the laugh which followed his mishap, he next day issued an order forbidding any officer to appear with a queue. Obedient to orders, all the officers but Major Butler cut off their queues.

"The vain old prig!" said the major, "I'll see him hanged before I cut off my queue to gratify him!" and he boldly appeared without changing the style of his hair-dressing.

The major was put under arrest, but he declared obstinately that he would spend the rest of his life in prison before he would comply with such a silly command. Soon afterward he was taken very ill, and realizing that he was at the point of death, he gave instructions for his burial, which he knew would be witnessed by the whole command.

"Bore a hole," said he, "through the bottom of my coffin, right under my head, and let my queue come through it, that the old general may see that even when dead I refuse to obey his order."

And these directions were literally carried out.

### HISTORY OF THE FORT PITT CANNON FOUNDRY*

The recent death of William Wade reminds me that I am the only one left of all the proprietors of the once famous Fort Pitt Cannon Foundry, and that perhaps it becomes my duty to inform my fellow citizens of what I know personally of its history.

The original firm was McClurg, Wade & Co., of which my father was the practical partner. It failed during the panic of 1838. I very well remember as a small boy seeing cannon being turned on old wooden lathes in the primitive establishment.

The business was revived about 1841 by my father, who obtained a contract for cannon through the good offices of Judge Wilkins, after whom Wilkinsburg was named, who was Secretary of War. He took as a partner to attend to the finances Mr. Charles Knap, who had been in the employ of the former firm of McClurg, Wade & Co., under the firm name of Knap & Totten, which continued until the death of my father, April 3, 1850.

My connection with the establishment began in 1848, two years before the death of my father, and continued until the establishment

*Written by the late Robert C. Totten in 1912.

was destroyed by fire in the spring of 1858 when I was a member of the firm of Knap, Wade & Co. I mention these rather personal facts as a warrant for writing this history.

Orders for cannon in those days were divided between the South Boston Foundry, West Penn Foundry, Richmond (Va.) Foundry and the Fort Pitt. There was no competition. A fair price was fixed and each establishment received exactly the same number of cannon on each order.

As a Government foundry the proprietors were in constant communication with the Secretaries of War and Navy, while the inspection of the cannon brought many prominent officers from both these branches of the service. It is among my earliest impressions that these men were always gentlemen, and above the average in ability, and a standing witness to the exceptional training they received at West Point and Annapolis. The only inspector we dreaded was a navy officer afflicted with a very severe case of dyspepsia. If there was any fault in a cannon, he was sure to discover it.

Of course these officers were treated on "proving days," that is, when the cannon were taken out to the banks of the Allegheny River, beyond where the Lucy Furnaces now stand, and subjected to single and double service charges of gunpowder to "prove" that they were all right, with distinguished consideration. Mr. Knap being a "bon vivant" and at that time a bachelor, always provided the luncheon, which was, of course, the best that the "Monongahela House," our world renowned hostelry in those days, could produce, and contained not a few bottles of "Mum" or something more pronounced.

On one occasion Mr. Knap was absent and the task of providing luncheon devolved on my father. He was a temperance man, a Washington temperance man of the forties, and of course would not think of having anything like rum. An adjacent farm, for there were many genuine farms then in that locality, was called on, and furnished readily some first class buttermilk. Alas; Several cannon were rejected on that "Proving day," which Mr. Knap at once attributed to the buttermilk. At least I never learned that any buttermilk was served at proving luncheons after that.

Any one who has traveled in the neighborhood of the year 1850, even on wedding trips, were almost confined when visiting any city, to visiting the cemetery. Greenwood in New York, Laurel Hill in Philadelphia, Mount Auburn in Boston and the Allegheny Cemetery here. But Pittsburgh had the advantage of having a cannon foundry and all distinguished as well as undistinguished people came to visit us. I remember two especially, Horace Greeley in his white hat, and General Taylor after his election to the Presidency.

The two most celebrated makes of cannon, the "Dahlgren" of the navy and the "Rodman" of the army, were practically developed and perfected at the Fort Pitt. Indeed both Major Wade, the father of

Mr. William Wade of Oakmont, and General Rodman of the army were at times practically partners in the firms that succeeded Knap & Totten.

It may not be generally known that before 1850 iron vessels were made at the Fort Pitt Foundry for revenue service on the lakes and launched in the Allegheny River just above the present railroad bridge. I remember participating in such a launching when my aunt, Miss Julia Christy, one of the belles of Pittsburgh, broke the bottle of wine and named the ship. I also remember a strange dream told by my father with reference to getting the contract for these vessels. There were four required, and my father had sent in his bid to the Government. Before receiving the contract he dreamed that he went down to the office and found the floor covered with water and four whales spouting about in it. He rapidly closed the door to keep them in but only succeeded in capturing two. The next day the order came for two of the four vessels.

In the early '40s I remember seeing hanging up in the office a chart resembling an Aeolian harp, small at the top and bottom and larger in the middle, marked off with longitudinal lines showing the time of sunrise and sunset during the year. This settled the number of hours for work, shorter in the winter, longer in the summer, varying from March 21st, when it was twelve hours work, until in June, when it was longest, and then shorter until March again. Even in those days, however, to show the spirit of the man towards his workmen, my father predicted and hoped for a day when only eight hours' work would be required. I remember my father often going to the foundry before breakfast and returning for breakfast.

The office work of those early days was strikingly different from the present. All business letters were opened by hand and some of the partners put off writing them until late in the afternoon, and then wrote at interminable length. You can imagine the feelings of the copyist who was handed these letters at a late hour, involving a late dinner. Then, too, if there was any discrepancy between the original and the copy it was always an even question as to whose fault it was, the writer's or the copyist.

The foundations for the City of Pittsburgh were being laid in those far off days, and it would be hard to estimate how much of the influence for good that still remains is to be placed to the credit of the iron men of Pittsburgh, among whom the Fort Pitt Cannon Foundry was very prominent.

The part it played during the Civil War is well known, and its closing career under the firm of Knap, Rudd & Co. and the management of Mr. William Metcalf only served to emphasize the achievements of its earlier history. I trust I will not be considered as too much of an egoist in laying this small tribute as to that sterling company of men before your readers.

## FATHER VIROT A FORGOTTEN MISSIONARY*

The Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania has more or less complete records of the doings of the various religious denominations, and I may be pardoned for saying that I have contributed my mite to the investigation and preservation of those of the Catholic Church. But there is one person who has not received fitting recognition.

It will be remembered that a few years ago a petrified cross was found near Rochester, in this state, which it was attempted to connect with some early and forgotten missionary's labors in that region, but geologists soon pronounced it merely a freak of nature. I have seen the cross, which is now in the Carnegie Library, Allegheny. I have also seen and conversed with the person who found it and have been at the place where it was dug up, and I cannot but agree with the decision of geologists regarding it. But what a field would it not have opened to some lively imagination for speculating had the facts then been known which I am to relate concerning an early Jesuit missionary who visited that region! These facts, I think, are worthy of preservation, and of being made known to the people of this part of the state, many of whom are at length awakening to the importance of cultivating the rich historic field in which fortune or choice has placed them. I shall prefer to give the exact words, as far as possible, of the authors whom I quote. The whole must be regarded as a forgotten episode in our early religious history.

### But Briefly Mentioned in History.

The late Dr. John G. Shea, the best Catholic historian that America has yet seen, says in his *Catholic Church in the United States*, vol. i., p. 614: "The Jesuit Father Claude Francis Virot, who had labored in the Abnaki missions" (in the present state of Maine) "was sent to found a mission among the Delawares, who had settled near the French. He planted his mission cross at Sakunk, as the Indians styled the mouth of the Big Beaver. Here he persevered in his good work till Pakanke, chief of the Wolf tribe, drove him off. Claude F. Virot was born February 16, 1721, entered the Society of Jesus in the province of Toulouse, October 10, 1738, and was sent to Canada in 1750. After his Delaware mission he acted as chaplain to Aubrey's force, and was killed in the attempt made to relieve Fort Niagara in July, 1759."

According to the Moravian, or United Brethren, missionary, David Zeisberger, the word Sakunk means, "Where a small stream empties into a larger, hence its place of outlet; from Sa-ku-wit, the mouth of a creek or river." The outlet of the Big Beaver into the Ohio was the best known of the many Sakunks in the Indian country. The Aubrey here mentioned was Captain de Aubrey, Knight of St. Louis, who commanded a part of the French forces in the Western part of our

*Written by Rt. Rev. A. A. Lambing in 1900.

state, and who defeated Major Grant on Grant's Hill, Pittsburgh, September 14, 1758.

**Efforts to Found a Mission.**

Dr. Shea's notice of Father Virot is the first we have, and for that reason it is not surprising that it is slightly erroneous, as we learn from *The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents*, vol. lxx., where we read (p. 85) in the catalogue of the Jesuit Fathers then on the missions in North America: "Father Louis Virot, born February 15, 1722, entered the Society of Jesus October 10, 1738." On page 91 Father Peter Joseph Antoine Roubaud states in a letter, dated October 21, 1757: "I set out on the 12th of July from St. Francis—the principal village of the Abnaki's mission—to go to Montreal; the purpose of my journey was simply to bring to Monsieur the Marquis de Vaudreuil" (then Governor General of New France or Canada) "a deputation of twenty Abnakis appointed to accompany Father Virot, who has gone to try to found a mission among the Loups (Wolves) of the Oyo, or Beautiful River. The share that I was allowed to have in that glorious enterprise, the events which caused it, and the difficulties that it was necessary to overcome, may furnish hereafter interesting material for another letter." It is impossible to say whether this second letter was ever written or not.

**Pakanke Hated the Missionaries.**

It is not known how long Father Virot labored in his attempt to found a mission on the Ohio, but it is probable that it was not very long, owing to the hatred which Pakanke had for Christian missionaries. A word about this noted chief. George H. Loskiel, in his *Missions of the United Brethren*, followed by Samuel G. Drake, in his *Indians of North America*, says that Pakanke was a powerful chief of the Delawares, who lived at Kaskaskunk, an important Indian village that stood near the mouth of Mahoning creek, a short distance below the present New Castle. Pakanke had as counsellor and speaker Glikhikan, an eminent captain and warrior, of whom Drake gives this questionable piece of information: "It is said that he disputed with the French Catholic priests in Canada, and confounded them, and now (1769) made his appearance among the United Brethren for the purpose of achieving a like victory; but, as the Brethren's account has it his heart failed him and he became a convert to their doctrines."

This so exasperated Pakanke that he upbraided him in no gentle terms, telling him: "And even you have gone over from this council to them. I suppose you mean to get a white skin. But I tell you not even one of your feet will turn white, much less your whole body," and much more in the same strain. A person of such a disposition was not likely to permit a missionary to labor long in territory over which he held sway, yet before his death he is said to have become a convert to the United Brethren denomination.

**Grand Pioneer Killed by Indians.**

We have seen that Father Virot, after his unsuccessful attempt to found a mission on the upper Ohio, was appointed chaplain to the French forces. It is well known that when the French evacuated Fort Duquesne, November 24, 1758, before the advancing army of General Forbes, a part of them retired to Fort Machault, at the mouth of French creek, where the town of Franklin now stands, and there spent the winter in making preparations to undertake the recapture of Fort Duquesne in the spring. But the English were closing in on them from all sides and the overthrow of their power in North America was already in sight. When Fort Niagara, on the river of the same name, was besieged, all the forces within reach were summoned to its aid, and among them those at Fort Machault. The fall of Fort Niagara was to witness the closing scenes of the life labors and sufferings of Father Virot, the only Jesuit who ever attempted to found a mission on the headwater of the Ohio. His death is thus briefly told in *The Jesuit Relations*, in the volume from which I have already quoted (p. 251): "In the month of July, 1759, when the Fort of Niagara was closely pressed by the English army which was besieging it, 1,200 French were sent to the help of this post, so important for the preservation of Canada. Father Virot was chaplain of the French army. It was put to rout, and the missionary, having fallen into the hands of the Iroquois, was cut to pieces."

I cannot but think it fitting that the life, labors and death of this zealous and intrepid, though unknown, missionary should be laid before our people, so far as they are known, and placed on record.

APOCRYPHAL JOKES ABOUT YOUNG GEORGE WASHINGTON

His Mother—"When that little boy threw stones at you, why did you not come to me?"

Little George Washington—"Well, I guess I can throw them back better'n you can."

Teacher—"The first thing the Puritans did after landing on Plymouth Rock was to fall upon their knees. What was the next thing they did?"

Little George Washington—"They fell upon the aborigines."

Grocer—"Here, my little man; here's your pitcher of molasses. Now, where's the payment therefor?"

Little George Washington—"Mother told me to put it in the pitcher so I wouldn't lose it."—*American Cultivator.*

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## List of Articles Presented to the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania

**119—Colored Lithograph, 21x25**

"Old Pittsburgh Market & Court House," from a sketch by J. B. Robitzer.

Presented by Mr. W. H. Stevenson

**120— Engraving, 30x37**

Representing the beginning, progress, and completion of an extraordinary undertaking to prove the possibility of wool being manufactured into cloth and made into a coat between the hours of sun-rise and sun-set, which was successfully accomplished on June 25, 1811, at the Greenham Mills, near Newbury, England.

Presented by Mrs. Francis J. Torrance.

**121—Frame, 26x37**

Containing the "Washington Fire Company Roll," a volunteer company organized in Pittsburgh, 1832.

Giving the names of members and officers for the year 1849.

Presented by Mrs. R. A. McKee.

**122—Engraving, 24x37**

George Washington and The Marquis De Lafayette, at Mount Vernon.

Loaned by Mr. T. M. Walker.

**123—Frame, 16x20**

Containing the photograph of Thomas Livingston Rodgers a former president of the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania.

Presented by Mr. J. Franklin Rodgers.

## List of Articles Belonging to the late Mrs. Eliza Horner Gordon, of Wilkinsburg, Pa.

Presented October 23rd, 1919 by Miss Ilka M. Stotler.

**124—Revolutionary War Order Book**

from Carlisle Barracks, which contains the record of the building of the barracks. They were kept by Colonel Benjamin Flower. Among other items in the Order Book was an order written and signed by George Washington. Col. Flower married Sarah McDowell, daughter of Doctor John McDowell, a Revolutionary Army surgeon residing on Troy Farm, Pitt Township. Dr. McDowell took a very active part in business affairs, being an elder in the church of Pitt Township, and signed the call for the pastor, Rev. James Graham, April 10, 1804. The name of the church was afterward changed to Beulah. Dr. McDowell lived near the Salt Works on the Monongahela River. The Order Book was used for keeping medical accounts, numbering among his patients Colonel Dunn-

ing McNair and others of local historic fame. Dr. McDowell evidently gave his accounts to Squire James Horner, (grandfather of Mrs. Gordon,) for collection, as the Order Book has been in the Horner family since the beginning of the nineteenth century.

**125—Old Hair Trunk**

brought from Ireland in 1766 by George W. McGunnegle, who later located in Pittsburgh, and was one of the first vestrymen of Trinity Church. "Length of Trunk 15½ inches, width 9 inches and heighth 6½ inches."

**126—Memento of the Civil War**

Fragment of cannon-ball from battle of "Port Royal" found lying beside remains of dead gunner inside Fort-Walker the morning after evacuation. Found by Thomas M. Carnegie and presented to Mrs. Gordon Dec. 23, 1861. Exhibited at "Sanitary Fair" held in June 21, 1864.

**127—Part of lining and trimming**

of the carriage in which Colonel John Morgan was riding when captured during his raid into Ohio, by Pennsylvania militia—1863. Given to Elizabeth Horner Gordon by her brother George Kennedy Horner, a member of Captain Frederick Huidekooper's Company F. 58th Pennsylvania Militia.

**128—Memento of the Battle of "Port Royal"**

Pine-cone taken from a tree under which sleep "our heroes who gave their lives for liberty and union:" presented to Mrs. Gordon by Thomas M. Carnegie, and exhibited at the "Sanitary Fair" held in Pittsburgh, June 16, 1864.

**129—Memento of the Civil War**

Sea-shell dislodged by a chance shot from one of our guns at Port Royal December 23, 1861. Presented to Mrs. Gordon by Thomas M. Carnegie, and exhibited at the "Sanitary Fair" held in Pittsburgh June 16, 1864.

**130—Mementoes of the Civil War**

Chips cut from stairway of the Marshall House, Alexandria, Virginia, where Colonel Elmer Ellsworth fell, the first martyr of the Civil War. Cut by Albert G. Miller, of Port Perry, and Henry R. Chalfant, February 18, 1862.

**131—Ebony Frame**

Containing silhouette of John Kennedy McGunnegle (1769) son of George W. and Margaret Kennedy McGunnegle.

**132—Brass Candle-stick—Revolutionary War Period**

This candle-stick was used in camp by Colonel Robert Dunning of Lancaster, Penn'a. who was an officer in the Indian Wars and the Revolution.

**133—Silver Buttons (10) Revolutionary War Period**

These buttons were worn by Colonel Robert Dunning of Lan-

caster, Penn'a. an officer in the Indian and Revolutionary Wars.

**134—Silver Spoon—Revolutionary War Period**

This spoon was made during the Revolution by melting silver dollars, such was the scarcity of good table-ware.

The monogram J. D. stands for "John Davis," the spoon having descended to Mrs. Gordon on her mothers side.

**135—Old Deed**

This Indenture made the eleventh day of November in the year of our Lord One thousand seven hundred and eighty-five Between The Honorable John Penn, Junior and John Penn of the City of Philadelphia, and John Horner and James Horner both of Warminster Township in the County of Bucks in Penn'a. A lot or piece of ground situated in the Town of Pittsburgh in the County of Westmoreland in Penn'a. marked in Colonel Wood's general plan of the said Town No 277. Containing in breadth sixty-feet and in length one hundred & sixty-feet, bounded Northwestward by Third Street, Southwestward by Second Street and Northwestward by Market Street. Signed by John Penn, Junior.

John Penn, Esq.

November 16th, 1785. Edward E. Shippen, Esq.

**136—Shell Comb**

Worn by Mrs. Gordon's mother, at the ball given in Pittsburgh in 1825 to "Our Nations Guest," General De Lafayette, during his visit to the United States, 1824-1825.

**137—Sash**

Worn by Mrs. Gordon's mother, at the ball given in Pittsburgh in 1825 to "Our Nations Guest," General Marquis De Lafayette, during his visit to the United States, 1824-1825.

**138—Souvenir**

Handkerchief from the Centennial Exhibition, Philadelphia, Pa., 1876.

**139—Newspaper**

dated January 4, 1800. Published at Kingston, Ulster County New York, giving a description of George Washington's funeral; eulogy of the deceased "Father of His Country" by the Senate and reply thereto by his successor, President John Adams, December 22, 1799.

**140—Combination Pocket**

and Note Book dated 1778. Property of James Horner, Soldier of the Revolution, buried at Beulah Cemetery.

**141—Bill-Fold**

used by Mrs. Gordon's family, 1800—1825.

**142—Silk-Badge**

Worn at the time of President Lincoln's death.

**143—Paper-notes**

three and five cents.

# GIFTS AND LOANS

The Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania in its building at Bigelow Boulevard and Parkman Avenue, Pittsburgh, maintains a Museum for the preservation of relics, pictures and documents associated with the history of Western Pennsylvania and adjoining territory. Hundreds of articles, many of which constitute a priceless talisman in the annals of the country about the Forks of the Ohio, have been donated to the Society and are treasured in the Museum for the education of posterity.

Constant additions are being made to these gifts and the Society especially desires that all persons interested in preserving relics and documents relating to the history of Western Pennsylvania take advantage of the opportunity for safeguarding them in the custodianship of this organization. Books and documents by Pennsylvania authors, and pictures, documents and articles that have belonged to eminent Pennsylvanians of the western counties of the State are solicited. Acknowledgment of donations and loans will be made in succeeding issues of the Historical Magazine.

Historical Hall is open for visitors each week day from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M., and on Sundays from 2 P. M. to 4 P. M. when access is had to the library and Museum.

Emma D. Poole, Librarian

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# WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY
THE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY OF
WESTERN
PENNSYLVANIA

JULY, 1920

VOLUME 3 NUMBER 3

Entered as second-class matter Oct ober 1, 1918 at the Post Office at Pittsburgh, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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# WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

Vol. 3, No. 3 JUNE, 1920 Price 75 Cents

## DR. JOHN A. BRASHEAR.

On the ninth of last April Dr. John A. Brashear, a member of the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania, died. He had been in failing health for several months and the end came as peacefully as he had lived. He was by far the most distinguished scientist in Pittsburgh, as is indicated by the large number of learned bodies of which he was an honored member, and from the numerous degrees conferred upon him by universities and colleges all over the land. What was, however, of more moment was the fact that he was the best beloved citizen of the community in which he lived. But the knowledge of his amiable qualities was not confined to Pittsburgh. A few years ago, when Martin G. Brumbaugh was governor of Pennsylvania, he was asked by the officers of the Panama-Pacific Exposition to indicate the most popular citizen of Pennsylvania. After consulting leading men of the state, Governor Brumbaugh unhesitatingly named John A. Brashear.

His life fully illustrates the fact that no matter how humble a man's origin may be, yet by energy and perseverance he can achieve the highest position in life. Beginning as a machinist, John A. Brashear studied at night and gained an education. Drifting into astronomy and making its study his lifework he went into the manufacture of astronomical instruments, and gained an international reputation. The autobiography which Dr. Brashear was writ-

*THE WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL MAGAZINE* is published quarterly, in January, April, July and October, by the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania, Bigelow Boulevard and Parkman Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. It is mailed free to all members of the Society. Members may obtain additional copies at 50 cents each; to others the charge is 75 cents. To public libraries, universities, colleges, historical and other similar societies the annual subscription rate is $2.00. The annual dues of the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania are $3.00, and should be sent to John E. Potter, Treasurer, Fourth Avenue and Grant Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

ing during the last few months of his life, if published, should be an inspiration to every aspiring young man and woman in the land. The secret of his popularity is indicated in the letter which he wrote to his old friend, Mr. David F. Henry, when he gave as his creed the following verse:

"'Tis the human touch in this world that counts,
The touch of your hand and mine—
That means far more to the sinking heart
Than shelter or bread or wine.
For shelter is gone when the night is o'er,
And bread lasts only a day,
But the touch of the hand and the sound of the voice
Live on in the soul always."

## REMINISCENCES OF HON. JAMES ROSS.

BY

HON. THOMAS MELLON.*

My personal knowledge of the Hon. James Ross commenced in 1834, when I entered as a student at the Western University of Pennsylvania, then located in the large stone building at the corner of Third and Smithfield streets. It was erected by the state for the purpose, and was destroyed by the great fire of 1845.

Mr. Ross' private residence was an impretentious frame building which stood in an orchard on a lot of six or seven acres, situated between Grant and Ross streets, and extended from Fourth Street up over Grant's Hill to near High Street. Fifth Avenue and Diamond Street have since been located across the upper end of these grounds, and the Court House and jail are built on part of it. The distributing reservoir of the city water works was then immediately opposite the Court House.

Mr. Ross' dwelling was but a short distance from the University, and he was a conspicuous figure while on his way to and from the Court House, which was then located on the west side of the Diamond on Market Street. I should judge that Mr. Ross was some inches over six feet in height, well proportioned and of imposing presence, although the infirmities of age had already begun to manifest themselves when I first knew him.

He was rightly regarded among the students as one of the greatest men of the country, and more especially on account of his high reputation for scholarly attainments.

When a young man, before he studied law, he had filled the position of Latin and Greek professor in the Canonsburg Academy, in Washington County, which afterwards became Jefferson College, the *alma mater* of great numbers of professional men scattered throughout the United States. Jefferson and Washington Colleges have since been consolidated into Washington and Jefferson College, located at Washington, Pennsylvania.

*Written in 1896.

But my opportunities of seeing and knowing Mr. Ross and his character and reputation were increased after I had entered the law office of ex-Judge Shaler as a student in 1837. Mr. Ross and Judge Shaler were intimate friends. Mr. Ross had then retired from the practice of the law, but was often personally interested in law questions and cases, as he possessed considerable wealth in mortgages and real estate.

One of his peculiarities was that in any case in which he was interested he acted as his own lawyer, not so much to avoid expense, as that it saved him the trouble of stating and explaining the case to others as fully as he understood it himself.

I happened into the District Court one day when he was arguing an important question regarding the lien of a mortgage before Judge Grier, who was afterwards elevated to the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, and is still regarded here as one of the most eminent judges whom Allegheny County has ever had. I was interested to hear Mr. Ross' argument on account of his great reputation and the importance of the question involved. He then seldom appeared in Court. I expected quite a formal argument, but was disappointed in that respect. He stood carelessly with one hand resting on the railing in front of the judge and in a quiet way talked the matter over, as it were. But the close attention with which Judge Grier listened indicated that Mr. Ross was making an able argument, and although he spoke in a conversational way, he presented a chain of strong links logically connected.

His reputation among the lawyers was of the highest order. At the time I speak of he was considered the nestor of the bar, and the regard and esteem for him approached veneration. In his prime, which was before I knew him, his influence over a jury was considered invincible, not so much from any display of eloquence, for he always avoided this both in private and professional life, but his power was said to result from his peculiar method and his persuasiveness and keen knowledge of human nature.

His practice had always been confined to important cases, mostly questions of land titles or where large sums of money were involved. His clients were of the wealthier class of business men and manufacturers and real estate owners of the city and throughout the western end of the

state. Several years after the time referred to some of the law business of the heirs and the legal representatives of his former clients fell into my hands, and I occasionally came across Mr. Ross' bills for legal services, invariably in his own hand writing, and I was surprised at the moderation of his fees and charges.

Although in those days no extortionate fees were obtained by the lawyers, yet Mr. Ross' charges were made on a scale even lower than ordinary, while his clients were of the wealthiest class, and the matters in which the services were rendered were always important. It led me to wonder how he had accumulated so large an estate because he was quite rich, although not among the wealthiest citizens, and he never speculated. He lived in a plain economical way without ostentation. What surplus he could spare from his professional income, he invested in farm lands or unimproved property in the suburbs of the city, which was worth but little at the time but increased rapidly in value as time went on and the city increased in size and wealth. Such was the secret of his leaving a very considerable estate.

I knew of but three of his children, but he may have had others. One son, the most promising in ability and energy, was drowned while crossing a creek on horseback about twelve miles from the city. He was only twenty years of age. The creek was in flood, and the horse floundered and young Ross became entangled in the stirrups. The father took his loss greatly to heart. Another son, James, was highly educated, and a polished gentleman, but lacked energy and never attended to business of any kind. He survived his father many years.

Mrs. Aspinwall was the only one of his daughters whom I remember. Her husband was the well-known ship owner in the Aspinwall lines whose route was between New York and Liverpool. I think she was without children, and after her husband's death she returned to Pittsburgh, and had a quaint-shaped house built in a secluded piece of woodland, part of her father's estate, where she resided as a recluse for the remainder of her life.

Besides Mr. Ross' professional fame, he possessed other qualities of heart and mind which endeared him to his clients and the general public. He was reputed never to have accepted a retainer in a case unless he was reasonably

well satisfied of the honesty of both the case and the client, and from that time on he became the personal friend and faithful adviser of his client in all matters of importance, personal as well as legal.

One instance, among many others of his noble character, happened to fall within my own knowledge.

In 1820, Jacob Negley, who had long been a favorite client of his, was one of the wealthiest land owners in the vicinity of the city. He owned 1700 acres of land situated five miles east of the city limits, now the chief residence section of the city, and known as the East End. Mr. Negley was an enterprising man and one of the commissioners appointed to locate and macadamize the turnpike road running eastward from the city to Greensburg and Stoyestown on the way to Philadelphia, within the city now known as Penn Avenue. As soon as this road was located and opened through his lands, Mr. Negley built the first steam flouring mill in the western end of the state and laid out the town of East Liberty, since absorbed in the East End district. As the machinery for the mill was unfamiliar to the machinists of the time, the cost of its construction was very great and ran him into debt beyond his expectation and his ability to pay. He would have had no difficulty in meeting all demands, however, had it not been for the memorable panic of 1818, which set in just after the mill was in running order. Several memorable panics have occurred since that time, but history shows this one to have been the most disastrous to property values and to have caused the greatest stringency in money which ever happened in this section. The panic found Mr. Negley some thirty thousand dollars in debt, being half the cost of the mill, and it crushed him, not only financially, but in health and spirits. Money was not obtainable at any sacrifice, and his extensive estate in lands as well as the mill and numerous other buildings were seized by the sheriff, but the owner did not survive to see them sold under the executions. He died during the year of his worst financial difficulties, leaving a widow and eight children, the oldest of the boys not having reached his majority. Mr. Ross had been Mr. Negley's friend and legal advisor throughout his business career and during his financial difficulties, but neither Mr. Ross nor any other friend was in condition financially to stem the tide. Most of the wealthy business men of

the city went down at the same time. The wealthiest among those who succumbed was James O'Hara, who nevertheless survived the storm and left an immense estate to his family. It is said of Mr. Ross that he never forgot a client whom he respected, and although he could not at first avert the financial disaster which overwhelmed Mr. Negley, he did not forget the widow and children. Being in a better condition pecuniarily when the sheriff's sales of the properties came off, Mr. Ross purchased them as they were sold from time to time, including the mill, and became the sole owner without any pre-arrangement or consultation with the widow or children, who expected nothing less than to vacate the premises. And to make arrangements for this purpose the widow sent her eldest son to Mr. Ross, who appeared very friendly and more concerned to know how they were getting on than to obtain possession of the properties purchased by him.

After learning that the mother and the younger boys attended to the farm and that the two older boys were still running the mill and marketing the product, he advised them to keep on working as before and he would be better able to tell what might be done on his part after seeing what they could do for themselves. Affairs remained in this condition for a year or two, the mill was doing well, times were improving, and real estate values were rising again. Mr. Ross then directed that all the money they could spare beyond the expense of running the business should be deposited with him, and if times continued to improve until part of the lands could be sold without too much sacrifice, enough might be saved to compensate them for their labor and perhaps more, as he would be satisfied if he received his money back with six per cent. interest. No written contracts or obligations were entered into between him and the family at any time.

It required about ten years to refund the money that Mr. Ross had expended in the purchases with the interest. When that had been accomplished he called in James Hilands, at the time the land surveyor of the county, and directed him to make a careful survey of all the real estate that was left, and to divide it into eight shares of equal value, or as nearly that as he and such of the neighbors on whose judgment he could rely might agree upon. A fifteen-acre tract of the most valuable part of the land was in addi-

tion set aside for the two older sons as a reward for their extra services. When the land was plotted in this way Mr. Ross made a deed to each child for his or her share, declining any compensation for his services, declaring that his compensation lay in the success that their good management had achieved. The widow relinquished all claim in the estate, as she had ample property in her own right, received from her father's estate. When Mr. Ross' connection with the transaction ended land values had advanced to such an extent that the share which each child received was worth about one hundred thousand dollars; and this land has been increasing in value ever since.

In making this division the surveyor found it necessary to lay out a road or street through the main part of the property for common use, which still bears his name, Hiland Avenue. Mr. Ross had also come to the rescue of James O'Hara, another of his wealthy clients, whom the panic had driven to the wall. And by his aid and generosity and good advice the greater part of the vast O'Hara estate was saved to the O'Hara and Denny families.

I give the facts and particulars contained in the above narrative as I have heard them often from Mrs. Negley, the widow, who in 1843 became my mother-in-law. But I have never been made aware that Mr. Ross ever resided in Ohio, or that a county in that state was named for him.

Mr. Ross was not only an able and learned and exceedingly industrious lawyer, but a wise and able statesman, and although not of the then dominant political party, frequently had honors thrust upon him. He was one of the high-toned and honorable class of statesmen who were more numerous in his day than now.

## AN OLD SONG BOOK.

The book was picked up in the early days of the Civil War in a passenger car, which had been occupied by soldiers, and which had just come from the road and been placed in the yard at the Outer Depot of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad, in Allegheny. The man who found the book was an employee of the railroad company, who took it home and gave it to his children. It remained in the possession of the family all these years, and at present, with one of the covers half gone, and minus the title page and most of the instructions in singing in the first part of the book, is owned by the surviving child, a son, now grown into a middle-aged man. He prizes it as one of his choicest possessions; the songs within its covers recall to him many tender recollections of his childhood, and the book has about it the halo of the Civil War.

The book was probably dropped by some young soldier on his way to the seat of war, or perhaps journeying home on a furlough. It was evidently a school song book and must have been published before the war began, as it contains none of the war songs which appeared during the struggle and later became so popular. Inside of the front and back covers are several names written in blue ink in boyish or girlish hands. On the front cover, close together, are the names of Thomas Eden and Ida May, and on the back cover the same names appear again, the one under the other. Then there is the name of Frank May, and under this is a name that looks like Hinese O. Maley, but may be Heloise O. Maley. A rude representation of a soldier pointing a bayonet is beside the names of the two couples.

What a wealth of memories the names, and the picture of the soldier suggest! Who were Thomas Eden and Ida May? Where did they live? Were they boy and girl lovers? Was Frank May the lover of Hinese O. Maley? Were both of the boys soldiers? Did they fall in battle or die of disease in camp, and do they lie buried in unknown southern graves? And did the girls mourn for them the rest of their days? Or did the soldiers come home from the war and marry their early loves? Are any of those whose names are written in the book living today?

If the book has made such a lasting impression on the present possessor, what a wonderful delight it would be to the persons whose names appear there could they again see it! They would be old men and old women now, but the remembrance of the old songs would make them young again and bring back the happy days of their long lost youth.

When the book was published men and women were governed largely by sentiment; they were more intent on securing their happiness than in the pursuit of wealth. In the songs printed in this volume many of the best emotions are expressed, love, joy, hope, filial affection, mother love, sorrow, yearning, humor, ambition, patriotism. But through most of the love songs there runs a vein of sadness; they tell the story of loved ones who have died, and died young. This mournful tone may have been typical of the time. Abraham Lincoln and many other public men of that day were strongly imbued with the feeling.

Many persons of the older generation will remember the songs. Most of them were first sung seventy or seventy-five years ago, but continued to be in vogue for at least a decade after the close of the Civil War. Some of them are occasionally heard today. Who of that generation has forgotten "Gentle Annie," written and composed by Pittsburgh's own Stephen C. Foster, or "Nettie Moore?" In "Nettie Moore" there is even a larger measure of genuine poetry than in "Gentle Annie," and the lines will be read today with as much appreciation as fifty or sixty years ago. Romantic Indian legends are idealized in "The Light Canoe" and "The Blue Juniata."

"The Hazel Dell" and "Lillie Dale" are both dear to those who were children in the Civil War days; and who of that time or now has not loved to hear or to sing "Listen to the Mocking Bird?" A mother's love is beautifully exemplified in the charming song of "Nellie Gray." The lingering thoughts of childhood are tenderly expressed in "Home, Sweet Home" and "The Old House." The restless disposition of the pioneer in his westward movement that continued from the settlement of the country to recent years, and the yearning of the aboriginee for the home of his ancestors are vividly portrayed in "To the West" and "The Indian's Prayer." "Make Your Mark" is a spur to the ambition of youth, and might with profit be taught in the schools of today. There is real humor in the rollicking song called

"Johnny Sands" and in the still popular "Billy Boy." The book also contains the reverberating hymn "America," and the inspiring "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Hail Columbia." The first verse of a number of the songs together with the chorus, where there is one, follows:

**Nettie Moore.**

In a little white cottage,
Where the trees are ever green,
And the climbing roses blossom by the door,
I've often sat and listened
To the music of the birds,
And the gentle voice of charming Nettie Moore.

Oh! I miss you Nettie Moore,
And my happiness seems o'er,
While a spirit sad around my heart has come;
And the busy days are long,
And the nights are lonely now,
For you're gone from our little cottage home.

---

**The Light Canoe.**

They made her a grave too cold and damp
For a heart so warm and true,
And she's gone to the lake of the dismal swamp,
Where all night long by her fire-fly lamp
She paddles her light canoe;
Her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
Her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cyprus tree,
When the foot-steps of death draw near.

---

**The Blue Juniata.**

Wild roved an Indian girl, bright Alfarata,
Where sweeps the waters of the blue Juniata;
Swift as an antelope, through the forest going,
Loose were her jetty locks, in wavy tresses flowing.

### The Hazel Dell.

In the Hazel Dell my Nelly's sleeping,
Nelly lov'd so long!
And my lonely, lonely watch I'm keeping,
Nelly lost and gone;
Here in the moonlight often we have wander'd,
Thro' the silent shade,
Now where leafy branches drooping downward,
Little Nelly's laid.

All alone my watch I'm keeping
In the Hazel Dell,
For my darling Nelly's near me sleeping,
Nelly dear, farewell.

---

### Lilly Dale.

'Twas a calm still night,
And the moon's pale light,
Shone soft o'er hill and vale;
When friends mute with grief,
Stood around the death bed,
Of my poor lost Lilly Dale.
Oh! Lilly, Sweet Lilly, dear Lilly Dale,
Now the wild rose blossoms o'er her little green grave,
'Neath the trees in the flow'ry vale.

---

### Listen to the Mocking Bird.

I'm dreaming now of Hally, sweet Hally, sweet Hally,
I'm dreaming now of Hally,
For the thought of her is one that never dies;
She's sleeping in the valley, the valley, the valley,
She's sleeping in the valley,
And the mocking bird was singing where she lies.

Listen to the mocking bird,
Listen to the mocking bird,
The mocking bird still singing o'er her grave,
Listen to the mocking bird,
Listen to the mocking bird,
Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

### Nellie Gray.

Down in a pleasant valley,
A gentle streamlet flows,
Beside a cottage lovely
A weeping willow grows;
Within that cottage dwelling
A mother bless'd the day
That gave to her an angel,
In the form of Nellie Gray.

Merrily the birds are singing
At the dawning of each day,
Joyfully they greet the coming
Of charming Nellie Gray.

---

### THE OLD HOUSE.

There's a spot that I love,
There's a home that I prize,
Far better than any on earth;
It is bound to my heart by the holiest ties;
And I prize, O how fondly its worth!
'Tis not beauty nor splendor endears it to me,
O, no! for its grandeur has flown;
But 'tis fondest affection that binds me to thee,
My old home, my dear happy home!
But 'tis fondest affection that binds me to thee,

My old home, my dear happy, happy home.
O, my old home, my dear happy home;
It is fondest affection that binds me to thee,
My old home, my dear happy home.

---

### To the West.

To the west, to the west, to the land of the free,
Where mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea;
fruits of the soil;
Where children are blessings, and he who has most,
Has aid for his fortune and riches to boast;
Where the young may exult, and the aged may rest,
Away, far away, to the land of the west.

### The Indian's Prayer.

Let me go to my home in the far distant land,
To the scenes of my childhood in innocence blest,
Where the tall cedars wave and the bright waters flow,
Where my fathers repose,
Let me go, let me go,
Where my fathers repose,
Let me go, let me go,

---

### Make Your Mark.

In the quarries should you toil,
Make your mark;
In whatever path you go,
In whatever place you stand;
Make your mark; make your mark!
Do you delve upon the soil?
Make your mark;
Moving swift, or moving slow,
With a firm and steady hand;
Make your mark; make your mark!

---

### Johnny Sands.

A man whose name was Johnny Sands,
Had married Betty Hague,
And tho' she brought him gold and lands,
She proved a terrible plague,
For, Oh! she was a scolding wife,
Full of caprice and whim,
He said that he was tired of life,
And she was tired of him,
And she was tired of him;
Says he, "Then I will drown myself,
The river runs below,"
Says she, "Pray do you silly elf;
I wished it long ago."
Says he, "Upon the brink I'll stand,
Do you run down the hill,
And push me in with all your might,"
Says she, "My love I will,"
Says she, "My love I will."

**Billy Boy.**

Oh where have you been, Billy boy, Billy boy,
Oh where have you been charming Billy?
I have been to seek a wife,
She's the joy of my life,
She's a young thing, and cannot leave her mother.

## THE FLOOD OF 1884 IN THE ALLEGHENY RIVER AT PITTSBURGH.*

Allegheny, Pa., February 8, 1884.

On Tuesday, Wednesday and yesterday (Thursday) the big flood was on us. The signal service office had sent out telegrams of warning so that the people living in the low places or having stores or manufactories there, were in a measure, prepared. On Tuesday the rivers began swelling, and on Wednesday they reached their highest stage. Wednesday morning I had business in Pittsburgh and took an Ohio Street car to go there. When I got into the car I noticed that the floor was wet; I thought the car had just been scrubbed, and felt rather indignant that such a thing should be done just before starting on the trip. When we arrived at the Depots on Federal Street it dawned upon me how the car came to be wet. The street was crowded with curious people watching the advancing water. The Allegheny River was then about half a block from Lacock Street, and was steadily creeping up. Innumerable wagons were standing about waiting to take people across the flood. The drivers were reaping a rich harvest, and their shrill cries of "This way to the other side!" filled the air. Our car ploughed through the water, the passengers mounting on the seats until the dry cobble stones were reached near the bridge. After attending to my business I went back the way that I had come, having the same experience as before, with the water a few inches higher.

When Charlie, our messenger, returned from luncheon he told me that the water was coming into his father's house, and that his father had wanted him to stay at home. I told him to go home again as soon as John returned from his luncheon. When John came back I requested him to go to the Grant engine house and telephone to F_____ to come down so that we would have two persons in the bank all the time.

In the afternoon I went to town again, more out of curiosity than from necessity. I proceeded to the Fort Wayne

*The writer of this account at the time held an executive position in a bank on Ohio Street in Allegheny, and lived in the western end of the city.

Depot in a street car (that being as far as it went) and then pushed through the crowd to Lacock Street, which the water had reached. Only one wagon crossed the flood while I was waiting and this was considered so dangerous that the police on the other side would not allow it to return, as the water was almost up to the horses' heads at the lowest point on the street. I saw two teams stuck fast in the middle of the flood. Finally a number of men entered the water and unhitched the horses and rode them to dry land, the wagons being abandoned. Anxiously I waited for a craft to take me over. A skiff landed on the side of the street close to where I was standing, but before I could get near, it had been filled and started. I crossed to the east side of the street and a skiff came up and discharged its load and as I and many others were about to get in pushed off. At last a flatboat came up Robinson Street and landed in front of Studer & Frodey's jewelry store. I made a detour through several inches of water and just as I reached the flatboat, a skiff came along, so I changed my mind and jumped into this and soon we were being pushed and rowed across. As we were passing Robinson Street the skiff commenced whirling around and going down that street. As most of us were standing I felt nervous for a second, and then as we caught hold of a telegraph pole and pulled up, and were again on Federal Street, I was reassured. We encountered several huge cakes of ice and the two abandoned wagons. In Collonade Row the windows were lined with people, some anxious, others looking down, careless and happy. As we passed Renter's cigar store we saw the cigars and tobacco floating in the show windows and the storeroom. On landing on the bridge we were compelled to walk through the water as the people waiting to come to the North Side were already crowding on the planks leading from our skiff. After crossing the bridge to Sixth Street I was greeted with the sight of more wagons waiting for passengers. At first I thought the wagons were either to cross the bridge to Allegheny, or were for the purpose of taking people around to see the flooded district; and I was about proceeding up Sixth Street when on looking ahead I saw the water at Penn Avenue. I turned back and had barely time to jump into a wagon as it was about to start toward Liberty Street. Penn Avenue was covered with water and Horne's retail store had perhaps a foot of water on the first floor. On

Sixth Street all the buildings were under water for about half a square on either side of Penn Avenue. Returning I thought it best to avoid the risk of going by way of Sixth and Federal streets, so I crossed over the Railroad Bridge. Thousands of people were going that way. The narrow walk was so crowded with persons leaning over the railing watching the water, or going in both directions that it was no small matter to get along.

It was a sight long to be remembered. On the Pittsburgh side everything along the river was under water, and on the Allegheny side the only thing to be seen of the Pittsburgh & Western Railroad was the telegraph poles. In Seibert's lumber yard the water was almost as high as the fence around it. The water extended all the way to the West Penn Railroad.

After we were through for the day at the bank, I made a tour of part of the flooded district. On Madison Avenue the water extended nearly to South Canal Street. On Walnut Street it was within about thirty feet of South Canal Street. Here I spoke to Joseph Slapnick, a Bohemian customer of ours, who owns the property at this corner. He had just finished building a row of houses on Walnut Street. On Chestnut Street the flood had reached Main Street; and that street in both directions was a sheet of water. I walked down the West Penn Railroad track and at every opening or cross street the water could be seen. On Federal Street it was near the West Penn Depot. From Stockton Avenue at Sherman Avenue the water could be seen lapping the walls of the tunnel under the Fort Wayne Railroad. Craig Street looked like a canal with skiffs flitting to and fro. In the evening I went down to Beaver Avenue and called for S_____, and together we proceeded to Squire Clark's office. The water was in the street at the office, but about an inch lower than the sidewalk. It was rising an inch an hour.

On Thursday morning I made another long tour of the flooded district. On Chartiers Street the water was near the Salt Works. Manhattan Street, lower Western Avenue and Rebecca Street looked like a vast lake. It reminded me forcibly of the pictures of inundations I had seen in illustrated papers in my early boyhood. There was one expanse of water with houses half submerged, standing out like dead trees in a swamp. The newspapers claim that this flood was worse than that of 1832, when the river meas-

ured thirty-five feet in depth.

The greatest inconvenience experienced by persons not residents of the flooded districts was on account of the stoppage of the gas supply. From Wednesday afternoon until Saturday there was no gas. Walking the streets in the evening was like being in a country town where gas was never used. The trip from home to the bank to attend the Friday evening meeting of our directors was a novel experience. On Fayette Street everything was dark, with only here and there a faint light glimmering in some window. On Western Avenue it was the same. Ohio and Federal streets presented a checkered appearance. Here were a few houses veiled in Egyptian darkness, and close by one or two illuminated by lamps or flickering candles, while the few interspersed electric lights cast strong shadows.

In the bank we used candles and an oil lamp. It was comical to see our one tin candlestick and a crockery ink bottle with a candle stuck in it. These were not only used at the board meeting but in the banking room for three dark days. At home we had a candle and an old oil lamp. Around this lamp we all clustered trying to read. It hurt my eyes so much that I did very little reading until we again had gas.

# LIFE AND SERVICES OF COLONEL HENRY BOQUET

BY

HON. EDWARD E. ROBBINS.*

Among the distinguished men who acted a prominent part in the early history of that part of the United States lying west of the Alleghany Mountains and between the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico, between 1754 and the Revolution, none, except perhaps Washington and Forbes, rendered more inportant services than Colonel Henry Boquet. It is the purpose of this address to give a brief biography of Boquet and a description of the battle of Bushy Run, upon which his fame chiefly rests, with some comments upon its effect on the civilization of the pre-Revolutionary period of our country's history.

No extended biography of Boquet is in existence. Little is known of his life prior to his coming to America. From various sources the following can be stated as the authentic facts of his illustrious career so far as preserved.

Henry Boquet was born at Ralle', a small Swiss town on the northern shore of Lake Geneva in 1719. At the age of seventeen he entered the army of the Low Country and at nineteen was commissioned ensign. After that he served with distinction in the army of the King of Sardinia, in the war against France and Spain. In 1748 he entered the Dutch service, and was employed by the Prince of Orange in occupying the posts lately evacuated by the French in pursuance of the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. After this he traveled extensively in Italy in company with Lord Middleton, studying English, and from him he acquired his surprising knowledge of that language. His letters and papers so far as they are preserved show a surprising familiarity with English for one who never had left the continent of Europe until he was approaching middle age. On his return from Italy, Boquet lived several years at The Hague, where he industriously studied his profession and cultivated the friendship of the learned men of that period.

The war between England and France, which had opened disastrously for England in 1755, made it necessary for the English government to send large reenforcements

*Address delivered before the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania on January 29, 1918.

to America. To carry out this program the Royal American Regiment was raised for service in the colonies. This body consisted of four battalions of 1,000 men each. Fifty of the officers might be Protestants of foreign birth, while the enlisted men were to be raised largely among the German settlers in America. This plan was adopted, with the hope that it might stir up military enthusiasm among the settlers.

Sir Joseph Yorke, the English Ambassador to The Hague, persuaded Boquet and his friend, Col. Frederick Haldimand, to enter this service. Boquet sailed for America in the summer of 1756. During that period the English officers were advanced generally by influence. Boquet, however, seems to have gained all his promotions by merit and hard service.

No information is available as to Boquet's family. His name was evidently not a distinguished one in Switzerland, nor was his family very prominent. He never married, and although his will disposed of a large landed estate, it does not mention his heirs or relatives.

Boquet with several other officers of the Royal Americans arrived in New York in June, 1756. On November 24, 1756, a battalion of the Royal Americans and two independent companies had arrived in Philadelphia, and over these Col. Boquet was placed in command, and he applied at once to the General Assembly of Pennsylvania for quarters for these troops, stating that they were suffering severely from the cold and had been "cruelly and barbarously treated." Boquet complained to the government of Pennsylvania, which passed an Act of Assembly, authorizing the troops to be billeted in the houses of Philadelphia. A controversy at once arose between the people, the Assembly and the troops, and the government was compelled to ask the Assembly to rescind its action. This early legislation, which was so invaluable at that time, created a lasting impression on Boquet against the colonies. He never used the power given by this law and held it only *in terrorem,* as appears in his subsequent letters. During the winter of 1756 and 1757 Boquet had no further difficulty with the civil authorities of Philadelphia, and to no point in his career does his good sense appear to greater advantage than in the manner in which he overcame the prejudice of the people of Philadelphia, who were forced to have foreign troops thrust upon

them who were affected with smallpox and other diseases. As time passed on Boquet became a great figure in society in the Quaker City. He was the friend of Chief Justice Allen, Attorney General Chew and Dr. William Smith, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania and of Bartram, the botanist, and many others.

During the years of 1756 and 1757 little progress was made in America by the English arms, but in July, 1757, William Pitt became Prime Minister of Great Britain and all was changed. The discontent that had heretofore reigned in the colonists because they were in constant uncertainity as to the amount of military contributions they would be compelled to make and the object of the same, that were constantly being levied against them, ceased. Pitt understood the causes of America's discontent, and knew what to do.

It was now announced that while New England, New York and New Jersey were expected to assist in the northern portions of the country, Pennsylvania and the south would be looked to for aid in the conquest of the west. England would provide the arms, munitions, tents and equipment, and nothing would be required of the colonies, but to raise a portion of the troops, pay and clothe them, and that Parliament would be urged to reimburse those furnishing the funds. Relying on this promise, Pennsylvania went into the campaign of 1758 with great vigor, and raised 2700 men for the expedition against Fort Duquesne, the strongest French fort west of the Alleghany Mountains. This expedition was put in command of Brig. Gen. John Forbes, a Scotch officer of great merit. Col. Boquet, who had been sent south, was recalled with the Royal Americans and made second in command. The army consisted of 7,000 men, including 2,600 Virginians under Col. George Washington. By July 1, 1758, a large portion of these forces under Boquet had arrived at Fort Bedford. The Virginians under the command of Washington, then a colonel of the Virginia militia, were at Fort Cumberland, thirty miles south. Then arose the famous controversy between Boquet and Washington over the road that should be taken to Fort Duquesne. Washington urged the Braddock road, which had been constructed three years before and was followed by Braddock to the point of his disastrous defeat at Braddock's field, some ten miles from Fort Duquesne, while Bo-

quet took a decided stand for the building of a new road westward from Bedford by way of Fort Ligonier and Hannastown. Boquet dreaded the old ill-fated road. The details of this controversy, which are of record, cannot be recounted here. Letters are in existence reflecting upon Washington, which subsequent facts prove were unfair. Boquet, however, won the approval of Forbes, and succeeded in carrying his point, and the new road was built, known in history as the "Forbes Road," about the exact location of which at certain points considerable difference of opinion exists to this day. The partisans of the different roads were very strong in their contentions as to the various locations of this now famous road.

It was during this march through the wilderness from Bedford to Fort Ligonier, that Boquet first displayed his genius as an Indian fighter. He was tireless in drilling his men. It was said of him "that every afternoon he exercised his men in the woods and bushes in a manner of his own invention, which would be of great service in an engagement with the Indians."

It was also stated that he dreaded the moral effect, that would be produced upon his men by their association with the Braddock road, and especially of his ill-fated battlefield, upon which lay the bones of the unfortunate dead, and he afterwards attributed the success of the Forbes expedition, in a great part, to his adoption of the new route.

Finally on September 9, 1758, Washington came up from Wills Creek, now Cumberland, and joined Boquet at Bedford and the march over the mountains to Ligonier began.

The laying out of the road and the construction of Fort Ligonier were under the immediate direction of Boquet, although the selection of the site of Fort Ligonier and its exact plan was adopted at the suggestion of Washington. On these two officers the burden of managing and planning the campaign rested because General Forbes was so ill that he had to be carried on a litter. It would be unfair, however, to detract anything from the military ability of General Forbes, as he was a man of iron will, unconquerable energy and determination, and of superior military genius. He was carried to the end of the journey to Fort Pitt, and afterward back to Philadelphia, where he died in December, 1758, and was buried in chancel of Christ Church.

From Ligonier the expedition advanced against Fort Duquesne, constructing the Forbes Road by way of Loyalhanna Creek, crossing the same near Beatty Station, thence by Hannastown, following Brush Creek and Turtle Creek and entering Fort Duquesne November 25, 1758, which had been blown up and set on fire the day before by the French, and was a smoldering ruin when the troops entered in the evening of that day.

In a letter written from Fort Duquesne by Boquet, on the 25th of November, 1758, to Miss Annie Willing, he related that the French had burned to the ground and destroyed the houses and magazines, leaving no covering for himself and the troops that accompanied him, and added "the glory of our success must after God be allowed to our General, who from the beginning took those wise measures which deprived the French of their chief strength * * * His prudence in all measures in the numerous difficulties he had to overcome deserves the highest praise."

General Forbes immediately changed the name of Fort Duquesne to Fort Pitt in honor of William Pitt.

Boquet was left in command of Fort Pitt and began the reconstruction of the fort.

This part of Boquet's life is only given for the purpose of throwing light upon his subsequent success at Bushy Run, and I pass over his career until the beginning of 1763, when we find him in Philadelphia.

By Boquet's expedition two well established ways were opened across the Alleghany Mountains, the Forbes Road and the Braddock Road. Along these two established routes settlers began to pour over the mountains and into the fertile valleys adjacent to the headwaters of the Ohio. These settlers felled the forests and built permanent improvements and began to cultivate the land. Their coming drove away the game, and their settlements were permanent. The Indians began to perceive that these settlements meant the complete expulsion of the Indians from all that territory; that they could not live where the white men had driven away the game. The settlements along the Great Lakes were springing up as far west as Detroit, and the same changed conditions were rapidly taking place there, to their great astonishment and fear. Pontiac, the most sagacious Indian of his day, succeeded in uniting the western tribes in an attempt to drive out the white men from

all this vast region. His plan has been designated in history as "Pontiac's Conspiracy."

It was planned that the attack should be made on all the forts and settlers during the harvest season of 1763, when not only the settlers should be killed, but their crops destroyed, their houses burned, their forts captured, and the white race driven completely out of the country. It was even Pontiac's wish that they might be expelled from the continent. Pontiac was the principal chief of the Ottawas. He was the son of a chief. He possessed courage and eloquence in a preeminent degree. His commanding energy, and force of mind and craft, were superior to that of any savage of his time. He was to the Indians of his generation what Washington was to the Americans. At the time of the conspiracy he was about fifty years of age. He had commanded the Ottawas at the attack upon Braddock, and had gained thereby an enviable reputation for bravery, strategy and skill, that made him easily the foremost Indian of his day. He succeeded not only in inducing the Ojibwas and Pottawattomas, who were friendly to his tribe, by the Wyandots, Senecas and Delawares and several other tribes, fourteen in all, to become parties to his common warfare against the white man. The attack upon the settlers was so well planned, and so perfectly executed that they were not prepared to defend against it. His principal assistant was Guyasutha, a chief of the Senecas. Pontiac had charge of the attack upon Detroit, the strongest English post in the west, and Guyasutha led the attack on Fort Pitt. Had not Pontiac's treachery been disclosed to Captain Gladwyn, the commander of the fort at Detroit, by a young Indian maid with whom he had an acquaintance, and who had acquired a warm attachment for him, Detroit doubtless would have been captured.

On the morning of May 9, 1763, Pontiac began his attack upon Fort Detroit. Every inhabitant found outside of the fort was murdered in cold blood, and at the same time all along the frontier of Pennsylvania, from the Great Lakes to the southern boundary of Virginia, the Indians laid siege to every fort and murdered every settler. Fully 600 Indians were under the command of Pontiac, in his attack upon Fort Detroit. He was aided in this attack by Canadians, who not only counselled and advised, but furnished the warriors under Pontiac with food and provisions.

On May 4, 1763, Simeon Ecuyer, a brave officer of the same nationality as Boquet, was in command of Fort Pitt. That day he sent a letter to Major Gladwyn, advising him that the fort was surrounded by Indians; and on the 27th the attack began on that fort. Ecuyer succeeded in writing a letter to Boquet the same day, in which he said: "My garrison consists of 330 men all counted, 104 women, 106 children, total 540 mouths, of whom 420 receive provisions from the king." He added: "We are so crowded in the fort that I fear disease and in spite of every care I cannot keep the place as clean as I should like. Besides the smallpox is among us; and I have therefore caused a hospital to be built under the drawbridge, out of range of musket shot. * * * I am determined to hold my post, spare my men, and never expose them without necessity. This, I think, is what you require of me."

Every fortified post established or held by the English, except Detroit, Fort Pitt and Ligonier, were captured by the Indians, and the troops with rare exceptions were murdered. Le Boeuf, Venango, Presque Isle, La Bay upon Lake Michigan, St. Josephs upon the river of that name, Miamis upon the Miamis River, Ouchtanon upon the Ouabache, Sandusky and Michilimackinac had all been captured, and Ligonier and Fort Pitt were entirely cut off from communication with the rest of the world. The settlers were driven from their homes as far east as Carlisle. Their houses were burned, their stock driven away and killed, their crops destroyed. It seemed as if all the white settlers were doomed to be driven back across the Susquehanna, if not ultimately across the Delaware. The success had so emboldened the Indians, and disheartened the settlers, that nothing appeared to stand between them and utter extermination. Some were murdered in cold blood, others were burned; the most cruel, relentless and revengeful punishment was visited upon all.

The cruelty of this campaign was carried to such an extent that some of the prisoners captured near Detroit were eaten by the Indians at a form of war feast as a superstitious rite, as they considered that this would increase their courage and hardihood. Such were the terrible conditions of the white settlers in Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia when Col. Boquet was summoned by Sir Jeffrey Amherst, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in

North America, to organize the expedition against the Indians and to rescue Fort Ligonier and Fort Pitt. At that time the Commander-in-Chief was almost without an army. All the armed forces from Canada had been sent home. Nothing remained but to gather the scattered regiments together that had lately arrived from the West Indies and were sick and diseased from service in the tropics.

Boquet was at this time colonel of the First Battalion of Royal Americans, and had his headquarters in Philadelphia. He had a fine knowledge of Indian warfare. His experience with Forbes had made him easily the foremost Indian fighter of his day.

Sir Jeffrey Amherst possessed some of the traits of Braddock; stern, obstinate and phlegmatic, he refused to believe that the Indian uprising was worthy of notice.

On June 4th Boquet received a letter from Captain Ecuyer, which portrayed graphically the real conditions that existed at that post, and told of the widespread desolation wrought by the Indians. Amherst, on the other hand, wrote a characteristic letter, in which he said, among other things: "Fort Pitt could never be in any danger from such a wretched enemy."

Boquet understood the peril of the situation, and advised the abandonment of the outlying posts at Venango and Le Boeuf, and the concentration of the forces at Fort Pitt. This Amherst refused to consider, taking the position that it would induce the Indians to think they were more formidable than they really were. Finally on June 25th Amherst wrote to Boquet that he had ordered the 42nd and a portion of the 77th Highlanders, consisting of 214 men, with their officers, to accompany him on an expedition against the Indians for the relief of Fort Pitt, adding: "Should the whole race of Indians take arms against us I can do no more." Boquet had by this time proceeded as far as Lancaster, and on receiving this letter replied from his encampment near Carlisle on July 3rd, advising his commander of the loss of Presque Isle, Le Boeuf and Venango. The correspondence shows that Amherst proposed the same tactics with the same arrogance that had characterized Braddock in his Indian warfare. It was at about this time that Amherst apparently awoke to the gravity of the situation and wrote to Boquet, advising him to inoculate the Indians with smallpox, by the use of blankets. This

seems to have brought the method of warfare within the range of the barbarous, cruel and outrageous methods used in the present war by the Germans. Boquet's reply to this suggestion of Amherst's seemed to discourage such cruel methods, but it is recorded that smallpox during the war did break out among the Indians who besieged Fort Pitt and decimated the Mingoes, Delawares and Shawanese to a frightful extent. When Boquet reached Carlisle he found every building and house in the little town crowded with families driven from their homes by the terror of the Indians; wives made widows, children made orphans, wailing in anguish and despair. On July 13th he reported to his commander that the list of people known to have been killed was increasing very fast, that the desolation of so many families reduced to the last extremity of want and misery, the despair of those who had lost their parents, relations and friends and children who filled the streets was indescribable. Boquet was full of anxiety for the safety of Fort Bedford, Fort Ligonier and Fort Pitt. Capt. Louis Qurrey was in command at Bedford, Capt. Archibald Blaine at Ligonier and Capt. Simeon Ecuyer at Fort Pitt. Qurrey had no garrison worthy the name, and yet the inhabitants for many miles around had gathered at the fort for protection. No word could be obtained from any of these forts. The fate that awaited them can well be imagined by what occurred at Venango. This fort was besieged by the Indians. A large body of Senecas gained an entrance under the pretense of friendship, fell upon the garrison, murdered all of them except Lieut. Gordon, who was burned over a slow fire for several successive nights until he died in great agony. They then set fire to the fort, burned it to the ground and departed. Not a man remained alive to tell the fate of Venango. An Indian who took part in this treachery disclosed it afterward.

Boquet began his march from Carlisle on July 10, 1763, leaving behind him a miserable crowd of refugees quartered around the fort, who were then in a half-starved condition. His little army was composed of the remnant of the 22nd and 77th Highlanders who had been weakened by service and disease. Sixty of them were too weak to walk and had to be transported on wagons. He drove with him 200 head of cattle and a 100 sheep for food, with a train of 350 pack-horses and a number of wagons bearing supplies for the re-

lief of Forts Ligonier and Pitt. His entire military force, however, did not include over 500 men counting those that were sick and those capable of service. To proceed meant new dangers for this little army of weary, worn and sick Highlanders unaccompanied by a single provincial soldier, marching away from the desolation that prevailed on the frontier at Carlisle and disappearing in the limitless forests to the west, uncertain as to whether they would ever reach their destination and rescue Forts Ligonier and Pitt.

Before them lay the great and unexplored forests infested with Indians. They knew that ahead of them was the battlefield on which Braddock and his soldiers had met defeat and where a greater number had been killed eight years before than their entire present force. They knew that every fort had either fallen or was besieged. They did not know that Ligonier and Fort Pitt were yet in the possession of the English. Furthermore they were unaccustomed to Indian warfare, and no man among them except their commander had the slightest conception of the stupendous task that confronted them. They arrived at Fort Bedford on the 25th of July and learned that 18 settlers had been murdered in the immediate neighborhood of the fort, and that all the settlers roundabout were gathered there for protection. Burned houses and desolation met them on every side. They discovered that Ligonier was besieged and that it was doubtful whether it could hold out until relief arrived.

Boquet also learned that no word had been received from Fort Pitt for weeks, other than that it was besieged. Here he secured thirty frontiersmen, who were driven in from their farms and who agreed to accompany his expedition as guides, the Highlanders being unable to penetrate the woods without becoming lost. This was the first colonial military aid furnished him on an expedition that was conspicuously for the relief of the settlers. Here he also learned that every messenger from Ligonier to Fort Pitt had either been murdered or driven back. He immediately selected thirty of the Highlanders, with guides, and ordered them to push forward with all speed, by unfrequented paths, to the relief of Ligonier. These men reached Ligonier the next day after running a gauntlet of Indian fire, much to the relief of Blaine, who was holding out against great odds. After several days' rest at Bedford, Boquet

himself pushed on for the relief of Ligonier and Fort Pitt. The road over the mountains had been roughly built by Forbes eight years before. It was difficult to move the wagons on account of the rocks, roots and deep washings in the road, but Boquet had aided in its construction, and knew every foot thoroughly.

The July sun was exceedingly hot and oppressive. The animals could scarcely be urged forward, but marching on with all energy and enthusiasm, the expedition reached Ligonier on August 2, 1763, and raised the siege.

I wish to pause long enough here to say that Fort Ligonier had been built near the site of an Indian village by Washington, assisted by Col. John Armstrong and Col. Boquet in 1758, and that part of Forbes' expedition had wintered there. It was garrisoned until the close of the Whisky Insurrection in 1794. It was attacked vigorously by the French and Indians just after the disastrous defeat of Major Grant at Grant's Hill, near Fort Duquesne, in 1758. It was besieged by the Indians in 1763 most ferociously when relieved by Boquet. Washington asserts under his own hand, that it was in a battle with the Indians at this place that he was in the greatest personal jeopardy in all of his long military career; and although the fort was several times attacked, assaulted and besieged, it never surrendered. It was the home of Gen. Arthur St. Clair, and is still the home of a patriotic, stirring, liberty-loving people. The Sons of the American Revolution have marked with a fitting tablet, erected in the public square at Ligonier, the historic events that occurred there, and modern travelers passing over the Lincoln Highway may read if they wish about its historic importance.

Boquet arrived at Ligonier on August 2nd and rested three days. The report that he received warned him that he was in danger of being ambushed, and that the condition of Fort Pitt was such that he should go forward with all speed. Hence he left all his wagons and heavy baggage at Ligonier, together with his sick and disabled men, and such equipage as would impede a rapid march to Fort Pitt, and moved forward with his army, now reduced to 500 men, a few cattle, with 340 pack horses to carry the baggage and provisions that he proposed to take with him. He pressed forward with great rapidity, the first day covering a distance of seventeen miles.

Boquet's familiarity with the road led him to plan carefully about crossing over the defiles at Turtle Creek, where the high hills and steep valleys rendered it a point formidable for attack from the Indians. He resolved to pass through this narrow valley by night. He well knew, however, that he could not attempt to do this at the close of a day of toil and severe marching, so he endeavored to reach Turtle Creek in the afternoon and rest there until dark and move forward in the night. At about 1 o'clock in the afternoon he reached Bushy Run, a branch of Brush Creek, and a halt was ordered. Sentinels were posted at different points around the camp and the troops were allowed to rest under the trees, seeking shade from the scorching sun of the hot August afternoon.

Scarcely had they lain down when a sudden volley of musketry in front made every man spring to his feet and reach for his rifle. In a few moments the savage war whoop sounded, and the rattle of musketry at different points warned the men that they were attacked from all sides by Indians. The advance line was quickly hurled back but the Highlanders formed in companies, and found it an easy matter to drive the Indians away. As soon as they charged the Indians fired from behind trees bushes and rocks, and disappeared. Charging now on one side and now on the other, the troops easily chased the Indians away, but as soon as they retired they were followed by the Indians who poured their fire upon the troops, who were now being formed in companies around the horses, baggage and cattle, that had been driven to the center of the camp. Boquet observed that the savages invariably recoiled before the bayonet and ordered a charge wherever the fire was hottest. In sections they steadily advanced at different points, and were always successful in driving the Indians back, but the ring of fire was elastic, springing back to its place the moment the pressure was removed. Thus they fought on hour after hour, and although the Highlanders carried every point upon which they charged, not the slightest ground was gained. The Indians continued fighting from behind trees and in ambush, following up their assailants as soon as they retired. Their assaults became fiercer and bolder and their rifle fire more deadly. Had Boquet held his troops massed, as Braddock had done seven years before, the conflict would soon have ended in the massacre of his entire

command, but he kept them constantly moving from point to point, and thus distracted the enemy, and suffered less loss than otherwise would have been the case. Still each charge was followed by the loss of some of those in his command, and as the commander looked around and saw how thickly the woods were strewn with his men, either dead or wounded, he grew more distressed, and longed, like Wellington at Waterloo, for the setting of the sun. He knew that his forces were rapidly melting away, and that by this method of warfare his defeat or utter annihilation was only a question of time. If he could hold on until dark he knew he would have a respite and time to form new plans. He was convinced that the Indians would not risk the charge of the bayonet in the night, which they held in even greater dread than in daylight. As the shadows began to fall and darkness came on, the girdle of hostile fire gradually slackened and finally ceased alltogether, and the silence was only broken by the moans and shrieks of the wounded. These were carefully gathered together and laid on blankets under the trees and surrounded by a barricade of bags of flour and baggage, while the dead were left unburied where they had fallen. The night that followed was a sad one for the weary troops and without fire to cheer their gloom they sank to rest upon their arms. The rapid march of seventeen miles, followed by seven hours of uninterrupted fighting had completely worn out the Highlanders, to whom all the scenes, as well as the fighting, were strange and new. Forming a circle around their convoy they stretched themselves on the ground, ready at the first alarm to spring to their feet and renew the conflict. Not a drop of water could be procured where they were compelled to encamp. This to those who were well was a terrible deprivation on that hot August night, but to the wounded, whose thirst was increased by their loss of blood, the torture was indescribable.

It was a night of anxious suspense and gloomy forebodings, and as Boquet sat and pondered on his prospects for the morrow, in the midst of the wounded, listening only to their shrieks and groans, thinking of the melancholy fate of Braddock near this spot seven years before, he was forced to the conclusion that his situation was perilous and perhaps hopeless. He could not advance, and clear the road in front at the point of the bayonet, without abandoning his

convoy and the wounded, while to stay and defend them was certain destruction. Whichever way he turned, defeat or disaster seemed inevitable. Still nothing further could be done but wait and see what the morning might bring forth.

It was during this time that he wrote a letter to Sir Jeffrey Amherst, that was discovered long afterward, which shows the characters of the man. I quote it in part:

"Whatever our fate may be I thought it necessary to give your Excellency this early information that you may at all events take such measures as you think proper with the Provinces, for their own safety, and the effectual relief of Fort Pitt, as in case of another engagement I fear insurmountable difficulties in protecting and transporting our provisions, being already so much weakened by the losses of this day in men and horses, besides the additional necessity of carrying the wounded, whose situation is truly deplorable.

"I cannot sufficiently acknowledge the assistance I have received from Major Campbell during this long action nor express my admiration of the cool and steady behavior of the troops, who did not fire a shot without orders, and drove the enemy from their posts with fixed bayonets. The conduct of the officers is much above my praises."

The short summer night, though long enough to the beleaguered force at length passed, and the gray light of dawn appeared above the tree tops. But before the shadows below had wholly disappeared, the loud tap of the drum brought the weary troops to their feet and the next moment the forest rang with the war whoop of the savages, who still surrounded the camp a few hundred feet distant. Rapidly flitting from tree to tree, they closed in on every side, and began to renew their fire on the besieged army. The Highlanders charged as before and forced them back. They disappeared behind the trees only to reappear and press harder on the opposite side, and the scenes of the day before were repeated again and again, and the savage rush was repelled by the steady charge of the bayonet. The Indians however, by skulking behind the trees, defeated every attempt to bring them into close conflict. By this method they avoided serious disaster to themselves, while the troops furnished a conspicuous mark. The destructive fire of the savages was easier to bear than the burning thirst that consumed the men. The long struggle of the previous afternoon followed by the hot night, had made their thirst most excruciating, and the struggle of the morning intensified it to such a degree that they were driven to madness,

and thought of victory only that they might obtain water.

Boquet stood in the midst of the field, keeping in touch with every movement. He surveyed the scene with a feeling of dread as he clearly saw that unless the nature of the conflict was changed, it could have but one termination. His little band was so decimated that soon the dead and wounded would outnumber the living. Each time that the companies returned from a successful charge their number was diminished, until their ranks began to assume the form of mere skeletons. The gloomy aspect of affairs was rendered still more hopeless by the apparent steady increase in numbers and boldness of the foes. After leaving the siege at Fort Pitt they had come here to the rescue of their savage friends, and furnished two strong warriors for every one that had been slain. The woods on every side was alive with shouting, yelling and screeching demons. Some of the Indians in broken English used insulting vulgarity and profanity, yelling from behind trees, taunting the troops and making the woods ring. Unable to move either backward or forward, on account of his convoy and his wounded, Boquet was perplexed and undecided as to what course he should take in his now desperate situation. The savages seeing his powerlessness grew bolder, pressed closer and closer until their bullets hit the horses, causing them to break away and run violently among the troops, and even out among the Indians. The drivers, unable to control them, sought shelter behind the trees and hid wherever they could. These signs of disorder Boquet knew, must sooner or later affect the morale of his troops and dishearten them. It was then that he rose to the situation, and displayed the ability, that distinguished him as a great military genius.

The ground occupied by the troops was a slight eminence heavily wooded on the top, where the convoy and wounded were collected. The Indians, attacking the camp on all sides at the same time, rendered this arrangement necessary. Two companies had been thrown out in the direction of Fort Pitt, where the struggle was fiercest. Boquet conceived the idea that if he could draw the Indians into a compact mass, and lead them to believe that they were charging to success, and then fall upon them with the bayonet, he could overwhelm and defeat them. To execute this military strategy he ordered two companies to fall back within the circle, and the companies that held either side to

deploy as skirmishers as if to close the gap opened by the retreat. The movement thus made would, he believed, be considered by the savages as the retreat of his whole army. Two other companies withdrawing were directed to fall back until by the movement they got under cover of the hill, where concealed, they were to wheel and quickly make a circuit in the woods and then fall on the flank of the savages by a bayonet charge, if, as Boquet supposed, the Indians would rush forward to attack the camp through the line of skirmishers. In the meantime he had moved two other companies to the opposite side and placed them in ambush on the other flank. The ruse succeeded, the Indians who observed the retreating movement and the skirmish line giving way, pressed forward and seeing that they had a clear front, rushed forward in great numbers. The few left to hold the line had gradually retired, until they had drawn their pursuers opposite the two companies that had marched back around the hill to attack them on the flank. The companies to the left, under Maj. Campbell, moved forward at double quick and came down from behind the hill upon the savages with a fierce bayonet charge. The Indians were completely taken by surprise. They wheeled and met the charge firmly and actually for a time halted the Highlanders. The other two companies on the right fired from the bushes an enfilading volley and charged forward with fixed bayonets. The Indians were dumbfounded and thrown into consternation, by being attacked on both flanks. They became terror stricken and fled, leaving on the battlefield sixty warriors dead, besides a large number of wounded whom they carried away with them. The charge was followed up by the troops with great vigor, and in a few moments, not an Indian was to be seen on that side of the camp. The Indians on the other side of the circle, seeing the slaughter of their companies, fled in consternation from the battlefield.

Thus ended the Battle of Bushy Run, fought on the 5th and 6th of August, 1763, and the road to Fort Pitt was open. It is singular that the only two severe battles fought around the two forts, Pitt and Detroit, in this war, should have had names so similar—Bushy Run and Bloody Run. They were alike however in name only, for in the latter the Indians defeated the English and Americans with great slaughter. Bushy Run was the first great victory won by the white man over the Indian. Parkman, describing it,

said: "The battle of Bushy Run was one of the best-contested actions ever fought between white men and Indians." How many dead and wounded Indians were carried off is unknown, but three chiefs lay dead at the point where the final charge occurred.

The victory did not come too soon, for Boquet found when he assembled his troops that out of less than 400 effective men who entered the battle, fifty had been killed outright, sixty wounded, many of whom died afterwards, being over one-fourth of his entire command. The camp on that August afternoon presented a sad appearance. Boquet surveyed the bloody and trampled field and felt that his little force had scarcely escaped a terrible doom. Over 100 of his brave Highlanders lay scattered around, some stretched in death, and others reclining against logs and trees, bleeding from their wounds. This loss prevented him from taking up his march and pressing forward to Fort Pitt. He was compelled to remain four days, during which time he dug graves under the trees for the dead, and constructed litters upon which to carry the wounded. The Indians he left to rot where they fell. On the fourth day he took up his march with the remnant of his little army, carrying the wounded with him, for the relief of Fort Pitt, where he arrived on August 9th. His arrival at Fort Pitt found the garrison on the verge of starvation. It is true that over the log enclosure the English flag was still flying, which was a welcome sight to the weary troops, and they in turn brought joy to the distressed garrison. It would have been impossible for Fort Pitt to hold out forty-eight hours longer, and had it fallen, dominion over the whole region from Bedford west would probably have been changed.

The importance of the battle of Bushy Run was far reaching. It established the dominion of England permanently throughout Western Pennsylvania, Virginia and Maryland. It cleared the forests of savage warfare and brought about a permanent peace. It completely disheartened the Indians, it broke up the coalition formed by Pontiac, and for the time being completely disheartened and discouraged the wily Guyasutha. In fact, it may be fairly stated, without exaggeration, judged by results, that it was the greatest victory ever won by white men over Indians.

As a result of this battle, Boquet, who always showed a fine grasp of every situation in which he was placed, followed up his success by marching the next year into the heart of the Indian Territory, as far as the Muskingum Valley in the present State of Ohio, and received from the Indians 206 white men, women and children who had been held in captivity, and made treaties with all the Indians that had been engaged in Pontiac's Conspiracy. This resulted in a permanent peace and established finally his reputation as not only a great soldier, but as the greatest diplomatic genius of our colonial period.

He returned to Fort Pitt, where he remained for some time, and then proceeded to Philadelphia, where he was signally honored by the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, as is shown by the following written testimonial, and his reply thereto:

"IN ASSEMBLY, JANUARY 15, 1765, A. M.

To the Honorable HENRY BOQUET, Esq.,
Commander-in-Chief of His MAJESTY'S Forces in the Southern Department of AMERICA:

The Address of the Representatives of the Freemen of the Province of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met:

SIR:

The representatives of the freemen of the Province of Pennsylvania, in general assembly met, being informed that you intend shortly to embark for England, and moved with a due sense of the important services you have rendered His Majesty, his northern colonies in general, and to this Province in particular, during our late wars with the French and barbarous Indians, in the remarkable victory over the savage enemy, united to oppose you, near Bushy Run, in August 1763, when on your march for the relief of Pittsburgh, owing, under God, to your intrepidy and superior skill in command, together with the bravery of your officers and little army; as also in your late march to the country of the savage nations, with the troops under your direction; thereby striking terror through the numerous Indian tribes around you; laying a foundation for a lasting as well as honourable peace with them, and rescuing, from savage captivity, upwards of two hundred of our Christian brethren, prisoners among them; these eminent services and your constant attention to the civil rights of His Majesty's subjects in this Province, demand, Sir, the grateful tribute of thanks from all good men; and therefore, we, the representatives of the freemen of Pennsylvania, unanimously for ourselves, and in behalf of all the people of this Province, do re-

turn you most sincere and hearty thanks for these your great services, wishing you a safe and pleasant voyage to England, with a kind and gracious reception from His Majesty.

Signed, by order of the House,

'JOSEPH FOX, Speaker.'"

Colonel Boquet's answer was as follows:

"To the Honourable the Representatives of the Freemen of the Province of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met:

Gentlemen:

With a heart impressed with the most lively sense of gratitude, I return you my humble and sincere thanks for the honour you have done me in your polite address of the 15th of January, transmitted me to New York by your speaker.

Next to the approbation of His Sacred Majesty, and my superior officers, nothing could afford me higher pleasure than your favourable opinion of my conduct in the discharge of those military commands with which I have been intrusted.

Gratitude as well as justice demand of me to acknowledge that the aids granted by the legislature of this Province and the constant assistance and support afforded me by the honourable the Governor and Commissioners in the late expedition, have enabled me to recover so many of His Majesty's subjects from a cruel captivity, and be the happy instrument of restoring them to freedom and liberty. To you, therefore, gentlemen, is the greater share of that merit due, which you are generously pleased on this occasion to impute to my services.

Your kind testimony of my constant attention to the civil rights of His Majesty's subjects in this Province, does me singular honour, and calls for the return of my warmest acknowledgments.

Permit me to take this public opportunity of doing justice to the officers of the regular and provincial troops and the volunteers who have served with me, by declaring that under Divine Providence the repeated successes of His Majesty's arms against a savage enemy are principally to be ascribed to their courage and resolution and to their perseverance under the severest hardships and fatigue.

I sincerely wish prosperity and happiness to the Province, and have the honour to be, with the greatest respect, Gentlemen,

Your Most obedient and most humble servant

HENRY BOQUET.

February 4, 1765."

The Assembly recommended Boquet to the king for promotion, but there was great doubt whether, as an alien, he was capable by law of holding higher rank. It was probably for this reason, that on March 3, 1765, he was naturalized by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, in accordance

with a late act of Parliament. Still he hardly hoped for promotion, as appears from the following letter to Benjamin Chew, the Attorney General of Pennsylvania, which must have been written some time in March of that year: "My good friend must be the first to know the unexpected favor said to have been conferred upon me by His Majesty, in appointing me Brigadier-General, as I have it not from authority, but by private letters of my friends, dated Feb. 13th, I would not choose any one but you to be acquainted with it." The good news was confirmed to everybody's satisfaction.

Boquet expected to be called to England, but he was ordered to Pensacola instead, to take command of the king's forces in the Southern Department of America. He arrived at this most unhealthy post on August 23, 1765, the deadliest season of the year. He there contracted yellow fever and on September 2nd was dead, "lamented by his friends and regretted universally." He sleeps in an unknown and unmarked grave in the vicinity of Pensacola. The battlefield upon which was accomplished an event that had such a portentious bearing upon our future, is also unmarked. The traveler who views the two farms over which the battle was fought will look in vain for any mark or monument to show the place or disclose the events that occurred there. Publicity should be given to the character of Boquet by a proper monument, as he was not only a great military genius and Indian fighter, but he also possessed good sense and diplomatic accumen to a remarkable degree. Indeed he is worthy of a splendid monument at the hands of the people of Western Pennsylvania, and the battlefield of Bushy Run should no longer go unmarked and uncommemorated. The time has arrived when this long neglected service should be performed and a suitable monument erected on the battlefield of Bushy Run that would alike commemorate that event and perpetuate the name and fame of Brig. Gen. Henry Boquet.

## List of Articles Presented to the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania

**144—Autograph-Album**

used by the late Mrs. Eliza Horner Gordon in 1851.

Presented by Miss Ilka M. Stotler.

**145—Toys**

Two dolls, cradle, table and chairs brought from Harrisburg by the late Mrs. Eliza Horner Gordon in 1852.

Presented by Miss Ilka M. Stotler.

**146—Frame**

containing the original address delivered on October 10th, 1918 on the occasion of the American Soldiers' entrance into the Fortress of Vaux, France,

Signed by the commander, and stamped with the seal of Fort De Vaux.

Presented by Dr. Jane Craven.

**147—List of Flags**

in vaules at Pennsylvania State Arsenal, belonging to organizations of Pennsylvania National Guard.

Presented by Thomas M. Montgomery,
State Librarian, Harrisburg, Penna.

**148—Ancient Spinning-Wheel**

used by the Dewalt family of Westmoreland County in 1720 in "growing their own flax, from which they spun their linens, and also made their blankets and woolen garments."

Loaned by Miss Grace I. Irwin.

**149—Frame**

containing a photographic reproduction of a map of Pittsburgh in 1795.

Presented by Mr. Samuel Bailey, Jr.

**150—Silk Tobacco Pouch**

belonging to General Longstreet, taken from his trunk, after the capture of his baggage train on the morning of the 6th of April, 1865. Captured by the 140th Reg. 1st Div. 2nd Army Corps, Captain William A. F. Stockton commanding.

Presented by Miss Alice Lathrop.

**151—Old English Meat Jack**

By request of the late Mrs. Heppie Wilkins Hamilton, this old English Meat-Jack which was brought from England to Pittsburgh by her parents in 1846, was presented to The Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania, by

Miss Mary Wilkins.

**152—Historic Cane**
made from a piece of wood taken from old Lafayette Hall birthplace of the Republican Party in Pittsburgh.
Presented by Mr. H. P. Dilworth

**153—Ancient Lantern**
used at Fort MacIntosh, in 1778.
Presented by the Misses Louise and Mary Dippold.

**154—Swift**
for carding flax, used by pioneer settlers in the Sewickley Valley in 1780.
Presented by the Misses Louise and Mary Dippold.

**155—Spinning Wheel**
used by pioneer settlers in the Sewickley Valley in 1780.
Presented by the Misses Louise and Mary Dippold.

**156—Cradle**
used by pioneer settlers in the Sewickley Valley in 1780.
Presented by the Misses Louise and Mary Dippold.

**157—Woolreeds**
used by pioneer settlers in the Sewickley Valley in 1780.
Presented by the Misses Louise and Mary Dippold.

**158—Old Wooden-Skates**
used by pioneer settlers in the Sewickley Valley in 1780.
Presented by the Misses Louise and Mary Dippold.

# NOTES AND QUERIES.

## CIVIL WAR LETTER

Miss Alice Lathrop has presented to the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania the following very interesting letter of Captain William A. F. Stockton, written the day after Lincoln's assassination and six days after Lee's surrender at Appomattox, from his camp near the place of surrender.

April 15th, 1865.

Hd. Qrs. 140th Reg.

Dear Cousin:

The 2nd Corps has just returned from Clover Hill, the scene of the surrender of the Confederate forces under Gen. Lee. We are now located at or near Burksville, Va., a small village at the junction of the Danville and Lynchburg R. R. We will refit and rest our wearied troops. The late campaign is characterized with many hardships and well earned conquests. The Soldiers of the rank and file have shown that they are equal to any force the Confederacy can bring to bear against them. I think I can safely and truly say, that we have seen the last ditch, in the old Dominion State. I cannot here, depict to you the great joy that was manifested, when it became known that the enemy was hemmed round, on all sides. We did not expect a surrender, but on the contrary, a bloody engagement. On the eventful morning of the 9th of April, as usual the 140th P. V. was ordered to deploy as skirmishers and advance upon the enemy. I had advanced my line almost two miles, when I found the Confederate pickets posted on the side of a sloping hill, not far distant from Fairfax Court-House, (Appomattox). The soldiers opened fire upon the enemy and drove them to their works. While advancing I met a flag of truce from the Confederates, which caused me to order a halt on my whole line. I immediately sent for General Miles, Commander of our Division, who sent for General Humphreys, who sent for General Meade, who sent for General Grant. General Grant in about one half hour from the time the flag of truce made its first appearance rode to the front, and met General R. E. Lee, about one hundred yards in front of my lines. I am proud to say that the 140th Reg. entertained the flag of truce that surrendered the long vaunted army of the Confederacy under General Lee. And again let me repeat to you here, that the last gun fired in front of the Old-Iron-Second Corps, was aimed by the 140th Reg. For two days and nights, by order of Gen. Humphreys, we occupied the post of honors as the last skirmishers, and then the great guard between the two armies. Being in Command of my Regiment this afforded me many privileges of visiting the Confederates in their camps and talking to them personally, conspicuous among whom were Generals Lee, Heth, Longstreet, Mahone, Perry and Pickett. And let me say that General Lee is one of the most commanding and fine looking General Officers that I have ever seen and I do not wonder at the Confederate troops loving and idolizing him; he is so very kind and just.

On the 6th of this month our Brigade captured Gen's Longstreet and Mahone's baggage-train, and as usual, our Regiment being on the skirmish line, had of course first chance to plunder the baggage. I jumped into Gen. Longstreet's wagon and took possession of his trunk, the effects of which I have in store for future curiosity. I have also

his tobacco-pouch, presented to him by some lady in Richmond, this I would love very much to send to you.

There is a very queer rumor in the army this evening that President Lincoln is dead, and that he was assassinated in Ford's Theatre by some masked men, also that Secretary Seward was also killed and Vice President Johnson. We do not place any credence in the report and believe it to be one of the army hoaxes, so often floating in the air. The paper I write this letter to you on, is some of the paper I took out of General Longstreet's portfolio, and when you know I write this letter on the lid of a cracker box, placed on my knees, you will make all allowance for my penmanship. Oh yes before I close this letter I must tell you that I had my horse shot under me in the engagement of the 11th Inst, and I know you will not think me egotistical, when I say that General Miles and Staff have recommended me for a Brevet.

The loss of the 140th since the commencement of the campaign is one hundred and twenty-eight in killed, wounded and taken prisoners.

Be sure and remember me very kindly to Grandmother and Mrs. Schoonmaker's family.

Your cousin,
Wm. A. F. S.

## EMERGENCY PASSPORT ISSUED DURING THE GREAT WAR.

Miss Ilka M. Stotler has sent the Society the following passport, formerly the property of Mrs. Eliza Horner Gordon.

"Embassy
of the
United States of America,
at No. 571
Vienna, Austria

I the undersigned, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of the United States of America hereby request all whom it may concern to permit Mrs. Eliza Horner Gordon, a Citizen of the United States safely and freely to pass, and in case of need to give her all lawful Aid and Protection.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Embassy of the United States at Vienna, Austria, the eleventh day of September, in the year of 1914, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and thirty-ninth

Signed
Frederic C. Penfield,
United States Ambassador."
Description and Signature of Bearer follows.

Obverse side of Passport

"*No. 648*
*Vista buono par*
*il Regno d'Italia*

Vienna, 22 Settembre, 1914

Italian seal and
coat of arms

*K. Reggente la Cancellerio*
*Consolare della R.*
*Ambassiata e Italia*"

# GIFTS AND LOANS

The Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania in its building at Bigelow Boulevard and Parkman Avenue, Pittsburgh, maintains a Museum for the preservation of relics, pictures and documents associated with the history of Western Pennsylvania and adjoining territory. Hundreds of articles, many of which constitute a priceless talisman in the annals of the country about the Forks of the Ohio, have been donated to the Society and are treasured in the Museum for the education of posterity.

Constant additions are being made to these gifts and the Society especially desires that all persons interested in preserving relics and documents relating to the history of Western Pennsylvania take advantage of the opportunity for safeguarding them in the custodianship of this organization. Books and documents by Pennsylvania authors, and pictures, documents and articles that have belonged to eminent Pennsylvanians of the western counties of the State are solicited. Acknowledgment of donations and loans will be made in succeeding issues of the Historical Magazine.

Historical Hall is open for visitors each week day from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M., and on Sundays from 2 P. M. to 4 P. M. when access is had to the library and Museum.

Emma D. Poole, Librarian

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# WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY
THE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY OF
WESTERN
PENNSYLVANIA

OCTOBER, 1920

VOLUME 3 NUMBER 4

Entered as second-class matter October 1, 1918 at the Post Office at Pittsburgh, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879

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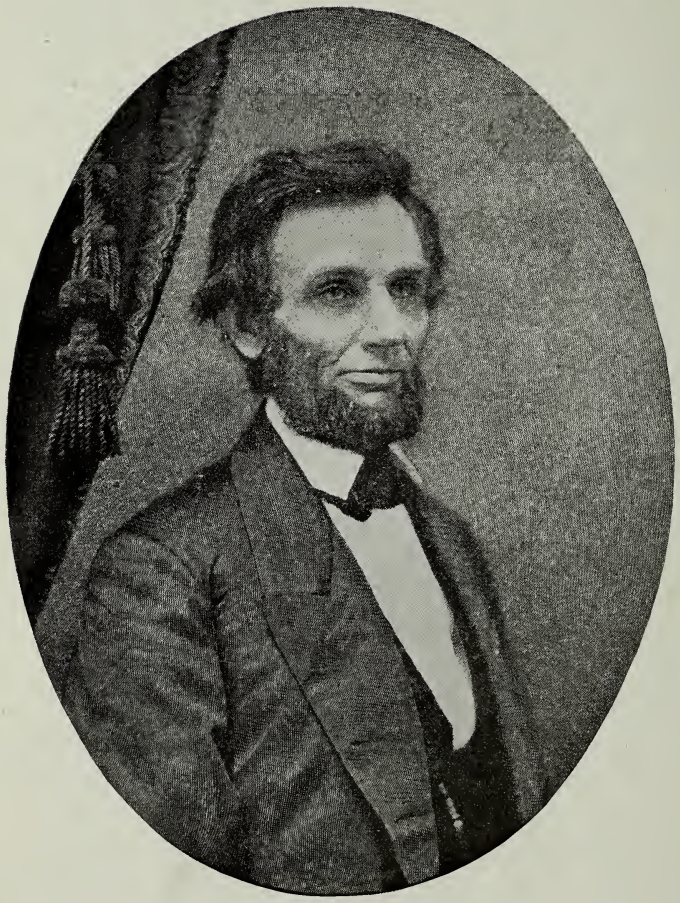


ABRAHAM LINCOLN

At the time of his appearance in Pittsburgh

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

Vol. 3, No. 4 OCTOBER, 1920 Price 75 Cents

# ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN PITTSBURGH AND THE BIRTH OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

By CHARLES W. DAHLINGER.

## CHAPTER I.

### LINCOLN AND THE CAUSES LEADING TO THE FORMATION OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

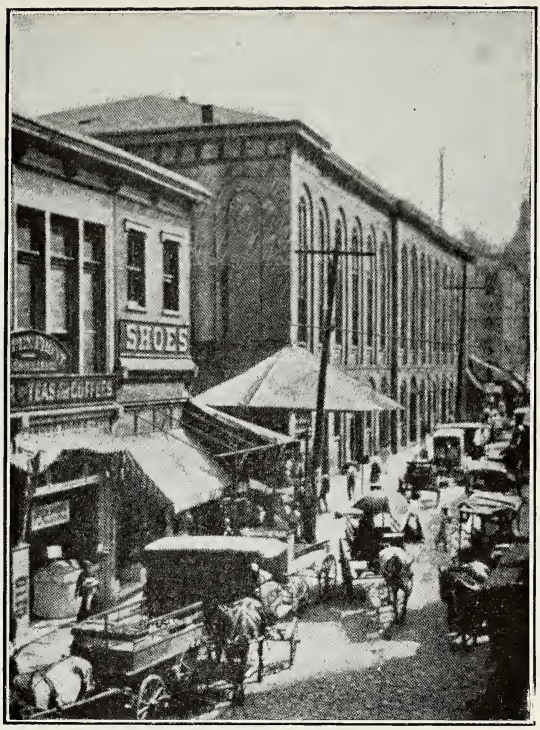
As Washington was the great overshadowing character in the early history of the United States, so Lincoln was the most prominent figure in its more recent years.

President Wilson is a word-painter of preeminent ability. His tribute to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, on the occasion of the presentation to the nation of the log-cabin birthplace of the first martyr-president, on September 4, 1916, is his masterpiece. He represents Lincoln as the ideal democrat of American civilization. He crystalizes in the most expressive phrases, the opinion of Lincoln entertained by the world. He calls him a genius and tells us that genius is no snob, and that genius "does not run after titles or seek by preference the high circles of so-

*THE WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL MAGAZINE* is published quarterly, in January, April, July and October, by the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania, Bigelow Boulevard and Parkman Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. It is mailed free to all members of the Society. Members may obtain additional copies at 50 cents each; to others the charge is 75 cents. To public libraries, universities, colleges, historical and other similar societies the annual subscription rate is $2.00. The annual dues of the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania are $3.00, and should be sent to John E. Potter, Treasurer, Fourth Avenue and Grant Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

ciety;" that genius "affects humble company as well as great." Lincoln in President Wilson's opinion, was "one of the great sons of men;" he tells us that "he had a great heart that seemed to comprehend all mankind in its catholic and benignant sympathy;" that his "vision swept many horizons which those about him dreamed not of"—that his mind "comprehended what it had never seen, and understood the language of affairs with the ready ease of one to the manner born;" that he had a "nature which seemed in its varied richness to be the familiar of men of every way of life" (1).

It is this exalted opinion of Lincoln that has influenced men to worship at his shrine, to keep innumerable writers and speakers employed in glorifying his greatness. It has caused the states through which his ancestors passed, or in which they tarried in their various migrations, to point to those facts. The sentiment has even produced a controversy as to the nationality of Abraham Lincoln's ancestral stock. Because his grandfather, who was also named Abraham, was born in the Pennsylvania-German county of Berks, and a land warrant was issued to him by the state of Virginia in the German-sounding name of Linkhorn, the survey to which he signed in the same way, a writer has claimed that the family is of German origin (2). This deduction induced certain persons interested in the history of the Lincoln family to investigate the question, the result being a volume in which the claim that Abraham Lincoln was of German origin is strongly refuted (3). This reverence for Lincoln has caused every city, town, village and rural community in which he once lived or visited, to point to the fact, and to enshrine the places where he sojourned. It is for this reason that Pittsburgh loves to recall, that Lincoln once honored the city by being its guest—twice it was believed for many years. The first visit said to have been made by Lincoln was in 1856. It is said that he was in Pittsburgh in attendance at the Republican convention held here in 1856, on Washington's birthday, February 22nd, and the day following. The belief was founded on a statement printed in the *Daily Pittsburgh Gazette* of February 22, 1856, announcing as one of the early arrivals, "Hon. A. Lincoln" and setting forth that he had




PITTSBURGH CITY HALL, WHERE THE REPUBLICAN PARTY OF PENNSYLVANIA WAS ORGANIZED.

It stood on the eastern half of the Diamond, and was torn down in the summer of 1914, to make way for the market house now occupying the site.

MONONGAHELA HOUSE

attended the preliminary meeting held in the Monongahela House on the evening of February 21st. This account was followed in Erasmus Wilson's admirable "Standard History of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania," published in 1898.

Both accounts are clearly in error. It is true that Lincoln was expected to attend the convention (4), but affairs in his home state evidently kept him away. On February 22, 1856, Lincoln was in Decatur, Illinois, where certain newspaper editors were meeting to consolidate the Anti-Nebraska forces (5), and on whose recommendation a state convention was held at Bloomington on May 29th, following, which organized the Republican party in Illinois. There can be hardly any doubt that Lincoln had been communicated with and was invited to attend the Pittsburgh convention. The statement in the *Daily Pittsburgh Gazette* that he was in attendance would hardly have been printed had this not been the case. Then the Decatur conference was broached to him and he decided to remain in his own state, and watch events there. It is extremely probable also that the Decatur conference was suggested by the appearance of the call for the Pittsburgh convention. This contention is the more plausible when it is borne in mind that the *Chicago Tribune*, which was represented in the Decatur conference, had its editor, J. C. Vaughan, in attendance at the Pittsburgh convention. It may even be a fact that the originator of the Pittsburgh convention was in communication with the Illinois editors, and advised them to hold their conference for the purpose of organizing the Republican party in that state.

It was the opposition to the extension of negro slavery that brought about the Pittsburgh convention. Negro slavery had been introduced into the Colonies as early as the year 1619, two years after Jamestown was settled, when twenty negroes were brought there on a Dutch vessel (6). From that time forward, fostered by the English government, negro slaves were brought into all of the Colonies, mainly on English ships, although there were also New Englanders who exchanged their rum for negroes on the coast of Africa (7).

At the outbreak of the American Revolution the number of negro slaves in the Colonies was about half a million (8). The leaders in the new government, Washington,

Franklin, Jefferson, Madison, Jay, Hamilton, Patrick Henry, although some of them were slaveholders, all regarded slavery as a great evil. Their struggle with England was for "Freedom" and their idealistic theories could not be reconciled with the existence of slavery under the government which they had just established. The altruistic impulse, however, was not strong enough to overcome the spirit of self interest prevalent in a large part of the country (9). An eminent foreign historian (10), without bias in favor of either the slaveholders or the non-slaveholders of the United States, has summed up the sentiments of the former toward slavery in the following language:

"The negro had been long looked upon, uprightly and honestly, as an animal. There was no consciousness whatever that any injustice had been done him. When conscience began slowly to assert itself, it was quieted by the argument that bringing heathen doomed to hell to America made the blessings of Christianity attainable to them. A sluggish faith could content itself with this lie since it harmonized with worldly interests."

In the Northern states the conservative people awakened early to the great wrong of negro slavery. By the year 1800 all of them had passed laws abolishing slavery, in some states immediately, in others after a period of years. Henry Watterson commented sarcastically on the movement: "The North, which brought the Africans here in its ships, finding slave labor unprofitable, sold its slaves to the South at a good price and turned pious" (11). By act of Congress of March 2, 1807, the importation of slaves into the country was prohibited from January 1, 1808 (12). But slaves continued to be smuggled into the United States, it being estimated that in some years the number was from thirteen to fifteen thousand (13). The illicit trade continued until the slave trade was on May 15, 1820, declared by Congress to be piracy (14).

In the North slavery had become a moral question, in the South an economic and political one. The North was opposed to the further extension of slavery, particularly into the new territories and states as they were created, the South favored their admission as slave territories or states. In 1820 a line of demarcation was created between slave and free territory by the passage by Congress of the

Missouri Compromise bill, approved on March 6th. The slave power was not satisfied; the country was ever expanding into the fertile West and the slave-owners desired a share of the new lands; but they must take their slaves with them. With the assistance of Northern politicians they procured the passage by Congress of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, approved May 30, 1854 (15), which provided for the organization of the territories of Kansas and Nebraska, and left to the decision of the residents of the states and territories, the question of permitting slavery within their respective borders (16). The law repealed the Missouri Compromise and was responsible for the organization of the Republican party.

In the non-slaveholding states the agitation against the extension of slavery now increased ten fold. The revolt spread into every state, county, city and hamlet in the North. Here and there the forces of opposition, including those who believed in the abolition of slavery, coalesced, calling themselves the Anti-Nebraska party, and went actively campaigning against both the Whig and Democratic parties. And at one of the local meetings of these persons it was decided to substitute the word "Republican" for "Anti-Nebraska" as a party designation, and the decision was received with enthusiasm wherever the new revolution had taken root. The name Republican was a name dear to all Americans from the time when the monarchical yoke of England was shaken off. It was a name to conjure with. It was equally as attractive as the word Democrat, the name under which the old Republican party of Jefferson had been winning campaigns for lo these many years. It was even more alluring to the swarms of foreign refugees from Germany, Hungary, Italy, France, who had come to the United States after seeing their hopes of establishing republics in their old homes blasted, by the failure of the revolutionary movements in which they had taken part. And when Horace Greeley, the high priest of the Anti-Nebraska movement, approved of the name Republican in his paper, the *New York Tribune*, in its issue of June 24, 1854, the isolated particles became ready for consolidation into a national party.

There were detached movements in that direction, beginning a few weeks after the passage of the obnoxious Kansas-Nebraska law, with the convention at Jackson, Mich-

igan, held on July 6, 1854, at which a full state ticket was nominated. There were soon Republican organizations of some sort in Maine, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, New Hampshire, Wisconsin. New political alignments were made. In the South the Whig party disintegrated, the members almost *en masse* attaching themselves to the Democratic party. In the North it was also soon disrupted, most of the members joining either the American or Know Nothing party, or the Free Soil party, and finally entering the Republican camp. Many Northern Democrats also joined the Republican party.

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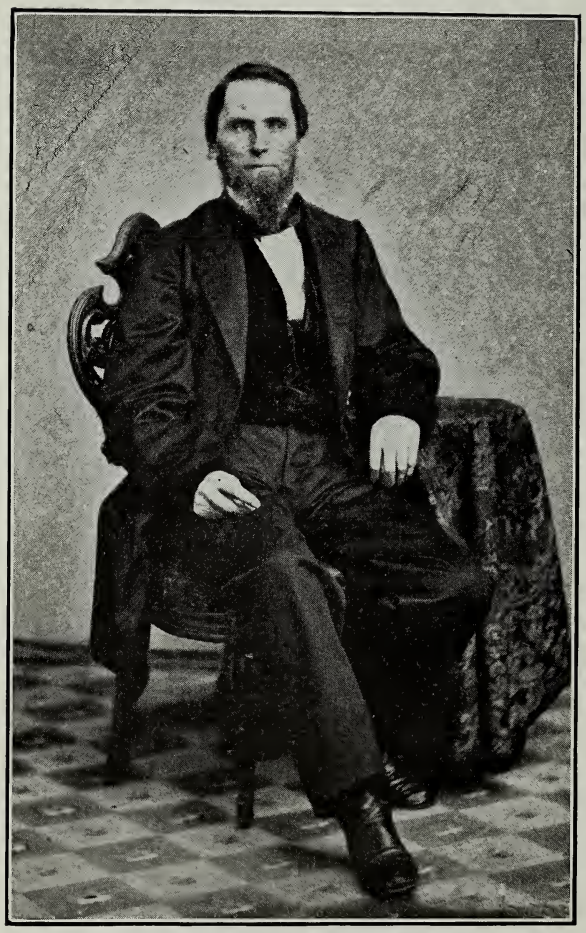


DAVID N. WHITE

**Father of the Republican Party of the United States.**

## CHAPTER II.

## THE PITTSBURGH CONVENTION OF 1856, AND ITS INFLUENCE ON LINCOLN'S CAREER.

The Republican party of the United States was born in Pittsburgh, and the father was David N. White, the proprietor and editor of the *Daily Pittsburgh Gazette* (1). In a letter written on December 26, 1878, to the editors of the *Commercial Gazette* of Pittsburgh he tells the story of its origin (2).

"The Whig party in Pennsylvania was dead,"—he wrote, and "the Democratic party was tied hand and foot to the triumphant car of the slave masters; * * there was not at that time any Republican organization in any county in Pennsylvania." In the summer of 1855 he resolved to organize the Republican party in Allegheny County and also in the state if possible. He drew up two calls, one for a county delegate convention and the other for a mass state convention. He interviewed the political leaders in the state personally on the subject, or wrote to them. These calls were published on August 8, 1855, and at various later dates in the *Daily Pittsburgh Gazette*, and although the calls requested other papers friendly to the conventions to copy the calls, the *Daily Pittsburgh Gazette* was the only newspaper to publish them (3). The call for the state convention was signed with fourteen names, by residents of thirteen counties, there being two signatures from Philadelphia; and Thaddeus Stevens of Lancaster County was the most distinguished name attached to the call. The convention met in Pittsburgh in City Hall, on September 5, 1855, and was largely attended; and Passmore Williamson of Philadelphia was nominated for Canal Commissioner. He was the secretary of an abolition society in Philadelphia and was then in prison for contempt of court in refusing to deliver upon order of court, runaway slaves. The suggestion of his name, according to Col. A. K. McClure, carried the convention off its feet "in a tempest of enthusiasm" (4). Delegates were elected to the Allegheny County convention from nearly every election district, a county ticket was nominated, and a county committee appointed. The Democrats carried both

the state and county in October, but a beginning had been made and an organization created.

The Republican party as a national organization, had its inception shortly after the October election. At the election in Ohio in October, 1855, Salmon P. Chase, who was afterward President Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury, was elected governor by the Anti-Nebraska party, and was specially attracted by the Republican movements in Pennsylvania. In November he came to Pittsburgh to confer with Mr. White in regard to organizing a national Republican party, the interview taking place in a room in the Monongahela House (5). In his letter to the *Commercial Gazette*, Mr. White relates what took place at the conference.

"He expressed himself surprised and delighted with the movement, which had originated in Pittsburgh and Pennsylvania, to unite together the scattered forces of the opponents to the dangerous encroachments of the slave power, and as a presidential election was to take place the next year, he wished to confer on the possibility of originating a national party on the same basis as our county and state Republican party, and as a sort of outgrowth of that movement. He was pleased that the initiative had been taken in Pennsylvania, a middle state, and a state not given to extreme views, and not easily aroused to resist aggression. He spoke of the propriety of preparing a call for a national mass convention to meet probably in Pittsburgh, and spoke of a gentleman of his own state who would take the trouble to procure signers, so as to give it a national significance. The result of the interview was the resolve to hold such a national convention."

On January 17, 1856, a call was issued for the convention, which was to be held in Pittsburgh on Washington's birthday, February 22nd (6), a day dear to all loyal Americans. The following is the call:

"To the Republicans of the United States:

"In accordance with what appears to be the general desire of the Republican party, and at the suggestion of a large portion of the Republican press, the undersigned, chairmen of the State Republican Committees of Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana and Wisconsin, hereby invite the Republicans of the Union to meet in informal convention, at Pittsburgh

on the 22d of February, 1856, for the purpose of perfecting the national organization, and providing for a national delegate convention of the Republican party, at some subsequent day to nominate candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, to be supported at the election in November, 1856.

A. P. STONE, of Ohio, LAWRENCE BRAINERD, of Vt.
J. Z. GOODRICH, of Mass. WILLIAM A. WHITE, of Wis.
DAVID WILMOT, of Penn. RUFUS HOSMER, of Mich."

The signatures of the chairmen of the Republican State Committees of Maine, New York and Indiana were not attached to the call, but representatives from all of those states were present at the convention. That the convention was held in Lafayette Hall on the day designated is well known (7).

On the day that the convention convened, the interior of the hall presented a gala appearance. The walls and ceiling were hung with flags, and on the stage were portraits of such political war horses, as David Wilmot, Joshua R. Giddings, the latter being present in person, and of the great commoner, Henry Clay. It was not what is known as a delegate convention, but was, as it was designated in the call, an informal mass convention, and everyone who was interested and desired to attend was welcome, and was called a delegate. The winter had been severe, snow had begun to fall on the preceding Christmas and the landscape was still covered with snow and ice (8). The few railroads in operation were new and travelers encountered many difficulties in going from place to place. Yet the convention was largely attended, there being about five hundred delegates present (9). Twenty-four states and two territories were represented, being all of the free states, and eight of the slaveholding states, namely, Maryland, Virginia, Delaware, Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee, North Carolina and Texas.

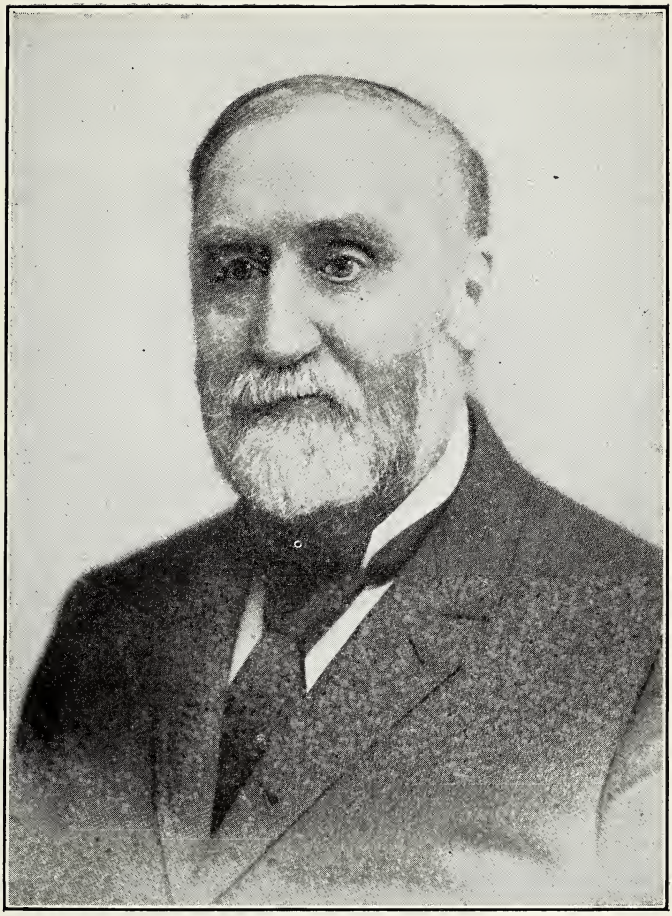
The convention was opened with a prayer by the Rev. Owen Lovejoy, a brother of Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy, who had been murdered by a pro-slavery mob in his home at Alton, Illinois, for his abolition views, and was called a martyr to the cause. Mr. Lovejoy's prayer was the most radical utterance in the convention. He asked God to remove the Buchanan administration from power, and thwart its unholy

designs upon the liberties of a free people. And unlike other prayers this one was received with rapturous applause (10).

The convention was shrewdly managed, and Francis P. Blair, formerly the editor of the *Washington Globe,* because he was a Southerner, and yet sincerely opposed to the extension of slavery, and had been a Democrat and friend of Andrew Jackson, was elected chairman, amid great enthusiasm. David N. White, the originator of the convention, had no official connection with it. As in his organization of the Republican party in Allegheny County and in the state of Pennsylvania, he remained in the background, except that he was a member of the Reception Committee. His associate editor on the *Daily Pittsburgh Gazette,* Russell Errett, was, however, one of the secretaries.

All classes, conditions and nationalities were represented. Congregated there were journalists, clergymen, lawyers, merchants, manufacturers, physicians, engineers, actors, workingmen. There were Democrats, Whigs, Americans, Free-soilers, Abolitionists. Some were politicians, but by far the larger number attended purely on account of the wrong of slavery. Russell Errett said it was a body noted for its exceptionally tall men (11). "The doorways of Lafayette Hall," he relates, "were made for smaller men, and I remember how two gentlemen, in passing through the committee room, bumped their heads severely against the top of the doorway, although bareheaded. They were all tall, splendidly formed men, and as big mentally as they looked to be physically."

Of the delegates of foreign birth the Germans were the most numerous, the Irish coming next. Carl G. Rümelin, the editor of the *Cincinnati Volksblatt,* represented the swarms of Germans, who having come to the United States after the collapse of the Revolutions of 1848 and 1849 in Germany, had just become citizens. He pledged his loyalty to the new party, but expressed disappointment at the convention not taking a stand against the discrimination entertained by many against persons of foreign birth. Horace Greeley, in the report to his paper, the *New York Tribune* commented on the speech, saying it was "among the most effective; that it was pointed and eloquent and was received with much applause." Russell Errett also



RUSSELL ERRETT

**One of the Secretaries of the Pittsburgh Republican National Convention of 1856**

commended the speech in strong terms (12). So impressed was he that he wrote in 1888: "After a lapse of thirty-two years his speech comes back to me almost as fresh as in its first delivery." Malone Raymond of Pennsylvania, the Irish comedian, represented the Irish citizens. Horace Greeley, in a white coat, his broad forehead seeming balder than ever, was a striking figure. Henry J. Raymond, the founder and editor of the *New York Times*, who was then Lieutenant Governor of New York, having been elected on the Anti-Nebraska ticket in 1854, was there, but did not take an open part in the proceedings. His work, however, was the most important accomplishment of the convention. Although not a member of the Committee on Address, he was the author of the luminous, Address to the people of the United States, which the convention afterward sent out (13). Zachariah Chandler of Michigan entertained the convention with anecdotes containing both wit and wisdom. Oliver P. Morton, who was a representative from Indiana, is remembered in Pittsburgh as he appeared in his old age —a helpless paralytic, seated on a chair and still making speeches in advocacy of the party which he helped to create. In the language of one of the speakers, the men in the convention were the "ice-breakers" in the cause of Republicanism.

The convention lasted two days. A National Executive Committee was appointed, and it was decided to hold a Republican National Convention for the nomination of candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States, to be held in Philadelphia on June 17, 1856. Again the sentimental side of the originators of the convention appeared, June 17th, being the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill. After adopting the, Address to the people of the United States, which presented a strong picture of the condition of the country, brought about by the hunger of the slave-owners for additional territory into which to expand, the convention adjourned, with nine rousing cheers.

The convention had attracted much attention in Pittsburgh. The newspapers, even the Democratic *Pittsburgh Daily Post*, devoted columns to accounts of its proceedings. There is a piquency about the accounts printed in this paper, which at the time no doubt caused resentment among the Republicans, but which today appear amusing. The ac-

count of the proceedings of the first day is headed:

"Black Republican Convention."

"Giddings, Greeley and the Smaller Lights on Hand."

"Passmore Williamson Exhibited."

In another part of the paper it is related that "Passmore Williamson was in the convention in the afternoon with his whiskers on." Speaking of the attendance the *Pittsburgh Daily Post* said: "Lafayette Hall will hold eight or nine hundred people. A thousand *may* crowd in, and perhaps that number were there in the evening. But there was at no time a demand made for a larger hall, although one three times as large could have been had within two squares." The *Pittsburgh Daily Dispatch* on the other hand said, that during the afternoon there were not less than a thousand present; and Horace Greeley in a telegram to his *Tribune* said "hundreds went away because it was not possible to gain admittance."

The local German newspaper, *Der Freiheits Freund*, declared for the new party because the paper was strongly opposed to the extension of slavery and slave chasing. It demanded, however, that a plank be inserted in its platform opposing discrimination against citizens of foreign birth. After the convention was over it expressed its dissatisfaction at the failure of that body to make some expression on that subject, which it designated "Know Nothingism." It advised its readers to support the Republican party, but at the same time told them to take part in the selection of delegates to the Philadelphia convention, and to only advocate the election of such men as were friendly to their interests. "If that convention does not do right," it went on, "then the Democratic party remains. The Germans will go with the party which helps them."

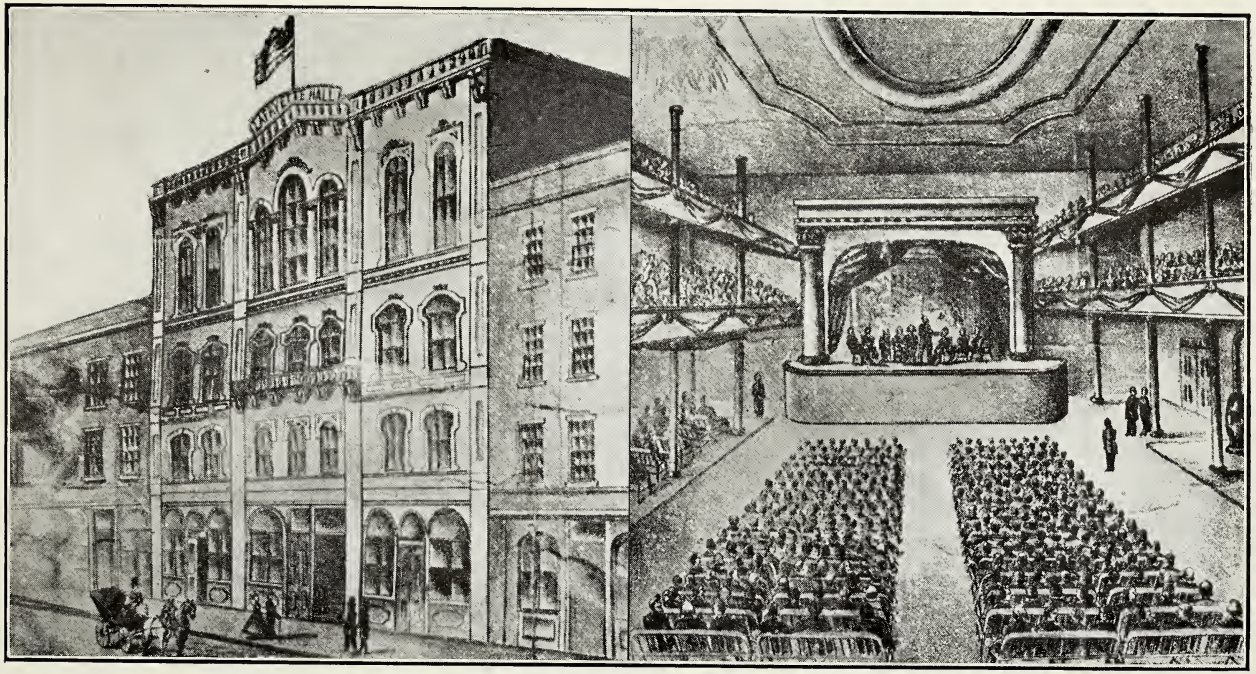
Many of the writers of United States history fail to mention the fact that the Republican party was born in Pittsburgh. Others do not attach the importance to the event that it merits. Even some of the historians of the Republican party do not refer to this fact, while others dismiss it with a bare mention. In no history, except a local one of limited circulation, is it set forth that David N. White was the father of the Republican party. Nowhere is Henry J. Raymond (called by his biographer the godfather of the Republican party), given the proper credit for

his work in preparing the, Address to the people of the United States (14). The influence which the convention exerted on the history of the United States should receive more attention from historians. Out of political chaos a great party was born which has many important achievements to its credit. The convention should also be commemorated for another reason. It caused a great awakening in Abraham Lincoln. It was after becoming familiar with what had been accomplished in Pittsburgh that Lincoln decided to renounce the obsolete party to which he had belonged since early manhood, and attach himself to the new party of idealism and progress, which had just been formed, an incident which started him on the career that finally led him to become the greatest statesman of his time. This should give Washington's birthday an added significance.

From a careful study of Lincoln's life for the first few months of 1856, it can be fairly deduced that it was the Pittsburgh convention that finally convinced him that it was the Republican party that would carry the country safely through the storm that was impending. Since the expiration of his term in Congress, which ended on March 4, 1849, Lincoln had devoted himself to the practice of the law and to a course of general education, even joining a class for the study of German. He took little part in politics, except that in 1852 he appeared on the Whig ticket as a candidate for presidential elector. He had been a life-long Whig, but always realized the sin of slavery and was opposed to its extension, but hesitated to leave the Whig party. The passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill caused a widespread feeling of indignation, and sounded the death-knell of that party. A live issue was now presented, and Lincoln emerged from his political retirement. The lure of politics was still strong within him, his old ambition for political preferment was reawakened, and he appeared on the stump denouncing the iniquity of the new legislation. In October, 1854, during the week of the State Fair at Springfield, Stephen A. Douglas, before an unprecedented concourse of people, made a speech defending his course in having the Kansas-Nebraska bill passed. The following day Lincoln answered him in a speech so profound, logical and convincing that those who heard it said it was unanswerable; and he fol-

lowed Douglas in his speaking tour through Illinois. Now he belonged to the Anti-Nebraska party. He was very conservative, and while the old parties were disintegrating he was not yet a Republican. By the time that the call for the Pittsburgh convention was sent out, he was nearly ready to take the decisive step and join the new party. But he was cautious, and regardful of his own interests, and at the Decatur conference he remained in the background, marking time, sizing up the situation, considering; and at the banquet in the evening after the conference was over, he failed to unbosom himself of his views on the formation of the new party. The details of the proceedings of the Pittsburgh convention became known. The whole country learned that men from far and near had been in attendance; that they were there in numbers; that they were men of high character; that the interests represented were diverse; that the enthusiasm displayed was intense. It was discovered that the speeches, and above all the, Address to the people of the United States, were conservative and full of wisdom.

It was now that Lincoln made up his mind. He realized that the new party was built on a broad foundation, that it was not one of those ephemeral excrescences which had arisen in the last dozen years, and had then died as suddenly as they were born. The new party was one that he could conscientiously enter; and it was a party that could win! For several months longer he remained brooding; then in the spring a call appeared for a Republican county convention to elect delegates to the state convention to be held at Bloomington on May 29th, and the paper contained Lincoln's signature. He had placed the seal of his approval on the proceedings of the Pittsburgh convention. The seed sown in Pittsburgh had begun to sprout and at the state convention in Illinois it bloomed, and Lincoln came out squarely for the Republican party and made a great speech. Hernden, his law partner, says that when making this speech he appeared to be inspired. For bringing Abraham Lincoln into the folds of the new party, if for no other reason, the Pittsburgh convention should be regarded as one of the great events of history.



REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION AT LAFAYETTE HALL
FEBRUARY 22nd and 23rd, 1856

From an old lithograph

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## CHAPTER III.

## LINCOLN VISITS PITTSBURGH ON HIS WAY TO BE INAUGURATED PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

On February 14, 1861, Abraham Lincoln visited Pittsburgh (1). He had now achieved the height of human greatness. Since those memorable two days of 1856 when the Republican party was born, and which had resulted in his receiving a vision, and he had taken the step that had led to his present preferment, his life had been one of extreme activity. His Bloomington speech had caused one of his enthusiastic Illinois supporters to nominate him for the Vice-Presidency at the Philadelphia convention, and he had received one hundred and ten votes, of which eleven came from Pennsylvania delegates. He was defeated, but busied himself making speeches for Fremont and Dayton, the candidates nominated by the convention, and headed the electoral ticket in Illinois. In the spring of 1857 the Supreme Court of the United States decided in the Dred Scott Case, that a negro could not sue in the United States Court, and that Congress could not prohibit slavery in the territories. In the North the flames of resentment rose higher than ever. Stephen A. Douglas, Lincoln's old antagonist, attempted to calm the storm in Illinois, and Lincoln answered him. The next year the election for United States Senator to succeed Douglas was to take place, and Lincoln was nominated by the Republican State Convention as the Republican candidate. Now began the series of debates between Lincoln and Douglas which have since become historic. Up and down the state the two men traveled, talking before great audiences, charging and answering and charging again. Lincoln had the best of the arguments, but lost the Senatorship.

But he had gained far more than the Senatorship. He had become well known not only in Illinois, but in other states as well. Before the Pittsburgh convention he had been scarcely heard of outside of Illinois. Now he was favorably spoken of in many Northern states. His friends began to talk to him about the Presidency in 1860. The Illinois newspapers commenced taking up the matter. At

the state convention of 1860, a storm of applause broke forth when two rails that were said to have been cut by Lincoln were brought in, attached to which was a streamer announcing him as the "Rail Candidate for President in 1860." He was nominated at Chicago. Again Pennsylvania helped him, this time with fifty-two votes on the second ballot, and the break to Lincoln had begun. On the third ballot he only lacked two and a half votes of the nomination, and in a moment four votes were changed in the Ohio delegation and he was nominated. A campaign followed, exciting as no political campaign had ever been. Also it was picturesque, and the Wide-Awakes in their glazed caps and capes, carrying lanterns, or blazing petroleum torches, paraded the streets. Badges containing pictures of Lincoln splitting rails, or engineering a flatboat, were worn on men's coat fronts. On November 6th, he was elected President of the United States.

Now he was on a triumphal tour to the seat of the national government of which he was to be the supreme head for four years. But that government was rapidly disintegrating, one after another the slave states were seceding, seven had already gone scowling out of the Union. The spectre of war had created in the entire North fear and foreboding, but had also stirred the people to an unprecedented degree of patriotism. Everywhere they were anxious to see the man who was to lead them through the expected period of doubt, and turmoil and dissension. And to accommodate the prevailing sentiment Lincoln was traveling by a circuitous route to Washington.

He left his home in Springfield on February 11th, and stopped at many places along the way, and to the clamor for a speech he generally made a few remarks, talking familiarly to the people who crowded about him. Everywhere he was received with the wildest demonstrations of enthusiasm; it was apparent that he was the idol of the people. The common people cheered for him because they loved to think of him as one of them. They called him familiarly "Abe," at least when they were in a crowd and at a distance. The others acclaimed him for his accomplishments, and on account of that which they thought he could do in the prevailing emergency.

His train reached Steubenville shortly after two o'clock

on Thursday afternoon, February 14th. It consisted of three passenger coaches and a baggage car, and was drawn by the locomotive "Comet" which had been decorated with flags. The first car was given over to excursionists, while the other two were occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, their son, Robert T. Lincoln, and the two younger Lincoln boys, by Mr. Lincoln's suite, by representatives of the leading newspapers of the country, and by a committee of Cleveland citizens who had been appointed to escort Lincoln to Cleveland, the next stop in his itinerary. At Rochester there came on board the train, the citizens committee of Pittsburgh, the committee of the Pennsylvania Legislature and the committee of Allegheny Councils, with Mayor Simon Drum at their head. Here it was learned that at Freedom, a few miles east of Rochester, the tender of the locomotive of a freight train going west, had broken an axle, and that the track was obstructed in consequence. A delay of nearly three hours resulted. A large crowd immediately gathered and shouted for the President-elect to come out of his car. And he complied, and came out on the rear platform, and as the people pushed up he shook hands, and chatted with them goodhumoredly and retired, and came out again and again. A teamster named Henry Dillon, who was known to be the tallest man in the vicinity, came up on the platform, shook hands with Lincoln and stretching himself to his full height exclaimed: "Why I am as tall as you are!"

He moved over to the side of the President-elect, and both Lincoln and he took off their hats and turned their backs to one another. Lincoln placed his hand on Dillon's head and it was apparent that he was two or three inches taller than Dillon. Lincoln laughed and turned round and said, amid the shouts and laughter of the assembled crowd (2), "Oh! I could eat salt off the top of your head."

In Pittsburgh extensive preparations had been made for Lincoln's reception. A citizens meeting had appointed a number of committees, including a large reception committee. Pittsburgh Councils had decided to proceed in a body to the railroad station on Federal Street, Allegheny, where the train was to come in, that being the eastern terminus of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad, over whose tracks the President-elect's train was to

arrive. Here they went to meet Lincoln and escort him to the Monongahela House, where he was to be quartered. Allegheny Councils had concluded to do likewise, and had also appointed the committee which met Lincoln's train at Rochester. Major Symington, the commandant at the United States Arsenal, had supplied two brass canon, with which salutes were to be fired, one being stationed on Boyd's Hill and the other on Seminary, now Monument Hill, in Allegheny, and also furnished the gun squad and the ammunition.

At an early hour the streets of the two cities began to assume a lively appearance. Strangers were crowding in from all over the county and from adjoining counties. Along the line of the route that Lincoln was expected to pass over the residents began decorating their houses with flags. In the afternoon many of the workshops shut down, stores were closed and a general suspension of business ensued. The special train bringing the President-elect was due to arrive at the Federal Street station at twenty minutes after five. At four o'clock the military under command of Brigadier General James S. Negley, consisting of the Pennsylvania Dragoons, the Jackson Independent Blues and the Washington Infantry, formed on Penn Street, now Penn Avenue. Shortly before five o'clock the order to march was given, and as the carriages containing the Councils of Pittsburgh and Allegheny, and the various committees, passed down St. Clair, now Federal Street, the military fell into line and escorted them to the Allegheny station.

The station was already so crowded that it was considered futile to attempt to clear it. The carriage in which Lincoln was to ride, was an open one, drawn by six horses, and as the weather was lowering, it was placed under the shelter of the platform of the station, and a file of soldiers stationed on each side, with the military staff and the brigade and division officers in front and rear; the dragoons kept guard outside. The other carriages were also either placed on the platform or around the depot. An impatient gathering filled the platform and blocked Federal Street in front of it. Rumors of the detention of the train passed through the crowd, but were disregarded until almost six o'clock. Then the people began to besiege the

telegraph office anxious for information in regard to the whereabouts of the train.

After six o'clock rumors of the train having passed Sewickley were circulated, and tended to keep the crowd from dispersing. As night gathered a light rain began to fall, and aided in driving away the women composing a large part of the crowd. Many, however, maintained their ground until the rain began to pour down in a heavy stream. In anticipation of a formal reception, the Allegheny Councilmen had collected within the narrow enclosure separating the tracks from the platform, and here most of them waited patiently.

At eight o'clock the guns on Boyd's Hill and Seminary Hill, commenced booming. The whistle and the puffing of the locomotive, and the ringing of the bell of the approaching train were heard, and in an instant all was bustle and excitement. A call was made for the military to clear the enclosure alongside of the track, and it was not until some time after the train had stopped that a narrow lane was opened from the train to the President-elect's carriage, and it was with the utmost difficutly that the military kept the crowd from closing up the narrow passage. On leaving the train Lincoln was welcomed to the city by Mayor Drum, who introduced him to a number of the persons collected there. Among them was John Morrison, who had been Mayor Drum's immediate predecessor in the office of mayor, and who was later to again serve in that capacity. He was there with several of his children, including his daughter Mary, aged about twelve years. Lincoln was attracted to the little girl and attempted to kiss her, but she shrank back declining this mark of interest, afterward telling her family that the reason she refused to be kissed by Lincoln was "because he was so very black" (3).

With his escort drawn up on either side, Lincoln made his way toward his carriage. As soon as the crowd saw in the light of the flickering gas-lamps, the towering form of the President-elect and Mrs. Lincoln, and his son, Robert T. Lincoln, and the two younger boys some distance behind, loud cries for a speech were heard, but Lincoln walked briskly and entered the carriage, followed by Mayor Drum. The cries intermingled with cheers, continuing, he arose, bowing, and declared good-humoredly,

that owing to the lateness of the hour, caused by the unavoidable delay, and the inauspiciousness of the weather, he would be unable to respond, but hoped to meet them in the morning in Pittsburgh, when he would have a few words to say to them. Cheer after cheer rent the air as Lincoln sat down, and the procession began to move. It was led by the military, their uniforms now bedraggled with rain and the mud of the street, the Pennsylvania Dragoons on the right, the President-elect's carriage and the other carriages following. Along the route in defiance of rain, many spectators still held their positions. The pavements along St. Clair, Market, Fifth, now Fifth Avenue, and Smithfield streets, were crowded, and everywhere the utmost enthusiasm was evidenced. In many of the stores and dwellings the windows were lighted, and here and there the darkness was illuminated by brilliant colored fires.

The beating of the drums and the strains of familiar airs were at last heard by the dense crowd that had assembled on Smithfield Street, in front of the Monongahela House, where they had been patiently waiting in the rain for three hours. The enthusiasm now manifested itself in a constant succession of cheers. Thousands of voices cried for Lincoln in all the familiar phrases of the campaign. So closely packed was the gathering that it was necessary for the military to clear a passage with their bayonets before Lincoln could enter the hotel. The vestibule, parlor and office were jammed with people. Here he was introduced to the mayor, George Wilson, who extended a cordial greeting. The crowd was so dense that Lincoln and his party had to be almost carried, before they could get up stairs into the private parlor that was reserved for them. The calls for him from the hall were incessant, and after listening to the uproar for a few minutes, he came out of the room and mounted a chair which had been placed for him at the door, and made a few remarks. He again referred to the detention of the train and the disagreeable weather. He stated that he had intended to address the citizens of Pennsylvania on a topic which nearly concerned their interests. Here some one cried out asking that he say something about Allegheny County. Allegheny County had given him a majority of ten thousand votes over his next highest competitor, and his eyes brightened as he

replied: "I have a great regard for Allegheny County. It is the banner county of the state, if not of the entire Union." At this a nimble-witted punster interjected the remark, "No *rail*ery, Abe," which was followed by laughter and tremendous applause from the crowd, and by shouts of: "Good for the Railsplitter!" and "Split another Rail!"

After quiet was restored Lincoln continued: "It rolled up a tremendous majority for what I at least consider a good cause. By a mere accident and not through any merit of mine, it happened that I was the representative of that cause and I acknowledge with all sincerity the high honor you have conferred upon me." As he dismounted from the chair, three rousing cheers were given for "Honest Abe."

Out on Smithfield Street in the darkness and the rain, the crowd now became impatient. From all sides came cries of "Lincoln!" "Lincoln!" "Come out and show yourself, Abe!" "Speech!" "Speech!" "Let us hear from the Railsplitter!"

As Lincoln finally came out on the balcony he was received with a storm of applause which lasted for several minutes. Heedless of the rain, hundreds lowered their umbrellas in order to be better able to see and to hear the President-elect. After the cheering was over, Lincoln began. He declared that he only appeared for the purpose of coming to an understanding as to the best manner of closing the scene for the night. He said he would postpone his further remarks until morning, adding "when we hope for more favorable weather; and I have made my appearance now only to afford you an opportunity of seeing as clearly as may be my beautiful countenance," and amid roars of laughter and cheering he said "Good Night!" his words being echoed back by the crowd in the street in one thunderous chorus. It was only on his return from the balcony that he joined his family and together they had supper.

Friday morning was again wet and dreary. The rain had fallen heavily during the preceding night and until eight o'clock, when it subsided somewhat. Mr. Lincoln had arisen early and until the time for his address, was occupied in receiving the members of Pittsburgh Councils and other callers. Promptly at half past eight he stepped out on the balcony (4). Down below on Smithfield Street from Water Street to Second Street, now Second Avenue, not-

withstanding the rain and the half liquid mud covering the street, an immense crowd had assembled. Viewed from the balcony the space seemed to be absolutely covered with umbrellas. The applause which greeted Lincoln was many times greater than on the evening before. *The Pittsburgh Evening Chronicle* of February 15, 1861, describes Lincoln as he appeared that morning on the balcony. "He wore a black dress suit, rather fashionably made, with large turn-down collar and black tie. A judiciously cultivated beard and whiskers hides the hollowness of his jaws to some extent, and takes away the prominence of the cheek bones, given him in engravings."

He was now formally welcomed in a speech by Mayor Wilson, and at its conclusion he launched out into his promised address. He thanked Mayor Wilson for his flattering reception, but stated that he knew it was not intended so much for himself as for the cause which he represented. He alluded to the distracted condition of the country, and admitted that it filled everyone with anxiety. His statement that, "Notwithstanding the troubles across the river (pointing southwardly across the Monongahela River and smiling), there is no crisis but an artificial one," was received with long continued applause.

He touched upon the question of a tariff for the protection of home industries, and added: "I must confess that I do not understand this subject in all its multiform bearings, but I promise you I will give it my closest attention and endeavor to comprehend it more fully." He dwelt upon the provisions of the Constitution by which the Executive might recommend measures, or veto such as he thought improper. He went on smiling, "It is supposed that he may add to these certain indirect influences to affect the action of Congress." Continuing in a serious manner he said: "My political education strongly inclines me against a very free use of any of these means by the Executive to control the legislation of the country." As he bowed on concluding, a tremendous wave of applause burst forth.

Lincoln had spoken longer than he intended, and it was almost nine o'clock when he closed his speech. The special train for Cleveland was scheduled to leave the Allegheny station at ten o'clock, and it was necessary to immediately arrange to get there. The halls adjacent to the parlors lead-

ing to the balcony were so densely crowded, that Lincoln could not move from his position until the military forced a passage, by means of which he reached the carriage, where with Mayor Wilson he was soon seated. In response to the loud cries of "Stand up!" "Stand up!" he arose in the carriage and bowed his acknowledgments again and again. The wildest demonstrations of applause followed from the assembled thousands.

Without waiting for General Negley to complete his arrangements for a military display, at Lincoln's urgent request the procession began to move away from the Monongahela House. It proceeded along Smithfield Street to Fourth Street, now Fourth Avenue, and up that thoroughfare to Grant Street and then hurried by the most direct route to the Allegheny station. But all the way to the station there were cheering multitudes, and Lincoln stood up in the carriage most of the time, bowing in reply to the enthusiastic plaudits of the crowd. At the Allegheny station the jam was far greater than when he arrived. The rain had ceased to fall, and old and young, male and female, crowded around the depot by thousands. The solid mass of humanity was almost impenetrable. General Negley by appealing to the people succeeded in getting Lincoln from the carriage, and the party reached the platform one by one in Indian file. In a few minutes the special train reached the station, and they embarked amid the shouts and cheers of the enthusiastic multitude.

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   *Pittsburgh Daily Post*, February 15, 1861.
   *Pittsburgh Daily Dispatch*, February 15 and 16, 1861.
   *Pittsburgh Evening Chronicle*, February 14, 1861.
2. Communicated to the writer by George W. Pusey, of Pittsburgh, who in 1861 was a boy attending Beaver College, at Beaver, and had come over to Rochester to see the President-elect as he passed through on his way to Pittsburgh.
3. Communicated to the writer by John A. Emery, Jr., of Pittsburg, the son of Mary Morrison, who afterward became the wife of John A. Emery.
4. NOTE.—When former President Theodore Roosevelt visited Pittsburgh on September 10, 1910, and made an address, he was supposed to do so from the same balcony on which Lincoln had spoken in 1861, but through some one's error he delivered his speech from the Water Street balcony.

## CHAPTER IV.

## DEATH OF LINCOLN.

The war was over. Utterly exhausted, Lee had surrendered. There was rejoicing all over the victorious North. Lent had passed and the people were anticipating the gladness of an Easter freed from the cares of war, when suddenly the telegraph flashed the startling news that Lincoln had been murdered. The people were stunned. Smiles and jubilation were changed to tears and lamentation, and a universal cry for vengeance went up.

The night of Good Friday, April 14, 1865, and the days following were days of distress in Pittsburgh. The local newspapers of the day paint a vivid panorama of the scenes in the city immediately succeeding the tragedy(1). The man for whom, four years before, they had made the greatest demonstration that Pittsburgh had ever seen, and who had grown immeasureably in their opinion since that time was dead! Political partisanship was forgotten; a foul crime, the murder of the chief magistrate of the country, the governor of all the people, only was remembered. The Democratic *Pittsburgh Daily Post*, in its issue of Saturday, April 15, 1865, said: "About two o'clock this morning we were startled by the awful announcement of the assassination of President Lincoln and Secretary Seward. We are so petrified at this terrible intelligence, that at this early hour in the morning we are unable to speak of its damnable enormity as it deserves."

On Saturday all the newspapers printed startling headlines announcing the event. At twenty-two minutes after seven o'clock in the morning, the President died, and this fact was soon known in Pittsburgh and in the entire country. At half past nine his death was announced in the District Court of Allegheny County, and the court adjourned. In the Common Pleas Court, and in the United States District Court, the announcement was made shortly afterward, and they also adjourned. At ten o'clock a meeting of the Allegheny County bar was held and a committee appointed to prepare suitable resolutions on the death of the President, and to arrange for a fitting demonstration by the bar.

The news of Lincoln's death traveled fast to all parts of the two cities. Men in the stores, the offices, the workshops, were soon informed of the calamity which had befallen the country. Women heard of it in their homes, and the more well-to-do hurried away wide-eyed and tearful for more news. The humbler women were busy with the cares of their children, their baking, and cleaning and brightening for the Easter joys of the next day. What anguish was in those women's eyes as they talked with their neighbors, their sleeves rolled up, the dough of the bread pans still on their hands, or their hands wet from the scrubbing of floors, from washing clothes, discussing Booth's deed; and they wept tears of bitterness, and their children wept with them.

At eleven o'clock, at a public meeting called by the mayor, James Lowrey, Jr., in Wilkins Hall on Fourth Street, it was decided that all business should be suspended until the following Tuesday, and that the people be asked to drape their houses in mourning. It was also suggested that the citizens meet in their respective houses of worship on Sunday and join in prayers for the safety of the country. The meeting then adjourned to meet again on the following Monday. It being the Sabbath of the Jews, their Synagogue on Hemlock, now Eighth Street, was early hung with crape, and Professor Josiah Cohen delivered an eloquent address on the character and achievements of Abraham Lincoln. Since that time Josiah Cohen has been for forty years, a distinguished member of the Allegheny County bar, and a popular judge of the Common Pleas Court for a dozen years more, and now is perhaps the only man living who took a prominent part in the proceedings of those dark days.

By common consent, as soon as the enormity of the calamity was realized, business was suspended. Even the banks closed their doors and the brokers ceased trading. The Theatre, and Trimbles Varieties, posted notices that they would not give performances in the evening. The dry goods stores were ransacked for mourning goods, and everywhere men were draping houses and stores, the newspaper offices being the first to don mourning garb. The *Pittsburgh Evening Chronicle* appeared with its columns heavily bordered in black; all over the two cities, as well as on the steamboats on the Allegheny and Monon-

gahela rivers, flags were placed at half mast. At the Fort Pitt Foundry, at the corner of Pike and O'Hara, now Twelfth Street, where many of the cannon used in the war had been manufactured, minute guns were fired; and the bells on the fire engine houses tolled in token of sorrow. In the evening a crowd went through the principal streets and forced such business houses as had not already done so, to close their establishments. However, except for a few drinking shops, this had already been done, and these were forced to at once cease doing business. A wizard show at Masonic Hall had defied public sentiment, and was giving a performance, but the crowd made a raid, turning out the lights, and driving the audience out into the street. On the Post Office steps an old man named, J. W. Bear, known in political circles as the "Old Buckeye Blacksmith," rehearsed the deeds of the dead President to a dense crowd who listened with tear-dimmed eyes. The streets were crowded with sad faces. Men talked of the terrible crime with bated breath and recalled, often with tears, the virtues and greatness of mind of the dead President. They lingered on Fifth Street until late in the day anxious for additional news. Nor did the rain, which had been indicated all day, and which toward evening began to fall, drive the people from the streets.

On Sunday all the churches displayed emblems of mourning. Their services were largely attended. It was Easter and the rejoicing that would otherwise have been in evidence after the self-denial of lent, had given way to deep sorrow. The ministers referred to the fact that on the previous Sunday there had been a religious jubilee because the four years of war were over, and contrasted it with the present gloom. All lauded the man who had been so suddenly called home, and talked of the retribution which awaited the criminals. In some churches the bitterness engendered by the war cropped out. The Rev. J. B. Clark, the pastor of the Second United Presbyterian Church of Allegheny, who had been the colonel of a volunteer regiment in the war, spoke of his disappointment at the terms of surrender granted to General Lee. He declared that "a good old lady" speaking of them had said to him: "If I had a flag I would have displayed it at half mast and draped it with mourning." At St. Paul's Cathedral the services were

peculiarly grand and solemn, and the attendance could not have been less than five thousand. The Rev. Father Hickey occupied the pulpit and delivered a sermon, extolling the virtues of Lincoln. The Smithfield Street German Evangelical Church was densely packed. The pastor, Rev. Carl Walther, who as a young student in Germany, had fought for liberty in the war against Napoleon, delivered a discourse that was listened to with intense interest.

On Monday the gloom deepened. All the newspapers, except the *Daily Pittsburgh Gazette*, appeared with heavily leaded columns, and that paper apologized for its failure to do so, by stating that owing to the circular form of its press and forms, it was not in its power to place the paper in mourning. The Allegheny County bar held the meeting arranged for on Saturday and adopted resolutions, and listened to addresses by its leaders. The adjourned meeting of citizens was held at two o'clock at the corner of Fifth and Smithfield streets in front of the Post Office. It had originally been decided to hold the meeting in Wilkins Hall, but it early became evident from the immense throngs which filled the streets, that no hall in the city could hold those who would desire to attend. Mayor Lowrey therefore caused the erection of a stand in front of the Post Office, around which the citizens gathered by thousands. As soon as the stand was completed, Dr. George McCook talked to the assembled crowd until the meeting was organized, by the selection of Mayor Lowrey as chairman. Dr. Allison of the *Presbyterian Banner* offered a prayer, and former governor, William F. Johnston, Thomas Williams, Gen. J. K. Moorhead and T. J. Bigham delivered addresses, and the resolutions previously prepared were adopted. In the evening a special meeting of Pittsburgh Councils was held and resolutions of regret enacted.

In Pittsburgh and Allegheny crape and black muslin were festooned from windows and over doors, and portraits of the dead President wreathed in crape were displayed in windows and on store fronts; and significant mottoes were distinguishing features of the day. The interior, and the outer walls of the churches bore symbols of mourning, and the court rooms and the public offices, national, county and city, were draped in black. Street vendors were selling small medallion pictures of Lincoln bound with crape or

black ribbon, which were being largely worn. A popular badge of mourning was a black bordered white silk ribbon containing the motto, "We Mourn Our Loss," and adorned with Lincoln's likeness, under which was the verse:

"Rest! Statesman; Rest!
Await the Almighty's will
Then rise unchanged
And be a statesman still."

Also veterans of the war appeared with their corps badges shrouded in crape. In many families any black material at hand had been pressed into service as a mourning device. Women's dresses and veils, and men's clothes were sacrificed and cut up and fashioned into streamers and fastened above doors or above or below windows. Many of the yard locomotives, and the locomotives on the trains centering in the city were clad in mourning.

On Tuesday Allegheny Councils held a joint meeting and adopted resolutions similar to those passed by Pittsburgh Councils. The leading streets were somber with mourning emblems. The scene along Water Street from the Monongahla House, where Lincoln had been an honored guest four years before, which was heavily draped in black, and displayed the stars and stripes, also enshrouded in crape, beggared description. The fronts of the houses all the way to the Point were covered with emblems of mourning, as were the steamers on the wharf. Wood Street for its entire length was draped, as was Market Street. The dry-goods store of J. W. Barker & Co., on Market Street was literally covered with black, and immediately over the front entrance was the motto, "We Mourn Our Loss." The appearance of Fifth Street was still more impressive. Black streamers were suspended from every store front, from every window. Flags tied with crape fluttered from every building, and across the street. On the store of Hugus and Hacke, in the center of the three large windows was suspended a likeness of the President, heavily draped with black material, and surmounted by an eagle having a small flag in its beak, the whole being surmounted by the American colors. Oliver McClintock and Company displayed a sign bearing the words: "First pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocracy."

The Post Office, Masonic Hall, the offices of the *Daily Pittsburgh Gazette*, the *Pittsburgh Commercial*, the *Pittsburgh Evening Chronicle*, the *Pittsburgh Daily Dispatch* and the *Pittsburgh Daily Post*, and The Theatre were all hung in black. The front of St. Paul's Cathedral was also draped, as was the Court House. Everywhere the portrait of Lincoln bordered in black was in evidence. On the front of the dwelling and store of George W. Weyman on Smithfield Street were the lines:

"Thick clouds around us seem to press,
The heart throbs quickly—then is still;
Father 'tis hard to say "Thy will
Be done!' in such an hour as this.
A martyr to the cause of man,
His blood is freedom's eucharist,
And in the world's great hero-list
His name shall lead the van."

The Smithfield Street German Evangelical Church had a profuse display of mourning. All the fire companies clothed their engine houses in black. Over the Vigilant engine house on Third Street, now Third Avenue, was the motto:

"Vigilant Mourns the Loss."

Woe to the man who dared utter a word approving of the crime, or say aught derogatory of Lincoln! In Birmingham, now part of the south side of the city, a milkman had just handed a woman customer a pitcher of milk, when she spoke regretfully of President Lincoln's assassination. He replied that "The son of a b— should have been killed four years ago." No sooner was the remark out of his mouth, than he received the pitcher and its contents in his face; and he was nearly killed by the infuriated crowd which collected, and was finally led with a rope around his neck to the Military Post on Smithfield Street. In a grocery store on Pennsylvania, now Fifth Avenue, near Pride Street, a man expressed pleasure at Lincoln's assassination, when a woman threw the bucket of yeast which she had purchased into his face, and he was obliged to fly for his life from the other customers in the store. A man was arrested and fined for tearing crape from houses on Penn Street and making slurring remarks about Lincoln. In a tannery in Duquesne Borough, now part of the north side of Pittsburgh, a workman

uttered sympathetic words for the Rebels, when the other workmen threw him into one of the vats, and his life was saved only by the interference of the proprietor. On Fifth Street a drunken fellow expressed joy of Lincoln's death, and he would have been hanged to the nearest lamp-post had he not been rescued by the police. The owner of a lager beer saloon on Penn Street was placed in the lockup for having expressed delight at the assassination.

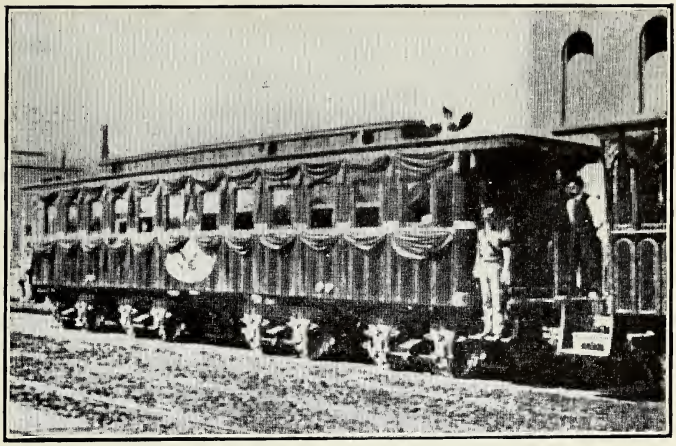
Lincoln's funeral service was held in Washington on Wednesday, April 19th. At the same hour services were being held in various churches in Pittsburgh and Allegheny in accordance with the wishes of the Acting Secretary of State. The burial was to be at Springfield, Illinois, and it was arranged that the body should be taken to its last resting place over the same route that Lincoln had traveled in February, 1861. This was afterward changed, and the funeral train went by way of Baltimore, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York and western cities. The funeral train left Washington early on Friday, April 21st, and after stopping at Baltimore, reached Harrisburg at eight o'clock in the evening. Here the train was met by the committee of Pittsburgh citizens appointed for that purpose. At twelve o'clock noon on Saturday, the funeral train bearing Lincoln's body left Harrisburg for Philadelphia; and on that day, as the train passed through the state, in pursuance of the proclamation of Governor Curtin, all business in Pittsburgh and Allegheny was suspended.

It was an imposing funeral train and consisted of nine cars, eight of which were furnished by the leading railroads over which the remains were to be transported. The ninth car, containing the body of the dead President, was known as the "President's car," and had been built by the national government for the convenience of President Lincoln in traveling over the United States Military Railroads. While the funeral train did not pass through Pittsburgh, the funeral car was there for some time, and for that reason it seems fitting to say something regarding it. It contained a parlor, sitting room and sleeping apartment. It was heavily draped within and without, the black color being relieved with white and black rosettes, and silver fringes and tassels.

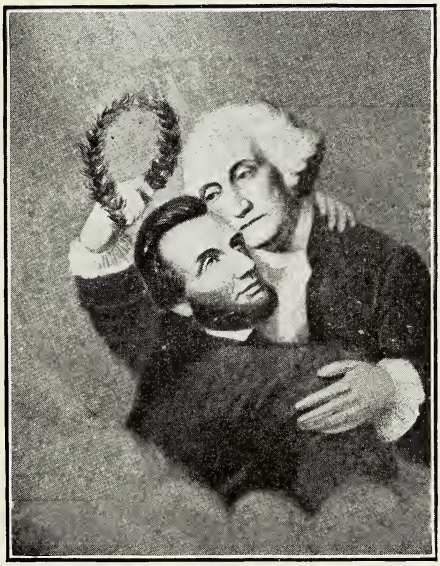
On the windows were black curtains, and the entire furniture was shrouded in that color. A plain stand covered with black cloth, was placed in the car, at one end, and on this the remains of the President rested. On a similar stand, at the other end of the car, was the coffin holding the remains of Willie Lincoln, the President's son, who had died in Washington, and which were to be buried at Springfield along with those of his father.

On Saturday, May 6, 1865, the party which had accompanied the funeral party to Springfield, arrived in Pittsburgh over the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad, on their return to Washington, and stopped over for a few hours. The funeral car came through with the train bringing the party and was immediately taken to the Outer Depot in Allegheny (2).

A life-long resident of Pittsburgh, who as a boy of seven, saw the car as it lay in the yard of the Outer Depot, describing it a number of years ago related that it was of a slate-gray color, and had a large eagle surmounting a red, white and blue shield painted on either side; that immediately after Lincoln's death, when it was decided to use it as the funeral car, it had been repainted. He declared that he did not remember how long the car remained in the yard, but that it seemed to him to have been there for weeks. As he went on with his story, the eyes of the relator became brighter, and he seemed to live over again the days of his early childhood. "At that time my father was employed by the railroad company, and he took me to see the car a number of times and told me its history, and talked to me about the dead statesman. With awe I stared at the spot which was pointed out as the place where the coffined body of the martyred President had lain on its catafalque. I imagined I could see the still form. I recall the reverence with which the railroad employees entered the car, hat in hand, and the low tones in which they conversed, as they stood about discussing the man on whose account they were there. Child that I was, I visited the car again and again, drawn thither by an irristible desire to stand inside of the enclosure hallowed by Lincoln's presence, in life and in death, and who I thought had been the greatest man who ever lived."



LINCOLN'S FUNERAL CAR



WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN
APOTHEOSIZED

**Copy of a print sold on the streets of Pittsburgh after Lincoln's assassination**

REFERENCES.

1. *Daily Pittsburgh Gazette*, April 15, 17, 18, 19, 21 and 22, 1865.
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2. *Daily Pittsburgh Gazette*, May 8, 1865.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

### A Tribute

The Civil War will always be of romantic interest. When it began John Brown had met his glorious death, albeit on the scaffold, but little more than a year before; and in the entire South the black man was being bought and sold as a chattel. The government had not yet entirely passed the formative stage. The country still had a western frontier, which was only a day's journey from Chicago. Heroism was above commercialism. Opinion was rapidly crystalizing against the further extension, and in favor of the entire abolition of human slavery. A new political party had been organized, whose object was to prevent the further extension of slavery; and with this party were allied all the men who were urging its complete abolition. In its search for a leader, to direct the destinies of the nation, this party, called to the presidency a young giant who had declared that the Union could not endure half slave and half free—that a house divided against itself could not stand—that slavery must ultimately be extinguished. Because he bore the name, that God himself had bestowed on the patriarch of the Jewish people, his utterances had a prophetic prescience. Heroic in mould he will always appear, as he emerges, laurel-crowned, out of the smoke, and dust and roar of the battles of the war, which his election precipitated.

We all love Lincoln because he was intensely human. He was truly great, but like all really great men, he had in his composition all the little elements which go to make up the ordinary man, such as we delight in thinking we are. Born in a rude Kentucky cabin, he was the son of an illiterate father, who was at once carpenter, cabinet-maker and farmer, and of a mother of innate refinement, who died when her boy was still very young. The father married again, and gave his son a stepmother of wisdom and strength, who made his life attractive, and inspired him to become the good and useful man whose memory we so delight to honor. There were few schools in those days in Indiana, to which state the boy was early taken, and the

education which he received from that source was extremely fragmentary. But he was eager to learn, and grasped at every opportunity of acquiring knowledge, in the intervals that could be spared from the work on his father's small farm. He read over and over again the few books that came in his way, but with the Bible, which was always at hand, he became more familiar than with any other form of literature; and in after life he made constant use of appropriate quotations from its pages. His stepmother however, has made the shrewd observation, that at this time, like many other boys, her stepson "sought more congenial books." He was thoughtful and observant, and matured early, and earned a few dollars here, and a few dollars there, by working for the neighbors, which money was always demanded, and scrupulously given to his father. His first large undertaking was when at nineteen years of age he helped navigate to New Orleans, a flat boat loaded with provisions. His receptive character was distinctly broadened by his experience in that large city. When the family moved again, this time into Illinois, Lincoln was twenty-one years old, and he helped his father to build his log house, and to clear the ten acre farm on which they had settled; and he split the rails to fence the land, a few of which were finally to be dramatically carried into the state convention at Bloomington in 1860, and which resulted in his nomination by the national convention at Chicago to the highest office in the gift of the people of the United States.

After he had seen the family well settled, Lincoln struck out for himself. He sought a wider field. The family environment was too narrow for his dominating spirit, although he was deeply attached to his relatives, and continued to assist them with money as long as he lived. All the time he was leading the wholesome out-door life of the back-woods. He was an adept in all the ordinary sports. He could throw farther, run faster, jump higher, shoot straighter than any of his companions. At the cock fights, which were still considered a civilized amusement, and the horse races, he became the chosen umpire. On occasions he has also been known to indulge in fist-fights, and the story of his fight with the bully of Gentryville, is still a legend, out in Indiana where it occurred. As a wrestler he was supreme, and the way in which he whipped Jack Armstrong, the lead-

er of the Clary Grove toughs in Illinois, raised him high in the estimation of the people among whom his lot was cast.

All his life he was intensely ambitious. He became a clerk in a store. When Black Hawk, the Indian chief, undertook to wage war on the settlers in the Rock River Valley in Illinois, Lincoln became, at twenty-three, a volunteer, and being already a leader of men, his comrades, in the company of mounted volunteers of which he was a member, elected him captain. He saw no fighting, except such fighting as the wild young fellows whom he commanded indulged in, among themselves. The only incident in this experience that stands out in relief, is the one which Lincoln often laughingly described. On one occasion he desired to march his company through an open gateway, but could not remember the proper word of command for changing the formation of the company to what he humorously called "endways," so he shouted: "This company is dismissed for two minutes, when it will fall in again on the other side of the gate!" On the disbanding of the company, he reenlisted in another company and served as a private for the remainer of the short-lived war.

He was early anxious for the political preferment, and on his return from the war, ran for the state Legislature, but was defeated. He conducted a grocery- store, in partnership with another man in New Salem, which had been paid for with notes. He read and studied; and the business did not prosper, and a tavern license was taken out. He was appointed postmaster of the village; and began reading law. He had no heart for selling groceries or liquors; he was a careless business man; and even the selling of liquors failed to make the enterprise profitable. He became deputy surveyor of the county in which he lived, and although he knew nothing whatever of surveying, he needed the money, which the proffered positions would pay him, and in six weeks, he had mastered the science of surveying sufficiently, to be able to do the work required of him. Now the grocery store was sold. Notes were taken in payment which the makers neglected to pay at maturity. Lincoln's debts, contracted in the purchase of the store, were large and being unable to meet them, he became insolvent. For almost five years he continued to be a surveyor, all the while taking part in politics, and enlarging his acquaintanceship, and was now twice

elected to the Legislature. A love romance came into his life, and for him ended in darkness and gloom; and when Ann Rutledge, his loved one, died, in his dispair, he declared that his "heart was buried" in the grave with her. But he was young and vigorous in body and mind, and his ambition swept him past this dark place in his path, and he went on in his fight for recognition, and in March 1837, in his twenty-eighth year, he was admitted to the bar at Springfield, the new capital of the state, where he commenced to practice the legal profession.

He reached the top easily in his chosen calling; and he grew rapidly in the estimation of all who knew him, either personally or by reputation. He had no personal vices; his moral character was always above suspicion, he did not smoke. In his early manhood he had drunk whisky, and had sold it. Now he drank no intoxicating liquors of any kind. In his thirty third year this man of the people married a girl of ancient lineage and social charms.

His was truly a remarkable career. As a politician, he discussed the question of slavery in a series of debates in Illinois with Stephen A. Douglass, the ablest and most adroit logician of his day, and he carried off the honors. To Lincoln, the subject of the debates, was not merely a partisan political question, but as he expressed it, "the old eternal question of right and wrong." With only one term in the National House of Representatives to his credit, his political fame in the remote state of Illinois, had so far affected men all over the North, that he was nominated and elected President of the United States, at the time when the strongest man in public life was needed. He came to Washington a poor man. He never cared for money, in the accumulation of which a man of his high order of ability could have been eminently successful. Years before he had paid out of his earnings as a surveyor, and at the bar, all the obligations with interest, that had been incurred by him in his store-keeping experiment. At times his income was large for those days, but after he had married it was nearly all used for household expenses, for while he lived modestly, he lived well, and in furthering his political ambition. It was customary at that time, to spend money much more lavishly for political purposes, taking into consideration the comparative wealth of the people, than now, when its use in politics

is limited by law. His entire worldly possessions when he moved into the White House, were the little frame house in which he lived in Springfield, and eighty acres of wild land in Iowa, which he had entered with the bounty land-warrant that he had received for his services in the Black Hawk War. He was even obliged to borrow the necessary money for the family expenses of the first few months in Washington.

His experience in public life, in the broader sense, had been limited, yet from the first he brilliantly met every demand. Inexperience soon gave way to understanding. That he was wise beyond his years was early recognized. He was only seventeen years old when he passed his last days in a school-room, and since that time he had been engaged in many callings, and had learned many lessons. From early youth he seemed conscious of a high mission; he believed that he was destined to rise to a great height, and he struggled on through years of toil and exceptional hardship. When he was only thirty-six years of age, he was called "Old Abe" by those to whom he was endeared. His well known integrity, caused him later to be known to everybody as "Honest old Abe." His election was the death blow of slavery; and the South commenced the War of Secession, a movement which had been engendered for some years prior to that time. Lincoln was for the integrity of the Union; on this his will was iron. "My opinion", he wrote to Thurlow Weed, on December 17, 1860, "is, that no state can in any way lawfully get out of the Union." The South had been organized into a Confederacy before he was inaugurated, and when he took the reins of government into his hands, he found that nearly half the team, which he had been elected to drive, had run off. As he stood on the platform in front of the Capitol, his vigorous manhod, his six feet and four inches of height, his angular and slightly stooped figure, the dark homely face, the bright shining eyes, the black hair and beard, with scarcely a silver thread running through them, made him seem a young collossus, when compared with the old white-haired and decrepit Buchanan who was beside him. The two men were typical of their administrations; Lincoln was bold and forceful yet cautious and hopeful, Buchanan was weak, hesitating and fearful. In his inaugural address, while he was conciliatory, Lincoln repeated what he had written to Thurlow Weed, and to the principle then enunciated he

clung throughout the whole of the Civil War.

He was a many-sided man. He realized that as President, certain social obligations were imposed upon him; and at the first inaugural ball, he moved gayly, with Mrs. Lincoln, through the opening quadrille. At his levees he was a charming host, and those who came expecting to see an awkward, ill clad country lawyer, were disappointed at beholding a man of easy manners, and conventional dress. He was stronger than any man in his cabinet, not excepting Edward M. Stanton, the secretary of war, who entered it in January 1862. He always had his ear to the ground, and knew public sentiment long before the public itself realized that it had an opinion; and he took advantage of his knowledge. He had hoped to avert civil war but gave up all hope after the Seccessionists bombarded and captured Fort Sumpter, when he instantly called on the country for troops; and the whole North blazed with war sentiment, and became an armed camp; and when the volunteers were thought to be efficient, they were sent South and the fighting began. His soul was sorely tried; yet he was the calmest man in Washington during that day of drizzling rain, when General McDowell's army broken and dispirited, straggled back into the city, from its rout at Bull Run. But oh!, how he wept when a few months later his old Illinois friend, Colonel Baker, was killed in the disaster at Ball's Bluff. The cares of the office were appalling. He once said to General Schenck when he was particularly depressed, on account of a new disaster to the army: "You have no idea of the terrible weight of care and sense of responsibility of this office of mine. If to be at the head of hell, is as hard as what I have to undergo here, I could find it in my heart to pity Satan himself."

He was a political partisan, yet he early placed George B. McClellan, a Democrat, at the head of the army because he believed him to be the fittest man, to undertake the organization of the army. He was most patient with him, and hoped and prayed that he would win victories for the Union. Even after McClellan had signally failed to demonstrate his capacity as a leader in an aggressive campaign, and had allowed his political ambition to become President, to turn his face from his duty, Lincoln still bore with him. His love for the Union was so strong that when he was being

urged to be a candidate for a second term, he directed overtures to be made to McClellan, and let it be known, that he would step aside and allow McClellan to be elected President on a Union-Democratic ticket, if he would only come forward and put himself at the head of such a party, instead of injuring the chances of carrying the war to a successful conclusion, by flirting with the Democratic party, which was declaring the war to be a failure.

He had a keen intellect, and was never at a loss for a telling reply. When New York City was apprehensive of a bombardment by Confederate cruisers, a committee of its citizens visited him, and in an earnest appeal, the chairman declared that the committee represented the wealth of the city—"one hundred millions in their own right"—were the words of the zealous chairman. The far-away look which had become almost habitual with Lincoln when talking to delegations of visitors came into his eyes, and he replied deliberately, that he could not furnish a gun-boat, and added impressively, "If I were worth half as much as you seem to be, I would build a gun-boat and give it to the government."

He had wit of a high order. The bane of his life was the office-seekers. On one occasion he was prostrated in the White House by an attack of small pox. Calling to his attendant, he said, with a lugubrious mien; "Tell all the office-seekers to come at once, for now I have something I can give to all of them." At this time Mr. Lincoln believed that "to the victor belong the spoils of office," although after his second inauguration his views changed, and he declared himself in favor of tenure during good behavior; and this was the birth of the civil service reform movement.

As a raconteur he had no superior in Washington. This power was never intentionally used to wound, but either as a relaxation, after he had been tortured by some overwhelming mental strain, or to point a moral. He was much annoyed by the importunities of persons who had articles which they desired to sell to the government. Three men somehow gained access to his presence, who had some warlike invention to dispose of, and the spokesman in an insolent manner reminded the President, that he had already spoken to him about the matter, and demanded a definite reply. A cold twinkle came into Lincoln's eyes as he

told the story of a boy who was obliged every day to commit to memory, and recite, a chapter from the Bible. The boy did very well, until he came to the chapter detailing the story of the trials of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in the fiery furnace. Try as he would, the boy could not remember these names. The next day he still failed to remember the names, and also the next. The fourth day the boy was again asked to tell the names of the men in the fiery furnace. "Oh!" he exclaimed hopelessly, "here comes those three infernal bores! I wish the devil had them!"

The war graved heavy rings under Lincoln's eyes, and the lines in his face became deeper, and his features wan. He passed many sleepless nights. But hope never left him. His confidence in ultimate victory was unchangeable. In the darkest hours he always found respite from his cares in visiting the theatres. From boyhood, he had been a lover of Shakespeare, and had read most of that author's plays, and could recite whole scenes from memory, which he often did for the entertainment of his friends. His whole being became absorbed as he sat watching Edwin Booth's peerless performance of the part of Hamlet. In this play he saw expounded a philosophy much like the views which he himself entertained. While he owed much of his success in life to his own untiring efforts, yet like other men of destiny, he had a strong belief in the truth of Hamlet's remark to Horatio, that "there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will", a sentiment which he was always fond of quoting. His theatre-going however, was not limited to the Shakespearean drama, but extended to all classes of plays. In Edwin Forrest's portrayal of the conglomerate character of Richelieu, the famous French statesman—soldier—priest, of the Seventeenth century, as painted in Bulwer's play, Lincoln beheld reflected many of his own opinions on public and private questions; and he was charmed with the reflection. He greatly delighted in attending the negro minstrel entertainments, as here their was both humor and pathos, and both the humor and pathos related to the negro slaves, whose condition was the cause of the war that was then being fought. He laughed at the jokes, some of which were at his expense, and he enjoyed the simple melodies. He would chuckle with pleasure when the end-

man would start to sing his favorite ditty:

"When I was young I used to wait
At massa's table, 'n' hand de, 'plate,
An' pass de bottle when he was dry,
An' brush away de blue-tailed fly."

Although he was ignorant of the art of music, the rhythm and the sentiment of the ordinary song affected him deeply; it produced sensations of dreaminess, joy, sadness, exaltation. He listened rapturously to the singing of others. The Hutchinson Family had been singing patriotic songs to the soldiers in the camps about Washington, and had created great enthusiasm, when McClellan ordered them out of the army, for singing Whittier's famous anti-slavery poem set to the music of Luther's stirring hymn, *"Ein Feste Burg Ist Unser Gott"*:

"What gives the wheat fields blades of grass?
What points the rebel cannon?
What sets the roaring rabble's heel
On the old star spangled pennon?
What breaks the oath
Of the men o' the South?
What whets the knife
For the Union's life?—
Hark to the answer: *Slavery!*"

This did not deter Lincoln from inviting them to his levees, where he listened to them with eyes closed, and sympathy expressed on every lineament of his face; and soon afterward he made an order superseding that of McClellan and directed the commanders to permit the Hutchinsons to sing the interdicted song to the soldiers.

He had the soul of a poet, and his public addresses, with all their powerful logic, teem with poetic imagery. With only a limited knowledge of the poets, he eagerly read poetry, particularly if it dealt with human aspirations and human sufferings. Lord Byron delighted him, a favorite selection, for he believed in dreams, which he would recite to his

friends, being the somber lines:

"Our life is two-fold: Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence: Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They do divide our being."

Of the fugitive newspaper poetry, he had made a collection, which he kept in his desk, and many of the selections he had committed to memory. In the newspapers he had come across Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' "The Last Leaf", and he never tired of quoting:

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb".

He was as tender hearted as a woman, and many a letter of his is now preserved as a treasured heirloom, in the family of some mother, or wife, or child, who had been suddenly bereft of a son, or husband, or father, fallen in one of the many battles, that were constantly being fought. It was a most delicate mark of sympathy from one high in authority to an humble woman,that dictated the letter he addressed to the mother in Boston, whose five sons had all been killed in battle on the Union side. "I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine", he wrote "which should attempt to beguile you from a loss so overwhelming". People went to him for all sorts of favors, and he was touched with compassion and granted their requests. A handsome girlish wife whose husband, a young lieutenant, because he had stayed with her, too long, on their honeymoon, had been dismissed from the service, asked and obtained his reinstatement. Innumerable times, he was asked to prevent the execution of soldiers who had deserted and been recaptured, or had slept at their posts, in time of danger, or had committed some other of the crimes against the military law; and in all but the gravest cases he mercifully

interfered. Doing good deeds seemed to transform Lincoln entirely, in the eyes of those for whom he was doing favors. Thaddeus Stevens presented an old lady to the President to ask him to pardon her son, who had been condemned to be shot for sleeping at his post. After the pardon had been signed, the lady astonished every one in the room, as she was leaving, by suddenly bursting out: "I knew it was a lie! They told me Mr. Lincoln was an ugly man, when he is really the handsomest man I ever saw in my life."

He was a farsighted politician and had been a student of human character all his life. In the decade immediately preceding his first inauguration, immigration into the United States had been the heaviest in all its history, being larger than the total immigration for the preceding thirty years. More than half of the immigrants were German and Irish, and they thronged every center of population in the North; and they were enthusiastic partisans of the war. Lincoln encouraged their patriotism, and thousands upon thousands of them flocked into the Union army; and he gave to representatives of their race, who had had military experience, or had merit, important commands. To have fought in the Civil War, "mit Sigel," or under Meagher, will ever remain a badge of honor. Then he rewarded the Frenchmen in the army, through General de Trobriand, the Poles through Colonel Kryzanowski, the Italians through General di Cesnola. He realized that at this time the army was ruling the destinies of the nation, and that the private soldiers were closer to the hearts of the people, than their officers. Therefore he cultivated the private soldiers; he desired their good opinion. No high general was as well known as Lincoln, in the camps about Washington, and in the field, at Harrison's Landing on the James River in the early part of the war, and later at Falmouth, on the battle field of Antietam, and at City Point. He walked or rode through the camp streets, and to the cheers of the soldiers he replied with nods and smiles. They cheered for "Old Abe", and considered him their friend, and he laughed and joked with them. With his bodyguard at the Soldiers' Home in Washington, he was always on familiar terms, the captain was "Joe", and the men also were known to him by their Christian names. But his friendly feeling toward the soldiers,

did not deter him from reproving them, when he thought they merited reproof. While riding with several others to the review of the First Corps of the Army of the Potomac at Falmouth one day, the driver of the ambulance in which they were travelling, occasionally let fly at his team of troublesome mules, a volley of suppressed oaths. Lincoln bore with the man's profanity for a time, then leaning forward touched him on the shoulder, and asked:

"Excuse me, my friend, are you an Episcopalian?

The man greatly startled, looked around and replied: "No, Mr. President; I am a Methodist." "Well", said Lincoln, "I thought you must be an Episcopalian, because you swear just like Secretary Seward, who is a warden in an Episcopal Church".

He visited the hospitals where the wounded men were convalescing, with scrupulous regularity; and the invalids were elated, and repeated with pride what the President had said to them. The courage of his tumultous youth had not deserted him, and once while on a visit to the out-posts of the army he rode with General Benjamin F. Butler, along the line of the intrenchments at Fortress Monroe, in full view of the enemy, while his soldiers were cheering themselves hoarse, and the enemy's pickets, who were not more than three hundred yards distant must have heard the tumult, and suspected the cause, and could easily have fired on and killed him. Being remonstrated with, his only reply was to laugh and say: "Oh no! the commander-in-chief must not show any cowardice in the presence of his soldiers, whatever he may feel".

In crucial moments he was superb. When the Army of the Potomac was about to enter Pennsylvania, while pursuing the army of Lee, and a great battle was imminent, General Hooker suddenly resigned the command. Even Stanton, the iron hearted secretary of war was in a panic. The news came in the evening. As Lincoln read the dispatch announcing Hooker's resignation, his jaws tightened and he said instantly to Stanton, "Accept his resignation." And immediately the President and his great war secretary decided to place General Meade in command of the Army of the Potomac, and at daybreak the next morning, Meade was in control, and afterward fought the battle of Gettysburg successfully. When the great crisis of the

whole war arrived, Lincoln met it like a demigod. He had long realized that the war must inevitably lead to the emancipation of the slaves, but was long in doubt as to the most opportune time for bringing it about, and the best method by which it could be accomplished. The abolitionists were clamoring for immediate emancipation. The Northern clergy thundered against him for his delay. A number of Chicago ministers called on him to demand a proclamation abolishing slavery. One of them on leaving added as a parting admonition: "It is a message from the Divine Master to you". Lincoln replied quietly: "That may be true, but if it is, it is odd that the only channel He could send it by, was that roundabout route, by way of that awfully wicked city of Chicago."

Horace Greeley in the *New York Tribune* railed at Lincoln in his "Prayer of Twenty Millions", to which complaint the President replied in a published letter of convincing dignity. "What I do about slavery," he wrote, "I do because I believe it helps save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do believe it would help to save the Union." He was of the opinion that the time had not arrived for striking the shackles from the slaves; that public opinion was not ripe for so drastic a measure. He was engaged in war, and he intended to take advantage of every phase of the struggle. When McClellan won the battle of Antietam, and cleared Maryland and Pennsylvania of the Confederates, Lincoln was satisfied that the proper time had come, and without consulting anyone he issued his first proclamation on the subject of the abolition of slavery. He gave notice of his intention to free the slaves in the states and territories in revolt, if they did not come back into the Union by the first of the next January. When the first of January 1863 arrived, the proclamation, written with his own hand, was ready, and after laying it before his cabinet, he signed the paper, and all the slaves in the rebellious states were declared to be free; and the whole civilized world rejoiced.

In military, no less than in political affairs, Lincoln was an over-mastering genius. Without previous military training, for his four months service in the Black Hawk War, can by no stretch of the imagination be termed such, his ability was such that he was not only nominally, but actually,

from the very beginning of the war, the commander-in-chief of all the military forces of the Union. A few days after his inauguration he was called upon to make his first decision, and he demonstrated his ability by wisely overruling General Scott, who had advised the evacuation of Fort Sumpter. His plans of the military campaigns were marvels of insight and sound judgment, as is now admitted on every hand by military experts. If the campaigns which he laid out were not always successful, it was generally because of lack of capacity, or on account of some blunder, on the part of the generals entrusted with their execution. He sent general after general, to cope with the lion of the Confederacy, General Lee, who failed in the task assigned them, but finally General Grant was found, and to him Lincoln gave absolute authority. As usual in such cases he wrote fully and frankly. "The particulars of your plans I neither know nor seek to know," he declared. "You are vigilant and self-reliant; and, pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any constraints or restraints upon you". And his faith was not misplaced.

At last the haughty banner of the Confederacy was everywhere trailing; valor and skill could not withstand valor and skill indefinitely, when combined with infinitely greater resources. The war was over although General Lee had not formally surrendered, and Lincoln went to the headquarters of the army at City Point, to confer with General Grant. Richmond was evacuated and set on fire. Two days later Lincoln was in the abandoned city, walking through the streets almost unprotected, no trace of exultation in his bearing, viewing the desolation wrought by the fire, and attempting to learn what could be done to soften the hard lot of the fallen foe. The streets were packed with negroes, old men with kinkey grey hair, old women in red bandannas, young negroes and young negresses, children in arms, and children running about; black negroes, brown negroes, yellow negroes. All were wild with excitement. The year of jubilee had been surpassed; the millennium had dawned. They were ecstatic; their Savior had appeared among them. They leaped in the air for joy; they hugged and kissed one-another; they followed Mr. Lincoln about. They sang religious hymns, and they shouted in the exhuberance of their delight :

"Glory! Glory, Hallelujah!"
God bress Massa Lincum!
Glory! Glory, Hallelujah!"

But the tragedy of the war was not the only tragedy that was enacted in the bloody drama of the abolition of slavery. Appomattox was already a landmark in history. By day there was rejoicing on every thoroughfare; at night the public buildings were illuminated. The burdens and cares of four terrible years seemed about to be lifted from the President's weary shoulders; peace and happiness were coming timidly out of their retirement and smiling at him again. But alas! it was all only a mirage in the desert of his life. His work was done. He had led his people through tribulation and death, to within sight of the promised land; but into this he was not destined to enter. His name was not to be linked with the names of those who were to bring tranquility out of chaos, in the conquered states. His great and forgiving heart was already planning for a reunited country, and devising means for ameliorating the unhappy condition of the suffering South, when he was struck down by the hand of a sneaking assassin. "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye", his earthly career was ended. He died with a smile on his face. In the play which he was attending, *Asa Trenchard*, had made a witty retort to the taunt of *Mrs. Mountchessington*; and Lincoln had smiled, and the merciless bullet came; and the smile never left his wan features. And as his spirit took its flight, out in the street, a mild April rain murmured a soft requiem.

He has been dead for many a year, yet, as was sung of John Brown, by the Union soldiers in the war, "his soul goes marching on." "He now belongs to the ages" was the pathetically eloquent remark of Secretary Stanton, at Lincoln's deathbed, as the great President breathed his last. We realize the truth of the observation, more and more, every day. In moments where the public weal is at stake, whether the question at issue, be old or new, Lincoln's utterances are the ones to be conjured with, more than the words of any other American. He is no longer classed with the political partisans; he is no longer counted as the representative of any section. Democrat, Socialist, Republican, Northerner or Southerner, aristrocrat or commoner, all revere his memory and look to his writings and speeches for inspiration.

## LAFAYETTE HALL

Lafayette Hall was a four story brick building which stood on the westerly side of Wood Street, thirty feet south of Fourth Avenue. There was also an entrance from Fourth Avenue, located about sixty feet west of Wood Street, the building having an ell-shaped extension to that thoroughfare. The building was erected in the middle of the last century, and for a number of years was used for public meetings. It was an historic landmark, because within its walls there was held the National Convention of 1856, at which the Republican party was organized. In later years the building was used for dances and minor receptions, and occasionally for lyceum attractions. In its old age it fell into disrepute, and on account of the collection there of many disorderly crowds and of midnight brawls, the place received an unsavory reputation. Several murders were committed within its walls. One of the last events of note, was the appearance on its stage of General William Booth, the founder and commander-in-chief of the Salvation Army.

Lafayette Hall had been owned for several years by the Tradesmen's National Bank of this city, whose banking house, at the corner of Wood Street and Fourth Avenue adjoined it. In the spring of 1895, both buildings were torn down and the present eight story structure, now known as the Columbia Bank Building erected in their place.

## MONONGAHELA HOUSE

By L. C. MACPHERSON*

After almost a century's continuous catering to travelers faring along the various roads leading by water or stage into and out of Pittsburgh, the Monongahela Hotel is to pass. The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, has sold to a prominent Pittsburgh business man the hotel property, situated on the west side of Smithfield Street between Water Street and Fifth Avenue. The frontage on Smithfield is 180 feet and depth 181, these dimensions indicating later purchases, if the figures stated in the original business cards of 80 years ago were accurate, those being 120 by 160 feet. But the sale includes the old hotel laundry, 30 by 80, and these measurements may reconcile the discrepancy.

The approximate price is $750,000.

The designed disposition of the quite eligible site cannot be discovered by any direct admission of the intimately concerned parties, but enough is known to warrant the very confident hazard of the assertion that conversion into office apartments will be at once started, for there is a known and insistent demand for this style of building in the city. The sale evokes, without any sentimentality, much retrospection whether made by citizens, who lag on the stage though not superfluous, and can themselves recall a troop of memories of the kind old tavern in its not yet extinct type of architecture, or by that vigorous younger generation, who have listened to the tales of a wayside inn, and also often partaken of some kind of the hotel's varieties of welcome.

### First Modern Hotel

Beyond question of fact the Monongahela House stands in the front line among the old landmarks of Pittsburgh, but one must not read the superscription for its picture as being "the first modern hotel built west of the Alleghanies, without noting well that word "modern." The original hos-

*From *The Pittsburgh Dispatch* of January 23, 1920.

telry was erected on the present site in 1839-40, and its newspaper advertisement then showed it contained 210 rooms, covered an area of 120 by 160 feet, fronting on Smithfield Street at the corner of what was then called Front, now Water Street. It was built by James Crossan, who had been proprietor of the old Exchange Hotel. Its business card announced that it was "beautifully located on the banks of the Monongahela River, convenient to the steamboat landing." There is no doubt that it was then a magnificent affair and equaled by few hotel structures in the United States.

In the great conflagration of April 20, 1845, it was destroyed, but was rebuilt and reopened by James and John McD. Crossan on March 5, 1847. The heavy transportation on the river involved the building and loading of flatboats, and the men engaged made it quarters for lodging and conviviality and general intercourse. Travelers bound to Eastern cities deemed it their favorite resort, and a guest book, if made continuous through the years, would be a veritable bedroll of the worthies of this nation and all the civilized lands elsewhere. Andrew Jackson has noted his sojourns beneath its roof in volumes of either official reports or "Travels;" Charles Dickens mentions it in Martin Chuzzlewit—is it not? The Prince of Wales, later king, grandfather of the prince more recently in this land, had an American, not royal, reception there after his escort brought him from the "depot" of that day. The date was October 2, 1860. In August, 1849, President Zachary Taylor, "Old Rough and Ready," was in "our midst," and in the parlor of this hotel Judge Walter Forward made an oratorical effort of welcome regarded as surpassing his known ability for eloquence. Another distinguished guest of the early days was former President John Quincy Adams. Former President Theodore Roosevelt was there on September 10, 1910.

### Where Lincoln Stayed

Abraham Lincoln was in Pittsburgh, February 14, 1861, on that fateful and dangerous trip to his inauguration. A great crowd massed in the streets and cheered him and his family as he finally reached the hospitable portals of the Monongahela House, about 9 o'clock in the evening, through a heavy rain. The two speeches he made, one while sitting in

the lobby and the other from the balcony, are parts of the annals of the times; and this hasty outline of a hotel's fame does not suggest the necessity of assembling all the memories of past generations, nor of indulging in samples of eloquence. There were memorable talks along the way to Washington, and the scenes must have been beyond the reach of present-day imagination to restore.

It was in a room at the Monongahela that some raconteurs of the past have located the origin of the Republican party. Its guest list also can boast of Horace Greeley, Ulysses S. Grant, Secretary of State W. H. Seward and Secretary of War Edward M. Stanton, who was virtually a resident of the city, absent on official leave, Gen. William T. Sherman, Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, Roscoe Conkling, James G. Blaine, Thomas B. Reed, William McKinley, Jr., before he was President. Gen. Ben. Butler was here twice, once at a veterans reunion and again when he thought he might be elected President. It is legend, and tradition or legend has often some substratum of truth, that Henry Clay figured among the guests of an elder day. Surely the line of notabilities has not been exhausted and more patient research through the newspaper files might exhume many an interesting chronicle of olden days when great men and ladies found a generous welcome in this more than wayside inn.

### Famous Banquet Hotel

The Monongahela Hotel has been the banqueting hall on countless occasions for associations, societies, fraternities and assemblages of every kind conceivable, secular, religious, scientific, Pan-American, international, coalmen, in operator or miner capacities, the whole gamut of human endeavor is run by the representations who have found transient shelter at this venerable tavern. The theatrical and the operatic world can have its past recalled by noting the stars once incribing their names on the blotter. This banquet hall can seat 1,500 persons and once easily ranked first among all the places for feasts where between the soup and the sherry was heard many a speech, pregnant with prophecy that came true, or argument that wielded potent influence upon the immediate future of business, or perhaps only the jests and persiflage of the hour to add zest

to the menu. The hotel was also a favorite resort for associations, which had exhibits of their wares as part of their meetings at stated times. Often the halls have been filled with glassware, cutlery, all the multitude of articles that industry includes. It has been the location of several investigating commissions, national and state Lexows.

It suffered a serious fire about three decades ago, and there was some doubt then for a time whether it would be restored for hotel purposes. Its management in recent years has changed with some frequency. About ten years ago D. F. Henry of the Henry Hotel owned the site. No brief and hurried sketch could embrace all the items fairly worth the writing about this house of entertainment, once for man and beast. Its structure was too modern and imposing to gather much of the poetic around it like the inns of other lands, or even in the good old colony days.

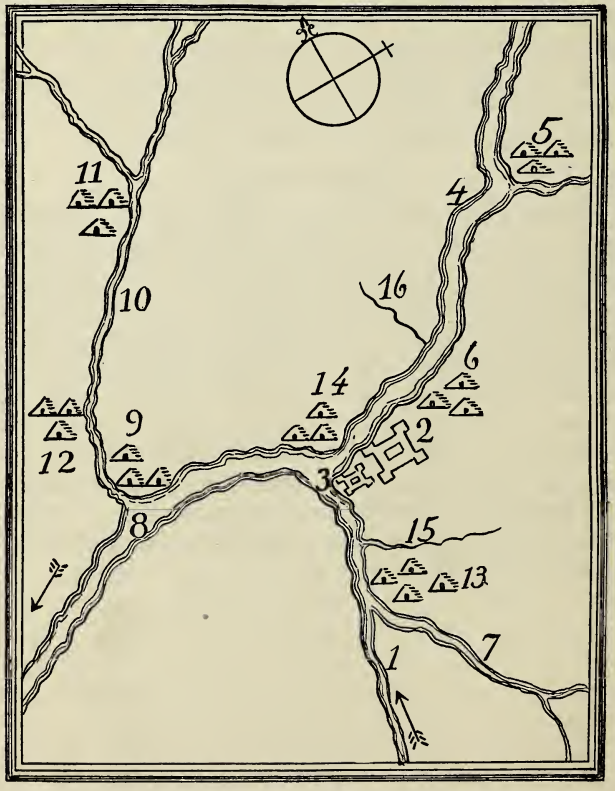
**Sold in 1906**

In the files of The Dispatch for May 17, 1906, on the first page, is an item conveying the fact that the Monongahela Hotel had been sold for $1,000,000 to an unknown purchaser, and that neither the Crossan or Clark estates' representatives—its owners—nor the Monongahela House Company, of which William H. Hays was president, would comment at all on the fact. But the latter held a lease not yet expired, and it was stated the sale would not interfere with the continuance of the hotel. Much of the history of the famous place was detailed in the item of news, as herein set forth, but the only added point was the assertion that the present building was the first of the large ones erected after the great fire of 1845.

# PITTSBURGH AND VICINITY IN 1761

The editor of the *Western Pennsylvania Historical Magazine* has lately come into the possession of a copy of *Father Abraham's Almanac,* for the year 1761. It was printed in Philadelphia in that year by W. Dunlap, "at the *Newest Printing Office,* in Market Street".

It is a curious little volume in several respects, but what is of most interest to the readers of this magazine is the account of Pittsburgh and vicinity, together with a map, which is the earliest map of the district, in existence. The map with the references to the same, as also the description of Pittsburgh, and the contiguous territory is printed herewith.




REFERENCES to the above SKETCH of Fort DuQuesne, now Pittsburgh, with the adjacent Country.

1.—Monongahela River. 2.—Fort DuQuesne, or Pittsburg. 3.—The small Fort. 4.—Alleghany River. 5.—Alle-

ghany Indian Town. 6.—Shanapins. 7.—Yauyaugany River. 8.—Ohio, or Alleghany River. 9.—Logs Town. 10. —Beaver Creek. 11.—Kuskuskies, the chief Town of the Six Nations. 12.—Shingoes Town. 13.—Allequippes. 14.— Sennakaas. 15.—Turtle Creek. 16.—Pine Creek. The Arrows show the Course of the Rivers.

## A Brief Description of Ohio

1st. Pittsburgh, late Fort DuQuesne, lies in about 40 Deg. and 24 Min, N. Lat. The River Ohio may be said to begin at this Spot, for it divides into two Parts here which the *Indians* call by different Names, the Northermost, *Alleghany*, and the other *Monongahela*. The general course of Ohio is S. W. by W. till it falls in the *Mississippi* near the 36th Degree of Latitude, running about 900 Miles. Pittsburgh is situated on a fine Point of Land, about twenty-four Feet above the Water, at the Junction of the *Alleghany* and *Monongahela* with the *Ohio*. The Course of *Monongahela* is S. and being navigable for small Craft, for above 60 Miles, it is supposed the nearest Communications the *British* Settlements can have by Water to *Pittsburg*, will be from some of the Branches of *Potowmack* to *Monongahela*, where it is thought a Land-Carriage of about 60 Miles only may be effected. The Course of the *Alleghany* is N. by E. and one Branch of it, which is navigable for small Craft to a Fort the *French* had at the Head of it, is within fifteen Miles of the East End of Lake *Erie*. This Lake is near 300 Miles long, and about 80 broad, is chiefly East and West; the most Southerly Point of it is little more than 41 Deg. North. The Land many Miles round *Pittsburg* is exceeding good, and all that between Lake *Erie* and *Ohio* is esteemed as good as any in the World; many fine Rivers navigable for small Craft run into the Lake, some of which nearly interlock with others that fall into the Ohio. Lake *Erie* empties itself by the Falls of *Niagara*, to the N. E. now also in the Possession of the *English*. At that Part of *Alleghany* where our Map ends, lay the Indian Town of *Kittanning*, which Colonel *Armstrong* set on Fire, and killed the noted *Indian Jacobs*; and that Part of *Monongahela* where our Map ends, is near to *Braddock's* unhappy Defeat.

2nd. *Pittsburg* seems extremely well situated for a Capital City of those Parts, as it is the only Place yet dis-

covered that has an easy Communication with our Settlements; and it is said, that on the breaking up of the Winter, the melting of the Snow in the Spring generally raises the River twelve or fourteen Feet, and sometimes more, above its ordinary Bed, tho' hardly ever overflowing its regular and high Banks. Hence it is apprehended Ships of between 100 and 200 Tons may be built at *Pittsburg* and sent off loaded from thence every Spring. About 150 Miles W. N. W. of *Pittsburg*, a River called *Cayahogo*, falls into Lake *Erie*, at the Mouth of which is a fine Harbour capable of receiving large Vessels, fitted for the Navigation of the Lake: And from thence it is said to be navigable for shipping N. W. thro' the Straits of St. *Clair*, into Lake *Huron* and Lake *Michigan*, two other inland Seas of great Extent, where numerous Tribes of *Indians* dwell and resort.

## THE OLD INDIAN BURYING GROUND

### Later used as a Place of Interment by the French, and by the Pioneers of Pittsburgh

By STEPHEN QUINON*

Of the people who worship in the First Presbyterian and Trinity Episcopal churches, how many are aware of the wealth of historic interest in the square in which those churches stand? How many know anything of the gallant men who sleep there, men whose lives abounded in romance, whose names are associated with glorious deeds? That square, bounded by Wood and Smithfield streets, Sixth Avenue and Virgin Alley, is a memorial of struggling and suffering, of disaster and triumph, such as could not easily be found elsewhere. Within its limits, crumbling into a common dust, are the bodies of savages, and civilized French, English, American, Canadian, Indian traders, soldiers, judges, characters which stand out boldly on the background of the past.

One of the earliest references to the square appeared in the *Pittsburgh Gazette* of August 26, 1786, in a paragraph, copied into *Hazard's Register* under date of May 28, 1831:

> "In laying out the town of Pittsburgh, 5 lots have been assigned for churches and burying grounds. These comprehend the former ground, and which is adjoining to the ancient cemetery of the natives, being one of those mounds before mentioned, and which, judging from the height of the earth in this place, seems to have been a place of sepulchre for ages. These lots are about the center of the town as it is laid out, and an intermediate distance between the rivers. A church is on the way to be built, of squared timbers and moderate dimensions, which may accommodate the people until a larger building can be erected".

Where were "those mounds before mentioned?" What has been preserved of them the article quoted does not say. One of them is that which remains at McKees Rocks, and,

*From *The Pittsburgh Times* of June 28, 1895.

as learned from a description of Grant's Hill, written by Judge H. H. Brackenridge, and published in the *Pittsburgh Gazette* of July 29, 1786, there was another on that hill:

> "On the summit of the hill there is a mound of earth, supposed to be a catacomb or ancient burying place of the savages".

Until recently I was of the impression that there was still another at the Point, as Harris, quoted in *The Early History of Western Pennsylvania and the West*, says:

> "In our early day the ditch that ran from the Allegheny through Marbury, Liberty and Short streets to the Monongahela, and the mound, and several old brick and log houses that composed a part of old Fort Pitt were standing conspicuous".

The wording of this left the impression that a third Indian mound was at the place indicated; but the venerable Isaac Craig, than whom there is no higher authority, and to whose courtesy I am indebted for my knowledge of the paragraph relating to the square in question, assures me that the impression is wrong.

The town was laid out by Wood and Vickroy, whose services are commemorated by streets bearing their names, in the summer of 1784, and the plan approved by Tench Francis, attorney of the Penns in September. In that plan the square consists of 8 lots, each 60 by 240 feet, facing Sixth Avenue, and running through from that to Virgin Alley. They began with No. 433 lying along Smithfield Street, and ended with 440, lying along Wood Street. The 5 lots "assigned for churches and burying grounds," and which "comprehend the former ground" were 439 and 435 inclusive, which were divided equally between the Presbyterian Church and the Episcopal Church. The Presbyterian portion was 439, 438 and half of 437, giving the church 150 feet front by 240 in depth. The Episcopal portion was of corresponding size. These lots had evidently been selected because they had been burying grounds to a period beyond memory.

## THE GRAVE OF BEAUJEAU.

**In this Square was located the French Cemetery of the Blessed Virgin of the Beautiful River.**

There can hardly be a reasonable doubt that within this square was the Catholic cemetery of the Blessed Virgin of the Beautiful River, of the time of the French occupation, from April 1753, to November 1758. It was the burial place of the aboriginees back to the age of the mound builders. Whoever reads the story of the relations between the French and Indians in this region must know that the French were assidious in complimenting them to wean them from the English interest, and there could have been no better way to compliment them than by laying the French dead alongside the Indian dead. The savage was always approachable through his religious instincts, through his sense of the mystery of the hereafter. To adopt his burial place was a recognition of brotherhood with him. If there had been a French cemetery close to Fort Duquesne it would have been discovered in the course of a century's digging and delving around the Point. The Rev. A. A. Lambing, likewise a high authority on local history, calls my attention to the fact that "when the foundations were dug for the plow works, now a paint works, between the foot of Penn Avenue and Duquesne Way, some 15 years ago or more, two bodies were found, one an Indian and the other a white man. That was just outside the walls of the Fort". That is not proof that a cemetery was there. In the Fall of 1825 a stranger stopping at Lawrenceville one day, while coming into town or going out, saw "a group of persons assembled near an excavation in the Northern Liberties," and curious to learn what the attraction was, walked up and found it was the discovery of three coffins. They were of three soldiers who had been shot by the redoubtable Anthony Wayne, when preparing for his expedition against the Indians. That was in 1792. Neville B. Craig wrote that "Wayne's army was at that time encamped on the beautiful plain on the southeast side of Liberty Street and extending from where

the Episcopal Church stands up to the canal." The Episcopal Church of 1825 stood on the triangular lot, since famous as the sight of the Penn Bank. Wayne was encamped on the grounds of Fort Fayette. These men, shot for desertion, were perhaps, buried where they fell. There may be a question as to whether the authorities of the graveyard around the present churches would have permitted the burial of them there. They were regarded as criminals. Something similar may be the explanation of the burial of the Indian and the white man outside of the walls of the Fort at the Point.

How did Virgin Alley get its name? For years I have tried to ascertain. I believe it got it from the cemetery of the Blessed Virgin of the Beautiful River. When this town was laid out, the people here, as stated in 1786, were Presbyterians, Lutherans, and Episcopalians, though the last were few, and there were some Catholics. Would those Protestants, would the agents of the Quaker Penns, honor the Virgin by calling a part of the town after her? Certainly not. But the alley is named after her. Exactly, but who gave the name originally? The Catholic French! Might it not have been by Denys Baron, priest of the Recollet Order of the Franciscans, chaplain of Fort Duquesne? Without going into details concerning the Indian trails, converging or diverging at the Point, over what route within the present city limits did Forbes travel to Fort Duquesne when he came to drive out the French? In answer to certain inquiries about the Indian trails, Morrison Foster, still another authority on local history, wrote to me:

> "There was a path up Liberty Street and along the foot of the hill, about where the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad runs, crossing the Two Mile Run, where Vilsack's brewery is; then straight up the hill past the rear or south of the house, I was born in, where my father lived when he laid out the town of Lawrenceville; thence along the bluff overlooking the Two Mile Run, until it joined the path from Shannopin. By this path Gen. Forbes made his road when he moved on Fort Duquesne. Forbes' Road was there within my recollection".

Liberty Street runs direct from the Union Station to the freight station and to the sites of Fort Duquesne and

Fort Pitt. This was "the main road" as early as 1730. The old writers tell how thickly this region was wooded when the French came. When a death occurred at the Fort it is reasonable to hold that on the way to the Cemetery of the Virgin they followed the main road a certain distance and then turned off into the woods. Virgin Alley begins at Liberty Street the "main road" of old. Was there not a path to the burial ground about where Virgin Alley runs, was it not known among the French by a name derived from the cemetery, and was not that name handed down from the French to the English, who accepted it as an established name? I can conceive of no other way in which that good Catholic name could have been given to the alley or any other in which the fierce Presbyterians could have been reconciled to it. The name bears witness that within that square was "the cemetery of Fort Duquesne, under the title of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin of the Beautiful River" the register of which was kept by Chaplain Baron, a translation of which, with instructive notes, made by Neville B. Craig, may be read in the file of the *Daily Pittsburgh Gazette* of 1858, in the number of July 5th, in the Mercantile Library of Pittsburgh.

It is worth while to note the first white person ever buried there:

> "20th of June, 1754,—died in the Fort Duquesne, on the Belle Riviere, Toussaint Boyer, called Bientourne, bachelor, inhabitant of St. Pierre, in the prairie of Magdalene, aged 22, or thereabouts, having received the sacraments of penitence, of the Viaticum and Extreme Unction. He was buried in the place intended for the cemetery of said fort, with the usual ceremonies, by me."

This young man was a Canadian, as was a more famous one buried there—"M. Leonard Daniel, Esq., Sieur de Beaujeau, captain in the Infantry, commandant of Fort Duquesne and the army." This was the man who defeated Braddock at the crossing of the Monongahela. He was born in Montreal in 1711, and for his valour and enterprise had received the cross of the military order of St. Louis. The battle of Braddock's Field was fought in the afternoon of July 9, 1755. Before setting out for it in the morning, he "had been to confession and made his devotions." About two o'clock it

began, and he was soon mortally wounded. Winthrop Sargent, who devoted a volume to the Braddock Expedition, says in describing the opening of the battle:

> "Before them, with long leaps, came Beaujeau, the gayly colored fringes of his hunting shirt and the silver gorget on his bosom, at once bespeaking the chief."

Beaujeau was buried on the 12th. Here I quote from a letter to me from Mr. Isaac Craig:

> "The French soldiers killed at Braddock's defeat I was told by an old citizen, were buried where the Episcopal chapel now stands."

After a reference to three rough stones there, he continues:

> "When the remains of the dead in that churchyard were removed, I told the gentleman who superintended the work of this story, and requested him to see that the removal was executed with special care. It happened that these graves were dug up during my absence from the ground, and when I returned I was handed a piece of gold fringe about 5 inches long, and 2 inches wide, which I am satisfied was a portion of the uniform worn by Monseiur de Beaujeau."

Mr. Craig showed me the relic, saying that he thought it must have been a part of the decoration on the shoulder, of a colonial officer taking the place of the epaulette. But it might have been a part of "the gayly colored fringes of his hunting shirt." If that was not from the uniform of Beaujeau from whose could it have been? The French privates or subalterns could not have worn such fringes. The removals spoken of were to make room for Trinity Church and chapel erected in 1869, was it not? I take it as an established fact that the square in question comprises what was originally the burying ground of the savages, which was next the Catholic cemetery of the Blessed Virgin of the Beautiful River.

## LOT OWNERS IN THE SQUARE

As to the original ownership of that square, outside of the five lots assigned to the churches. They were granted by the Penns in September 1787. In November of that year John Skinner bought lots 433 and 434 from the Penns. The first is the one along Smithfield Street, extending back to Carpenters, now Freiheit Alley. The other lies between the alley and Trinity Church. Who Skinner was I have not

taken pains to inquire. He was not a conspicuous figure in our early history. He sold those lots to John Gibson, and when Gibson went into the clutches of the sheriff, they passed to Wilson Hunt, and then, as I make it out, to Oliver Ormsby, who cut them up into a plan of his own, and sold Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5 and 8 of his plan, part of Woods 434 to Trinity Church for a burying ground, in November of 1827, and it was laid off by the surveyor, G. Bardeou, who has left many marks of his work in Pittsburgh.

No. 440 along Wood Street, from Sixth Avenue, to Virgin Alley, was bought from the Penns by Rev. Samuel Barr, December 4, 1787, for 12 lbs. and 10 shillings "current money of Pennsylvania, in specie." The good Quaker Penns were sound money men. So far as I have noticed in their land dealings they demanded specie every time. No matter about that, though. Barr sold the lot September 16, 1795, to John Wilkins, for 80 lbs., and he sold it August 5, 1796, to John Easton, described as the Tennesseean and late sergeant in the fourth regiment of the Army of the United States, who sold it to the trustees of the First Presbyterian Church, December 16, 1801, for 107 lbs. and 10 shillings.

Rev. Samuel Barr, a licentiate of the Presbytery of Londonderry blew into this town in the fall of 1785, and there was not much here which he did not see in about the time it takes to tell it. He assumed charge of the First Presbyterian congregation in an informal way almost as soon as he arrived.

## AN OLD HEAD STONE.

### The Shawnee Chief Red Pole, Brother of Blue Jacket, Who Fought Wayne at the Fallen Timbers.

On entering Trinity churchyard one sees to his left a crumbling head stone, bearing the name of an Indian, part of the inscription eaten away by the tooth of time.

The following letter by Major Isaac Craig, grandfather of Mr. Isaac Craig, of Allegheny, quartermaster here, to James McHenry, Secretary of War, at Philadelphia, relates some of the story of the inscription:

"Pittsburgh, 17th January, 1797, Sir—the river still continues shut up with ice; Captain Turner and the Indians are therefore, still here, and I am extremely sorry

to have to inform you that about ten days ago, Red Pole, the principal chief, complained of a pain in his breast and head, supposed by Dr. Carmichael to have been occasioned by a slight cold, and for which necessary medicines etc., were applied, but without success, as his complaints had increased, attended with other bad symptons, and he is now according to the opinions of Doctors Carmichael, Bedford, and Wallace, dangerously ill, notwithstanding every possible attention has been paid to him and to the other Indians, of which they are perfectly sensible, and Blue Jacket in particular acknowledges with gratitude that the kindest possible attention is paid to his sick brother."

That was pneumonia he had, was it not?

This is how the inscription once read:

"MIO-QUA-COO-NA-CAW,
or
Red Pole;
Principal village chief of the Shawnese Nation;
Died at Pittsburgh the 28th of January
1797
Lamented by the United States."

In a letter under date of February 3, 1797, Major Craig informed the Secretary that Red Pole died at 9 A. M. of January 28th, and added:

"I have had the corpse attended and interred in the most respectable manner in our church burying ground, and with your approbation, and to gratify Blue Jacket, and the other chiefs, I wish to place either a tombstone or a headstone to his grave, with any inscription you may please to point out."

The Shawnese were brothers, as intimated, and Neville B. Craig, writing about the incident in 1833, referred to Thatcher's *Indian Biography*, as considering them brothers. Blue Jacket was a spirited man, one who would not be awed by even Mad Anthony Wayne, and forced the Indians to fight him at Fallen Timbers, where they were defeated by a bayonet rush.

These chiefs, in charge of Captain Shaumburg, arrived here Christmas Day, 1796, and were detained by the ice. They were returning from Philadelphia, then the seat of government. The mention of Shaumburg suggests the plot

of the Spaniards to sever the Union, to which end they plied with gold Gen. James Wilkinson, a name familiar here. He succeeded Wayne in command of the army, on Wayne's death in 1796. It is possible, here to merely refer to this fact, and for the sake of illustrating the historic relations of the Pittsburgh square.

Red Pole's body was buried where Trinity Church is, and I have been told that as there was hardly any of it left to remove, the stone only was, and set where it is now.

To the right of the church one sees names which speak volumes—Mackay and Bayard. The Mackay reposing there was the son of Aeneas Mackay, a British soldier in command of the king's troops from South Carolina, who came to the aid of Washington in the advance on Fort Duquesne in 1754, and surrendered with him to the French at Fort Necessity. He was afterwards commandant at Fort Pitt, and when the Revolution broke out, joined the Americans, was commissioned colonel of the 8th Pennsylvania regiment in July, 1776 and died at Quibbletown, N. J., February 14, 1777.

Samuel Mackay reposes near his nephew and namesake, Samuel Mackay Bayard. Stephen Bayard, a descendent of Huguenots, a native of Maryland, whose body lies somewhere in that ground, married the daughter of Aeneas Mackay, the first white child born at Fort Pitt, Elizabeth, after whom her husband called the town of Elizabeth, which he laid out. In 1812 he was offered the commission of a major general, but was compelled to decline it on account of his bodily infirmities. He was major of the 8th, and promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy after the death of Mackay. On one occasion Lieutenant Gabriel Peterson deposed that at the battle of Brandywine a cannon ball, evidently well spent, "struck Col. Bayard on the head and shoulder, and tumbled him over the ground for near two rods. Deponent helped him up on his feet—he was frantic." Stout old hard hearted Stephen, with his Huguenot blood! It raised his dander at the British to get a cannon ball at the butt of the ear. Somewhere in that ground, over near the Virgin Alley side, Willian Butler sleeps for his last long sleep. He was a Revolutionary officer who retired from the service in 1783 and died in Pittsburgh in 1789. His brother, Richard, who perished in St. Clair's disastrous expedition, is spoken of by Gen. Henry Lee as " the renowned second and rival of Mor-

gan in the Saratoga encounters." It was Richard who challenged Gen. von Steuben for an affront after the surrender of Yorktown, and it took all the influence of Washington and Rochambeau to dissuade him from the duel. I have been told that there were five of these Butlers, and all men of strong character. They were here at an early period as Indian traders.

This sketch would be incomplete, indeed, if it contained no word about John Gibson, who once owned two of the lots in the square. He was a native of Lancaster, and came over here with Gen. Forbes, when about nineteen years of age. After the French were driven out he settled at Fort Pitt as a trader. During Pontiac's War he was taken prisoner by the Indians, condemned to the stake, but saved through the Indian custom of adoption. A squaw adopted him. I think I have read that he was a prisoner when Boquet, after the relief of Fort Pitt, marched against the Indians on the Muskingum, and that he wrote one of the letters which they sent to Bouquet, during the negotiations for peace. He married the sister of the celebrated Mingo chief, Logan, whose speech sent to Dunmore every schoolboy knows, and it was Gibson who translated it as delivered to Dunmore under an oak tree about seven miles south of Circleville, Ohio. When the War of Independence began he was appointed colonel and served in New York and New Jersey under Washington till 1781, when he was appointed to the command of the western department. He was a member of the Pennsylvania convention, an Associate Justice of Allegheny County, his commission as such can be read in the Recorder's Office; was Secretary of the territory of Indiana in 1801, and held that office until the territory became a state. He died at Braddock in April 1822.

# NOTES AND QUERIES

## LINCOLN'S VISIT TO PITTSBURGH

### Recollections of William E. von Bonnhorst

My recollections of President Lincoln's short stay in Pittsburgh on his way to his inauguration at Washington are those of a very small boy, but what little I saw of it made quite a distinct impression on my youthful mind. Perhaps the impression was deepened by the fact that my father was an applicant for the position of Postmaster of Pittsburgh under this, the first, Republican administration, and I, with the rest of our family, was naturally anxious to see the man who had it in his power to gratify our ardent wishes for this appointment. I might add that this appointment was made on March 22, 1861, less than three weeks after President Lincoln's inauguration.

At the time of Lincoln's visit, February 14 and 15, 1861, we were living at the northwest corner of Grant and Fourth streets on the site now occupied by the Berger Building, a point of vantage, as almost all parades formed on Water Street and passed up Grant Street. I was too young to be allowed to go to the Monongahela House to hear the President's speech from the balcony, but waited with impatience on our front steps for the approach of the President and his party, on their way to the Federal Street, Allegheny station, where he was to take the train for Cleveland. I presume there was a string of carriages accompanied by "Wide-awakes," as the marching clubs were then called, but all I had eyes for was a six-horse open carriage, driven by "Sam" Ward, in which was seated a tall, dark, bearded man, wearing a very high silk hat, who bowed gravely in response to the cheers of the crowds lining the street. In the carriage with him was the mayor of the city, George Wilson, who lived on Fourth Street, between Ross Street and the Canal outlet, now the P. C. C. & St. L. Ry., and whom I knew quite well by sight; the other occupants of the carriage I cannot recall.

It may seem strange to the younger generation to be told that the part of the city through which the President-elect passed was then largely a residence section; that part of the old Second Ward bounded by Ross, Second, Smithfield and Diamond streets being almost a community by itself. On the west side of Grant Street, between Fourth Street and Diamond Alley, were the homes of Thomas Bakewell, a prominent glass manufacturer; Benjamin Page, Jr., Mrs. John P. Bakewell, Benjamin Bakewell, Jr., Rev. E. M. Van Deusen, rector of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, and Sidney F. von Bonnhorst, and the offices of Abraham Nicholson, alderman; Joseph Knox, attorney, and on the corner now covered by the Bakewell Building was an old building called Tilghman Hall, mostly occupied by lawyers. On the east

side of Grant Street, between the streets before-mentioned, was a lot known as "Oregon Lot," which was vacant, with the exception of the residence of Andrew Fulton, grandfather of ex-Mayor Fulton; the office of E. P. Jones, attorney, a one-story brick building, and the building owned by John Mellon, attorney, on the corner of Diamond Alley, occupied as offices by lawyers. On Fourth Street, between Grant Street and Cherry Alley, were the residences of Hill Burgwin, Reuben Miller, Jr., Dr. George D. Bruce, Dr. D. M. Dake, Samuel Fahnestock, and the offices, and in many cases the residences, of such well-known former members of the bar as Hamilton & Acheson, Cicero Hasbrouck, Penny & Sterrett, Robert Woods, Thomas Ewing, Marshall Swartzwelder, John T. Cochran and George Gilmore. On the corner now covered by the St. Nicholas Building, was the St. Nicholas Hotel, kept by Valentine Fehl, a favorite place for the noon-day dinners of attorneys, and also an abiding place for theatrical folk.

## THE STORY OF THE SONG, "JOHN BROWN'S BODY"

By J. H. JENKINS.

In the spring of 1861 the 12th Regt., Mass. Vol. Infty. was stationed at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor. Among the number were four sergeants, Eldredge, Edgerley, John Brown and J. H. Jenkins, who constituted a male quartette, especial attention being given to those patriotic airs which were then stirring the hearts of the boys in blue. Among the favorite airs which seemed to have the right swing was an old campmeeting tune, to the words of "Come brothers, will you meet us," and to this tune we proposed to set martial words. The Virginia tragedy of John Brown was fresh in our minds, and was emphasized the more by the martial ardor of the little sergeant of the same name. He used to speak of "marching on" in the spirit of his namesake, and so the first verse sprang into being spontaneously,

John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave
His soul goes marching on.

The second verse applies entirely to Sergeant Brown. He was very short, and was the butt of many jokes from his comrades, when he appeared on parade with his knapsack strapped upon his back, overtopped by the neatly rolled regulation overcoat. He would answer back, "Well, boys, I'll go marching on with the best of you." So the second verse was added, "John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back, His soul goes marching on."

The death of Col. Ellsworth at Alexandria gave rise to the third and fourth verses, his old Zouave company going under the soubriquet

of "The Pet Lambs," while our abhorrence of the Rebellion found vent in our expressed desire to "Hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree."

In this way the song with its five verses was put together, piecemeal, and when sung at night, in the barracks, became immensely popular.

Every Saturday afternoon Gilmore's Band came down from the city to play for dress parade, accompanied by crowds of people in excursion steamers. One Saturday the quartette took P. S. Gilmore into one of the casemates, and sang the tune to him time and time again, while he played it on his cornet, and then noted the air in his band book. The next Saturday, when the regiment was at parade rest, the band started down the long front to the inspiring strains of "John Brown," then played by a band for the first time.

When the regiment left Boston for Harper's Ferry, it stopped for dinner in City Hall Square, New York. After dinner the line was reformed for the march down Broadway to the Ferry, when the order "Forward march" rang down the line, our band struck up our favorite tune, the regiment joined in the refrain, and their steady tramp was emphasized by the chorus from a thousand throats of "Glory Hallelujah." The song soon became a national one, while in the Army of the Potomac the 12th Mass. was known as the "Hallelujah Regiment."

*The Collector* for June, 1910.

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## TABLET PLACED ON THE SITE OF OLD CITY HALL, WHERE THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH WAS FORMED.

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One of the interesting incidents in connection with the Young People's convention last week was the unveiling of a tablet in memory of the birth of the United Presbyterian Church at the Pittsburgh Market House, on Thursday evening. This tablet was prepared by the Historical Society under the direction of the General Assembly. The unveiling was happily timed for the meeting of the convention in this city. The delegates were invited and attended in large numbers. The principal addresses were made by Dr. John A. Wilson and Dr. R. J. Miller. Dr. D. R. Miller led in the opening prayer. Mr. Fleming Jamieson, a citizen of the north side, Pittsburgh, was the only person present who had participated in the union of the two churches which formed our denomination sixty-two years ago. He was called to the platform and made a few remarks. The tablet is placed on the Market House, at the site formerly occupied by the City

Hall, where the union of the two churches was consummated. The inscription on the tablet is as follows:

"In the City Hall of Pittsburgh
Formerly occupying this site
the union of
the Associate Presbyterian Church
and the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church
was consummated on May 26, 1858,
forming the United Presbyterian Church of North America."

*The United Presbyterian* of August 5, 1920.

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